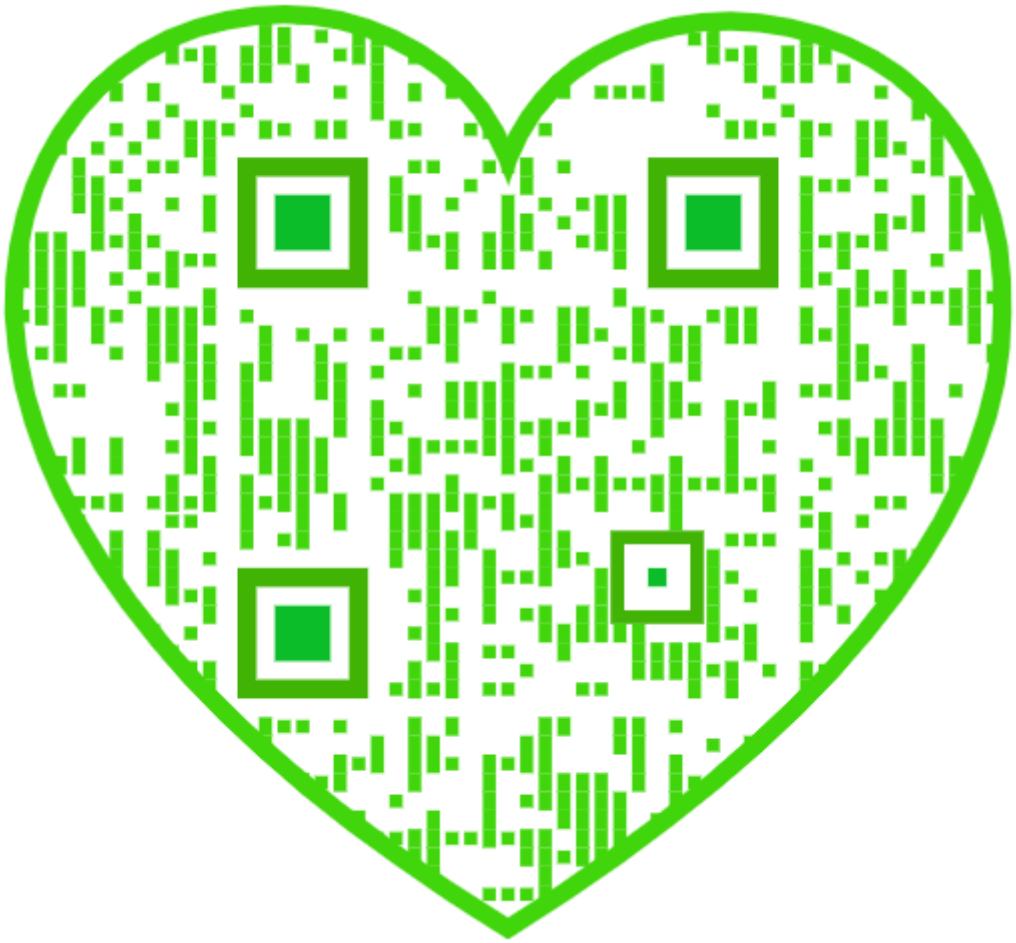

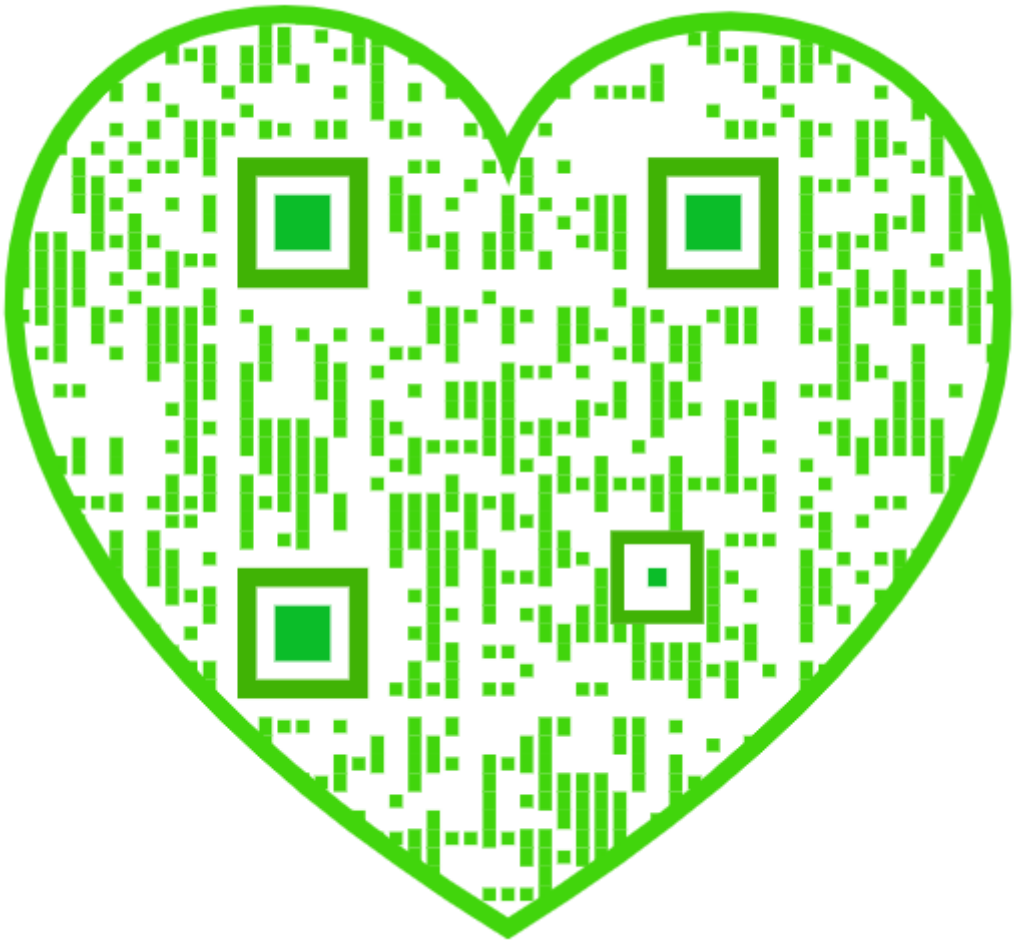

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Frontispiece

In Vacation Days

RURAL EDUCATION SERIES

Edited by HAROLD W. FOGHT

Chief of the Rural Division of the U. S. Bureau of Education

RURAL SCIENCE READER

BY

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D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS

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no 1

To
The Girls and Boys
in the
Country Schools

WHO WILL
IN THE GREAT DAYS THAT ARE TO COME
MAKE COUNTRY LIFE
THE SURE FOUNDATION
FOR
SOUND DEMOCRACY
AND
TO THEIR TEACHERS
TO WHOM
THIS SERVICE
CALLS

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

This is the first of the *Rural Education Series* planned and written to serve the needs of children who are to spend their lives in the open country and in the rural villages. The series is based on the present and future requirements of an agricultural people which has reached a self-consciousness of its educational needs as the chief wealth producers in our national life. Unhappily, in the past, the rural schools have been little else than poor imitations of city schools, both in courses of study and in methods of teaching. Now, with the great transition in our national life and the ushering in of a new era of scientific agriculture and of new international relations and responsibilities which have come to us as a result of the world war, the American farmers are beginning to plan their own educational system in a way that will afford them both the vision-giving breadth of culture and the technical preparation so much needed by modern farm life.

City schools are organized for city children; in a similar way rural schools must be organized primarily for rural children. Some people — and farmers among them — have been swayed by the false notion that to differentiate between city and country folk in educational matters is nothing less than gross discrimination against the latter, which will ultimately end in the setting up of caste in our country by cutting off rural children from the supposedly greater opportunities of city life. This is based on the false assumption that city life is superior to country life. As a matter of fact, thinking people in every station of human endeavor are beginning to realize that country life is *our only normal American life.*

In general capabilities people are much alike everywhere, whether in country or in town. All need the same tools of edu-

cation and all require a good measure of genuine culture to become truly broad-minded and noble. But in addition, all people require a study of the subjects that are necessary to prepare them in a liberal sense for their life occupations; in this respect rural children's requirements are at great variance with the requirements of city children. Here lies the great difference in the study courses of the two classes of schools.

In each case the study material for the schools should be drawn from the environment in which the children live. The rural course of study should be planned to give rural America a population able to think in terms of country life — a people permanently on the land, loving it, understanding it, able to make a good living out of it, and in every way pursuing happy, contented lives in the country. Such a course must be drawn largely from the rural environment itself — from the farm place, the fields, the streams, and the forests.

The present text-book series is planned to meet these new requirements. The books are based on four definite principles: (1) That every rural child is entitled to good health and a wholesome sanitary environment in which to grow to full manhood or womanhood; (2) That he has definite opportunities and responsibilities as an American citizen; (3) That he must be trained to make a good living out of the land; and (4) That he must be directed to spend his well-earned leisure and means in improving the countryside, its schools, its churches, its roads, and its coöperative activities of every kind.

The first book of the Series is the *Rural Science Reader.* There may be some who will object to calling it by this name. The term "Rural Science" as ordinarily understood is limited to studies in the biological and physical sciences directly concerned with Agriculture. It is well to consider, however, that the problems of the country are problems involving social, economic, and pedagogical sciences also. The advancement that everyone hopes for will come from stirrings of the imagination,

the heart, and the will, as much at least as from the acquirement of knowledge about soils and crops or farm machinery and livestock. The Rural Science of facts alone is a non-vitalizing thing.

Facts are not unimportant, but interest and self-activity are much more important. There is often more instruction possible from a single copy of a good weekly agricultural paper than from the elementary text with which the pupil is provided. There is more to be learned at home or on the way to school and on neighboring farms than a pupil can learn from any single book — if his eyes are opened. In music and play there are forces for enriching life no less strong and no less necessary than an acquaintance with natural science. For training in the kind of rural citizenship needed now and in the future there is great need of practice in coöperative instead of competitive undertakings. It is believed that this little volume of "stories," when properly used, will be productive of this *vital interest and self-activity* in country children.

TO THE TEACHER

It has been the aim of the writer in preparing this *Rural Science Reader* to represent in story form how the boys and girls in rural schools, under the guidance of inspiring teachers, may be so instructed through the use of ready-to-hand material and their own activities that their lives will be filled with blessings for themselves, for their homes, for their communities, for their country, and for the great commonwealth of nations that is to be.

The book is intended to be thought-provoking and action-producing. The stories, it is believed, will stir the imagination of the boys and girls, and awaken their dormant interest in the living, vital, teeming things in our agricultural life. They will become eager to reproduce in their own school and in their own community the "nature-study club" and "Audubon society" discussed in the book.

The questions at the end of each chapter are intended to do more than to produce thought. They will, under the teacher's guidance, lead to constructive work that will lay a foundation for further valuable study in the other books of the series, which are to follow this introductory text.

With the select group of listeners to whom the writer as paternal story-teller has been hitherto more or less restricted, one of the essentials demanded for a proper understanding has always been whether the story was a "really truly" one or a "made up" one. An explanation is due in this regard, here also, for this series of stories of adventure in rural education. Some are "really truly" stories, but most of them belong to a new category that might be called "put-together" stories. They are not *really* true. They are only *mathematically* true.

A story teller's privilege has been freely used to put 2 and 2 together whenever a 4 was needed, or to make 5's and 6's and 7's out of combinations of 1's and 2's and 3's. Indeed, if you would examine the patchwork closely enough you might find traces of vulgar fractions. Dozens and dozens of schools, scores and scores of teachers, and hundreds and hundreds of boys and girls are taking part in the adventures. As Kipling finds justification in Homer for using the commonplaces of life as themes for his poems, may not we find like excuse for assembling some of the experiences of country schools in these stories?

"When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took — the same as me!

"The market girls an' fishermen,
The shepherds an' the sailors, too,
They 'eard old songs turn up again,
But kep' it quiet — same as you!

"They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed.
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
An' 'e winked back, — the same as us!"

If you look carefully you may find yourself or your school pictured in some such story as that of the School Fair or the Progress Club! But you must not tell!

THE AUTHOR

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RURAL SCIENCE READER

CHAPTER I

Ourselves— The Pupils in the Union School Have a Look at Themselves

No two schools in all the country are exactly alike; nor are the pupils in them alike. Indeed there are no two boys or two girls anywhere *exactly* alike. Schools and pupils have *individuality*, we say.

There are good schools and there are poor schools. There are manly boys and there are other kinds. There are girls who are unselfish and there are some who are not.

When the pupils of a school are honest and obedient, helpful and considerate, desirous to learn and zealous of a good name, that school is a good school.

This is a picture of our school. Perhaps it is somewhat like your school. You may recognize some of yourselves in it.

Here we are! Here we are!
Girls and Boys from Union!
Here we are! Here we are!
Girls and Boys from Union!
One, two, three, Rah! Rah! Rah!

This was the "yell" with which we made ourselves and our school known at the school fair in Dundas last September. You may think this sounds bold, but we did not feel very bold when we first tried it in public. Even with all the practices we had with Miss Masters we were afraid of hearing our own voices. I suppose we are like the pupils in most country schools in this respect.

There are thirty-two pupils' names on our school register. We come from sixteen homes. There are six Petersons (two families), three Arnolds, three Moirs, four Crandalls (two families), two Dodges, two Van Burens, two Kellers, two Spauldings, two Snyders, two McKees, one Davis, one Beck, one Sherman, and one Harper. That is an average of two pupils from each home.

Our ages range from six to fourteen years. One day we figured the total and average of our ages. Together they amounted to 328 years. That makes an average of $10\frac{1}{2}$ years. Lucy McKee is the "baby" of the school. She was only six about a month ago.

Helen Dodge and Christina Moir are the oldest pupils in the school. They are both fourteen years old and their birthdays are in the same month.

There are great differences in our heights. All the Crandalls are tall for their ages, while the McKees are quite short. Harold Peterson is the tallest boy in school. He is 5 ft. 3 in. That is nearly as tall as our teacher, Miss Masters. Elsie Crandall is the tallest girl. She is just an inch shorter than Harold Peterson. Hugh Harper is the smallest pupil. He has been sick a great deal and so has not grown much. Although he is eight he is not as tall as Lucy McKee.

We measure our heights now and then at the black-

Face p. 2

"Recess is Over"

board at the side of the school room. Some of us are growing faster than others. I gained nearly two inches between April and October; Catherine Arnold gained hardly half an inch in the same time. She would like to be taller. Our total heights amount to 1805 inches. This figures out at an average of over 4 ft. 8 in. for each pupil.

Measuring Heights

Of course there are great differences in our weights. Hugh Harper weighs only 38 lbs. Harold Peterson is fairly stout as well as tall. He weighs 112 lbs. Dora Van Buren and Lloyd Davis weigh exactly the same — 86 lbs.

We added all our weights one day and found that they made a total of 2250 lbs. There may be some mistake in this as we were weighed on different scales, and farm scales are often not exact. But the average weight for each pupil is about 70 lbs. For the past five years I have weighed myself on my birthday and marked my weight down. I am 40 lbs. heavier now than five years ago. The figures are 65 lbs., 71 lbs., 90 lbs., 88 lbs., 95 lbs., 105 lbs.

For a Nature Study lesson one day, Miss Masters had us note the color of each other's eyes and hair and classify ourselves. It was hard to do this, especially for our eyes. There is much difference in color between eyes that are described by the same word. The blue of Frances Beck's

eyes is very different from the blue of my brother Harry's eyes. But with Miss Masters' help we counted six pupils with dark brown eyes, five with hazel-colored eyes, five with grey eyes, ten with dark blue eyes, and six with light blue eyes. All the Petersons have blue eyes.

Our school has representatives for nearly all colors of hair, too. Helen and Frank Dodge are the only two whose hair can be called really black. It is like their mother's. Tom Crandall has the only "red head" in the school. Miss Masters says, "Look out for the 'red heads!' They are nearly always clever." Ten of us have dark brown hair, eight of us light brown and the rest have fair hair of different shades. Mabel and Isabel Snyder are the only pupils that have curly hair. We calculated the percentages of the different classes afterwards for an exercise in Arithmetic.

If there are many differences in our ages, our sizes, and our complexions, there are also differences in other ways. No two of us are exactly alike. There are family resemblances among brothers and sisters in features, hair, eyes, or build, but even some of those who look most alike show the greatest difference in temper, disposition, and ability.

We have different likes and dislikes. Some are quick and some are slow. Some are neat and some are untidy. Some are lazy and some are willing. Some are serious and some are fond of joking. Some are talkative and some are silent.

Some of us like school and come regularly, hardly ever missing a day from one year's end to another. A few do not like school and stay away whenever they can get an excuse to do so. Some like Arithmetic best, some Literature, some Geography, and some like Drawing best. Nearly

every one likes Nature Study. Some are good at Spelling, and there are one or two who do not seem to be able to learn to spell.

It is a question whether Katie Moir or Ernest Arnold is the brightest pupil in the school. Some months Katie stands at the head of the list and sometimes Ernest does. Katie is better in Spelling, Literature, and History, and Ernest excels in Arithmetic, Geography, and Drawing. They are the best of friends. Ernest is not a mean rival. He will help any one who asks him for help.

The Mischief of the school is Louis Keller. He is eleven years old. Wherever there is "fun going on" Louis is in the midst of it. If a dinner pail has disappeared we ask Louis about it first. If you discover that you have been going about with a *For Sale* sign pinned on your back, you can blame Louis for it. He is not mean, however, and does not play tricks to hurt any one's feelings. He is a great favorite. Everybody likes Louis.

The leader in the boys' games is Pat Sherman. He is twelve years old. He is a fairly good scholar, too, but he likes to play better than to study. He is a fast runner, a very good baseball player, and he can climb a tree better than any other boy. He is very daring. He is fond of horses and seems to delight in riding them at full speed. All the boys look up to Pat. He is not the kind of leader that bullies little fellows. In fact, he encourages the small boys to join with the older boys in their games. It seems rather odd that the little, delicate Hugh Harper and the strong, stirring Pat Sherman should be such chums as they are. They are about the best chums there are in the school.

The greatest favorite among the girls is Dorothy Cran-

dall. It is not because she is clever that every one likes her, but because she is kind and thoughtful of others. No one has ever heard her say a cross or a spiteful word to another pupil. She likes other people. She is not selfish. If there ever was a peacemaker in a school she is one. It is easy to commence quarrels. It is difficult to mend quarrels. Dorothy can do that. Blessed are the peacemakers! Miss Masters calls her "my right-hand man." And she is.

This is a little sketch of ourselves. I suppose we are just like boys and girls in other country schools!

Suggestions

1. If you can borrow scales for the school, have a guessing contest of one another's weights. As each pupil goes forward write down his or her weight. Take turns in weighing in order to learn how to do it. Guessing heights would make a good contest, too.

2. For a game try identifying one another by eyes, nose, or hair. One side could take turns in showing eyes, noses, or tops of heads from behind a screen for the other side to guess.

3. Maybe some of you would like to make an Autograph Album in which to keep the autographs of your schoolmates and teachers. If you make it a part of the loose-leaf Souvenir Note Book that you plan to make up with some of your best compositions, maps, drawings, etc., the autographs will be less likely to be lost or thrown away. Autographs written each year by the same pupil will be interesting to compare.

4. Others may prefer to make a School Photograph Album. If any of the pupils take "snaps" with their kodaks, paste these on sheets of paper fitting your Souvenir Note Book to remind you of the "Days of Auld Lang Syne." The photographs might be mounted alongside the autographs, if you wish to combine the autograph and photograph albums in one booklet. Pictures of school groups should be kept. Copies should be preserved in the school.

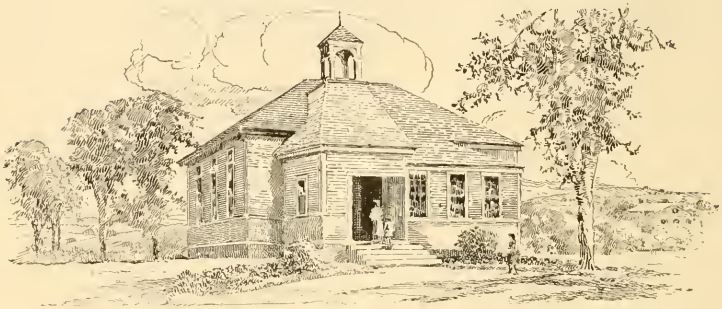
5. Some may wish to make a School Birthday Book. Have your schoolmates describe themselves under their signatures — *e.g.*, tell their weights, their heights, the color of their eyes and hair, whether

they have freckles, their favorite colors, flowers, books, and poems, what studies they like best, and what they intend to be. These descriptions will be cherished in after years when school friends are grown up and scattered.

6. It will be interesting to keep a record of your physical growth. Each birthday, for example, mark down your weight and height. Perhaps your parents have kept these figures for your younger years. If they have, continue them yourself. You might also record your *intellectual* growth by marking down the grade you were in at each birthday.

CHAPTER II

Our School — How the Stover School Pupils Became Acquainted With Their Own School



Your school is the most important school in the world — for you, at least. There are other schools like yours, no doubt. And there are still others, likely better than yours, or poorer than yours. All these schools are for boys and girls like you.

And all of them are for the service of your country too — to make you an upright, intelligent citizen of it. That is why America believes in schools. For your own sake and for your country's sake, make the most of your school.

Perhaps your school is an old one. Then it has a history. It has played an important part in the life of your neighborhood. You may be proud of its record.

Perhaps your school is a new one. Then it has a future. You may be proud to have a part in making that.

We have been having some lessons on our school lately. The matters that are retold here are a few of the facts we have learned about it. A school is an interesting thing when one comes to be well acquainted with it. It is like a person who has known many interesting people, or like one who has had many varied experiences. If an old school could speak, couldn't it tell stories? They would be real "tales out of school."

The present school is not the first that there was in the neighborhood. The first school was a log structure, built a few years after the district was settled. It was used for about thirty years, and then, in 1875, our school was built. The old school was located about half a mile farther east. The present site is more central than the old one. It was given by a Mr. Stover, who owned the farm on which it is located. Some of the older people still speak of it as "Stover's School."

The school building itself makes an interesting study. We have used it inside and out for practical Arithmetic lessons. By our measuring and figuring we know about what it would cost to build the stone foundation, and the frame superstructure. We also know what it would cost to plaster it. Mr. Kinsey, who used to work as a mason and plasterer, helped us. Jack Carstairs and George Graham went to him, and he explained the rules for estimating the number of loads of stone and sand, and the number of barrels of lime that would be needed for the work. After one has the measurements, it is not difficult to figure on the material and labor. It works out by rule.

The calculations on lathing and roofing are not difficult either. The number of laths and the cost of putting them on are easily found. So are the number of squares of shingles, and the cost of laying these. For the prices of these materials one of the boys telephoned out to Fulton's mill.

The carpenter's work is more difficult to estimate. The cost of the lumber is not hard to figure out, but one has to have the help of a practical carpenter to know how many joists and rafters are required, and of what

lengths they should be. To estimate the amount of studding, sheathing, and trimming required, an expert's help is also needed.

The cost of doors and window sashes can be found easily by asking at the planing mill. We were "stuck" with this problem until some one suggested that we get George Graham's father to come over and help us. Mr. Graham was quite willing when George asked him. He used to work at carpentry when he was a young man. He explained to us right in school just how the school was built, how the joists were set, how far apart the studding was, how the floor was laid, and everything. We asked him a lot of questions. With his help our problem was readily worked out. He knew about how much it cost to hang a door, and to trim windows, doors, and the wainscoting.

The painter's and glazier's part of the contract was rather difficult to determine. So was the tinsmithing. Such jobs out in the country at a distance from town cost a good deal, because of the time required in going and coming.

Of course, the school did not really cost $2700, as we made it out. When the school was built labor and material were a great deal cheaper. The cost was only about $1300 at that time. The expense was kept down, too, by the neighbors having a bee and hauling the stones, sand, and lumber.

We "took stock" of the school property, too, as a practical Arithmetic problem. It was rather hard settling on the value of some of the things. By asking the folks at home, however, what they thought they were actually worth, and averaging, we reached fair figures.

Our total amounted to $1299. The building now is not worth nearly what it cost to build it. It is a rather old building.

Land	$100.00	Blackboards	$20.00
Fences	45.00	Maps	25.00
School Building	800.00	Globe	10.00
Woodshed	25.00	Clock	5.00
Well and Pump	75.00	Stove	15.00
School Desks	75.00	Bookcase	15.00
Teacher's Desk	12.00	Library	75.00
Chairs	2.00		

We calculated that, in the forty-two years of its existence, about four hundred boys and girls have attended the school. There are a few of the old registers remaining, but most of them were lost long ago. We had to get the names of most of the old pupils from our fathers and mothers. We made out lists for every farm. This seemed to be the surest way of not overlooking any one. Here are the records from the farm that Mr. Allen occupies now, and the McPherson farm. Three generations of the McPhersons have attended the school. The Allen farm has usually been rented.

From the Allen Farm

George Allen
Henry Allen
Martha Allen
Elizabeth Allen
David Chambers
George Chambers
Janet Chambers
William Bentley
Maud Bentley
Clara Bentley
Eveline Konig
Maud Konig
Sarah Thompson
Christina Thompson
John Thompson
Agnes Thompson
Richard Thompson
Calvin Thompson
Charles Webber
Annie Webber

From the McPherson Farm

Kenneth McPherson
Esther McPherson
Kenneth McPherson
John McPherson
Jean McPherson
Isabel McPherson
Kenneth McPherson
Elizabeth McPherson
Marian McPherson

There is an old photograph in a frame hanging on the school wall that has made quite a puzzle for us. It is

From an old-fashioned Photograph of a School Group

a group of the pupils and teacher taken many years ago. No one was very sure of the identity of any person in the group. No one could tell the name of the teacher. We thought that one of the girls was Marian McPherson, now Mrs. Thomas Green, and Kenneth McPherson thought one of the bigger boys was his Uncle John Hungate, but he was not sure.

Miss Biggar, our teacher, allowed us to take the picture to our homes. Mrs. Green was able to tell us all about the picture. She was attending the school when it was taken. That was about 1881 — just a few years

after the new school was built. The teacher was a Mr. Ralph Conover, who afterwards became a doctor and went out West.

We wrote down all the names on a sheet of paper, and pasted it on the back of the picture. Thirty-six years have brought great changes to the boys and girls of the group. Ten of them are dead. Only five of them are now living in our neighborhood. A large number of them have gone to the western states.

This study of the old photograph led us to have an "Old Photograph" lesson one Friday afternoon. We had a very jolly time showing each other some of our old family pictures and telling about them. At the commencement of the lesson the pictures were mixed up, and we had great fun guessing who the originals were.

One of our interesting discoveries was about the scattering of people that takes place from a country district. One of the old school registers found was for the year 1895. There were thirty-six pupils enrolled at the school that year. John Thompson was the oldest. He was fifteen. Julia Benton was the youngest. She was five years old. There were seventeen boys and nineteen girls.

Some of the boys and two of the girls are dead. One of the boys, Ray Merrill, was killed in the Philippines. Four of the boys are farmers here, and three others are farming in other parts. Five of the girls are farmers' wives in this district, and five others are at the head of farm homes elsewhere. Two of the boys are storekeepers, one is a doctor, one is an agent, one is a locomotive engineer, and one is a saw-miller. What the last one, Gus Myers, is doing now no one seems to know. Of the remaining seven girls, one is a teacher, one is a nurse,

two work in offices, and three are married and living in the city. Of the total enrollment of thirty-six, 47.2 per cent remain on farms, and the others have gone to join the town and city population.

The people are particularly proud of one of the old-time pupils of the school. There have been a good number of the old pupils who have made successes of their lives, but they have not done what John Ferguson did. He did not count success in the same way as most people. From the time he was about ten years old he planned with his mother to be a missionary. His people were poor and he did not have a very good chance, as most people consider good chances. But he had a stout heart and a clear purpose. He spent four years at our school, and in spite of all teasing he kept good-tempered and friendly with every one. He was a good scholar.

After his people moved away he got a chance to attend high school by working at a doctor's for his board. A few years later he completed his education as a doctor. Then he studied for the ministry, and soon after went to China as a medical missionary. Before he went away he visited here and preached in the church at the village. All of his old friends turned out to give him a welcome and at the same time a hearty send-off. He has been in China for twelve years healing the sick and preaching the Gospel. He is our school's greatest pupil.

Suggestions

1. Gather together all the old school registers, have them bound together, and put away for safe keeping and for reference.

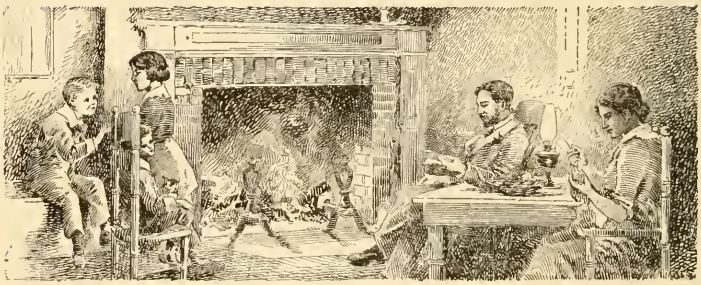
2. Use your school for all sorts of measuring problems and for the calculation of costs of painting, glazing, shingling, flooring, lathing, plastering, carpeting and building. Use local prices in the calculations.

3. Has your school ever had an Old Boys' and Girls' Reunion? Would it be possible to get the addresses of former pupils and teachers, say, for the past fifteen years, and invite them back to the old school for a celebration of its twenty-fifth birthday?

4. Could you make an album for your school by getting together copies of all the pictures of groups that may have been taken of the pupils at different times, photographs of the building, lists of former teachers, of the trustees, superintendents, and former pupils? Such a record would be of great interest to the people of the neighborhood. If the old school should be replaced by a new one, or merged in a consolidation, do not allow it to pass out of existence without some celebration in recognition of its past services. There are many fond memories in the hearts of grown-up people associated with old schools.

CHAPTER III

Our Homes — Studies of Homes by the Home-makers' Club at Round Hill School and the Story of One Home that was Remodeled.



A Nation can be only as great as its Homes are good;
And Homes can be only as good as People make them.

Nothing that you can do is more important than helping to make your homes happier and better.

"Oh, the auld house, the auld house, what tho' the rooms were wee!
Oh! kind hearts were dwelling there, and bairnies fu' o' glee;
The wild rose and the jessamine still hang upon the wa';
How mony cherished memories do they, sweet flowers, reca'!

The mavis still does sweetly sing, the blue bells sweetly blaw
The bonny Earn's clear winding, but the auld house is awa'.
The auld house, the auld house, deserted tho' ye be,
There ne'er can be a new house, will seem sae fair to me."

The Auld House, a Scottish Song by Lady Nairne.

For the study of Agriculture and Domestic Science in the Round Hill School we have two school clubs.

The boys have their Young Farmers' Club and the girls have their Dorcas Homemakers' Club. Our meetings are held on Friday afternoons. Sometimes we hold joint meetings, and sometimes the girls are guests at the boys' meetings, and *vice versa*. But usually we have our meetings going on at the same time. Our room is large enough to permit this without one interfering with the other, if we are careful not to speak too loudly.

We have all sorts of topics at our meetings. One day Annie Karan read a funny composition that she had written on "The Uses of Hairpins." Another day our teacher gave us a talk on "Homes I Have Known."

Annie Karan Reading her "Hairpin" Essay.

By means of our programs we have learned many useful things on such subjects as papering a room, saving steps, the uses of gasoline, how to repair window blinds, how to clean a piano, the care of a sewing machine, fireless cookers, and iceless refrigerators, as well as on such subjects as baking, cooking, sweeping, sewing, and nursing. There seems to be no end to the interesting things that the newspapers and magazines furnish us.

Some of our best programs have been about our own homes. Miss Hackett has had us draw plans and write the history of our homes, as part of our regular work in drawing and composition. Such lessons make one better

acquainted with one's home and more interested in it. I know I had no clear idea how large our house is nor of the dimensions of the rooms until I actually measured them with a yard stick. And I did not realize that our house has such an interesting history.

I suppose the most interesting thing about a neighborhood is its people, and the next most interesting thing is its homes. Our neighborhood has a good share of good people living in good homes. Our mothers and fathers have been good home-makers. We haven't any very wealthy people, and there are no people who are really poor. Most of the homes are somewhat old-fashioned, for they were built quite a long time ago, but they are very comfortable to live in. They are not so convenient, though, to work in. People did not think so much about making housework easy for women years ago as they do nowadays.

A Large Barn and a Small House

We have a saying in our part of the country that if you see a poor house and a fine barn on a farm it is a sign that the man is "boss," but that if you see a fine house and poor farm buildings it is a sign that the woman is "boss" in that home. The saying was truer a few years ago than it is now, and generally, it must be confessed, the barns had most improvements made in them.

A Modern Farm House

Face p. 19

FINE BUILDINGS AND FERTILE FIELDS

One can't be so sure now who is "boss" by inspecting the buildings. Inquisitive people would need to make very close inquiries to learn this now in many homes. "Bosses" seem to be disappearing. Several farm homes have been much improved in the last few years. Our home is one of these.

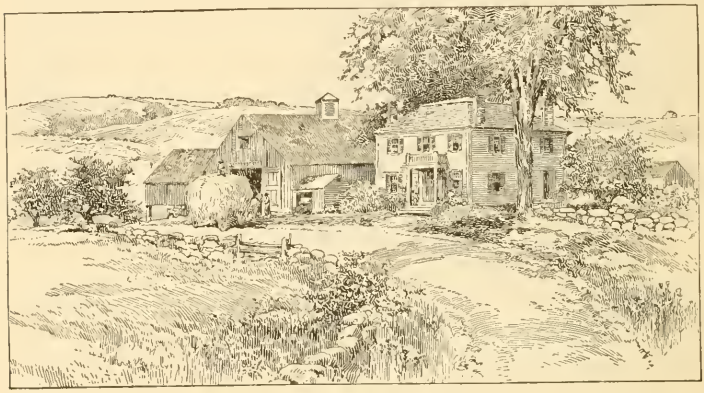
The old house was built about the year 1860. For those times it was a very good building. When Father bought the farm in 1900, he planned to build a new house as soon as he felt that he could afford it. The subject was one that we often talked about in the family, but year after year went by and the old house was still made to serve us. Other people got new homes, but ours was still a "castle in Spain." If it had had a better cellar and some arrangement for getting water easily, it would not have been so bad.

Perhaps the old house might still be our home if my sister Isabel had not gone away to teach school. Nearly every time she wrote home she mentioned something about some of the homes in her district, and when she came back at holiday time she talked so much and so often about building a new house, or making over the old one, that poor Father had to promise at last that he would do something.

Mother was not so concerned about it as were Isabel and the rest of us. She had put up with inconveniences so long that she had become rather reconciled to the notion of ending her days with them. But Isabel had no such notions. She was full of ambition. She stirred up my brother Frank, too, and got him to join her, so that Father's "wait a while" did not answer any longer. It was agreed to get ready during

the following winter and start the work early in the spring.

We have been living in our new home now for four years. It has been a great pleasure to us all. The old home was "Home, Sweet Home," but this one is that and "Easy-to-Work-in Home" besides. Father is very proud of it, and says that he is sorry that he did not make the changes many years before. Mother is even prouder



Our Remodeled House

of it than Father, if that is possible, because she feels it has come to her from her children. We children are proud of it because Mother and Father are, and also because we feel that it fairly represents what our farm and our standing in the community warrant. Working together in making the new home has made us all better chums, too. We are proud of our accomplishment.

It is not by any means what one would call a fine home, nor is it an expensive one. While we have made it attractive with vines and shrubs, it is just a plain

matter-of-fact farm home, and the rebuilding cost only $1800. The old house was raised up off the ground and a good high cement foundation built under it. Then the roof was raised and the upstairs rooms changed so that a bathroom could be put in, and a balcony built over the new veranda at the front. The stairway was changed too. The big old-fashioned kitchen that extended from the main part of the house was turned and a good sized washroom and a pantry divided off at one end.

The feature that pleases Mother, perhaps more than anything else, is the fine cellar, particularly the part under the old kitchen. This has been fitted up as a laundry and summer kitchen. In one corner there is a large galvanized iron cistern to hold soft water, and alongside, stationary wash tubs. As the house sits on the slope of a little hill, one can step outside directly into the garden. It is a very pleasant room for a basement. The windows are large, giving exceptionally good light for a cellar. In the summer time when it is hot we frequently have our meals here — on the "lower deck," as we call it. Nearly all the work of canning, preserving, and pickling is done here, too. In the winter it is found very convenient for boiling oats or heating water needed at the stables.

All the old-time slavery of carrying water has been done away with. It was not difficult to arrange, either. A pipe was laid from the well into the laundry and a force pump attached to this sends the water up into a tank in the attic. From here it goes to the bathroom and the kitchen sink. The waste water flows into a septic tank at the bottom of the garden.

Every one votes Isabel's fireplace in the living room one of the best things in the new home. She insisted on having that, and many a time we thank her for planning it. There is no time when home seems so much home as in the evening when we are all gathered about a good fire.

We call our home Ingleside.

"Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!"

"You can't buy a home.
A man buys a house, but only a woman can make it a home.
A house is a body, a home is a soul."

Suggestions

1. Invite your mothers, or old pupils who have been to college, to address your Homemakers' Club at the school.

2. If possible, borrow from some person who has built a new house recently a copy of the architect's plans and specifications to examine and discuss at school.

3. For your School Fair have a girls' competition for the best plans and descriptions of a model farmhouse.

4. If a new house is being built in the neighborhood of the school, make observations of the work as it progresses and discuss these in school.

5. Make a scrap book or portfolio of house designs or articles on furnishing, kitchen equipment, sewage disposal, waterworks systems, home-made furniture, etc. Procure copies of bulletins on these subjects from the Department of Agriculture or the Board of Health.

6. For problems on carpeting, papering, lathing, plastering, shingling, painting, etc., use measurements made at your own homes. Calculate costs of furnishing model kitchens, dining rooms, living rooms, and bed rooms.

7. Calculate the distance traveled by your mother in the course of an average day's work in your home. Plan rearrangements by which this distance could be greatly reduced. Estimate the average quantity of water required in your home daily, and calculate the energy required to carry this from the well, taking the unit of measurement as the energy required to carry one pound through a distance of one foot.

8. If you have a camera, take photographs of home scenes and preserve them in a special portfolio or album. Make drawings also for the same purpose. Preserve pictures of the old house if this should be replaced by a new one. A collection of poems written with home as their theme would make a suitable accompaniment of the pictures. While home does not need another name to endear it, a name chosen to suggest something of its location or its ownership is attractive.

CHAPTER IV

Our Farms — A Sketch of Blythewood by a Pupil of the Langton School

Do you know any farm folks who would like to be rid of their farms?

Do you know many town folks who would not like to have a farm?

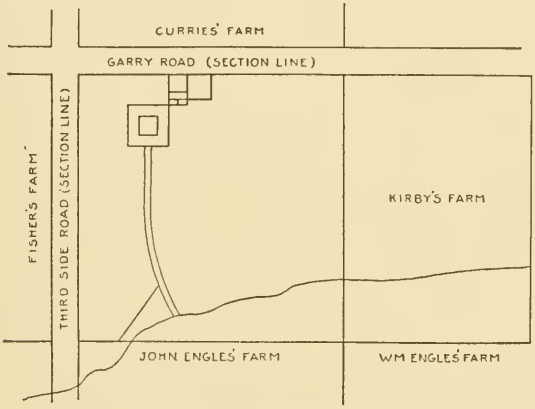
Do you know that it is very desirable that rural America should have its farms owned by those who work them?

Read what David Grayson says about the advantages of country life and the satisfactions of owning one's farm: —

> "Of all places in the world where life can be lived to its fullest and freest, where it can be met in its greatest variety and beauty, I am convinced that there is none to equal the open country. For all country people in these days may have the city—some city or town not too far away; but there are millions of men and women who have no country and no sense of the country. What do they not lose out of life!
>
> "If one has drained his land, and plowed it, and fertilized it, and planted it, and harvested it — even though it be only a few acres — how he comes to know and to love every rod of it. He knows the wet spots, and the stony spots, and the warmest and most fertile spots, until his acres have all the qualities of a personality, whose every characteristic he knows.

"It is so also that he comes to know his horses and cattle and pigs and hens. It is a fine thing, on a warm day in early spring, to bring out the beehives and let the bees have their first flight in the sunshine. What cleanly folk they are! And later to see them coming in yellow all over with pollen from the willows!"

Lately we have been making studies of Our Farms in the Langton School. We have drawn maps of them and written compositions about them. The studies



Map of Our Farm

have included their boundaries, their physical features, and their products — just like geography lessons on different countries. We have also discussed their histories. A farm makes an interesting study.

Our farm is called Blythewood. It is located on the Garry Road, four miles from the village of Dracon. It is in St. Lawrence County. Our post office address is R.F.D. 3, Dracon. The farm is square in shape and contains 160 acres. The soil is, in general, a clay loam, but at the back near the creek there is some dark swamp soil.

It is bounded on the east by Kirby's farm, on the south by John Engles' farm, on the west by the Third Side Road, and on the north by the Garry Road. The farm across the Garry Road is owned and occupied by Mr. Currie. On the southeast it touches William Engles' farm. Our neighbor on the west is Mr. Fisher.

The land is fairly level, sloping to the south. Near the back of the farm there is a little creek flowing out of the Kirby farm across the corner and into John Engles' property. We call it the Blythely Creek. The highest part of the farm is at the front where the house and barns are located. The country round about is gently rolling. To the north, at the back of the Currie farm, there is a hilly ridge called the Hog's Back. It runs east and west. It is a very pretty country with woods and orchards scattered over the landscape. From our house on a clear day, the top of the church spire at Dracon can be seen above the trees.

The house is located about a hundred yards back from the road. There is a driveway leading up to it. Seventy-five yards behind the house is the barn. It is in a barnyard of about an acre in extent. Opening from the barnyard at the back there is a lane leading to the back fields and the beautiful five-acre wood lot. Other fields open from this lane. There is a two-acre orchard on the east side of the house and a small garden behind it. At the front of the house there is a lawn, with shrubbery along the side next to the orchard.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about any farm is its history. At any rate, Blythewood has an interesting history. It dates back for over eighty years. It has served its owners well. Before Father came into

possession of it, its soil had yielded sufficient to enable two farmers to pay for it largely from its crops, to bring up their families and give them a start in life, and to retire from active work in their old age. That is a pretty good record for the productiveness of one farm. If all goes well it should do the same for our family, though Father has no intention now of ever leaving it. It would take a good deal to induce him to sell, even if Mother should give her consent.

Father bought it eighteen years ago. He had been hired for five years by Mr. Wilkes, the former owner, and had been careful to save his money. When Mr. Wilkes decided to retire, he gave Father the first chance to buy it. They were very good friends. Mr. Wilkes himself had started out as a hired man. An agreement was made and Father started off as the owner of a farm with a $6000 mortgage — and a wife; for it was then that Mother and Father were married. The money he had saved enabled them, with what the Wilkeses loaned them, to start housekeeping and to buy a modest outfit of machinery and stock.

The story of how that mortgage was gradually wiped out is a real romance. It was not all plain sailing. More than once there were dangers of shipwreck, or at least of being blown back to harbor. But by careful steering, after five or six years of rather anxious times, they managed to get over the worst of the passage and find favoring winds. The last of the mortgage was paid off six years ago. Mr. Wilkes had always made it easy for them. He is held in the highest regard in our home for his kindness. Mother and Father often speak of their early struggles. There are improvements to be made yet, but

these can be attended to without going into debt. The anxious days are long past.

Father seems to have a real affection for our farm — as, indeed, every one of the family has. He knows every foot of it, as he should, after twenty-three years on it. There are several reasons for Father's feeling. In the first place he owns it outright; it is his very own. In the second place, he has earned it; one generally values anything in proportion to what it costs. In the third place, it is a good farm; it has always responded to his labors. In the fourth place, it is a beautiful farm; with its gentle slopes, its beautiful trees, and its well-kept fields and buildings, it makes a real picture. In the fifth place, it is "Home, Sweet Home"; all of us children were born here. These are very good reasons. There are many fine farms in our neighborhood, but there is none finer, we think, than Blythewood. It was a good farm when Father got it eighteen years ago; it is a better farm to-day. He contends that a man is a poor citizen who does not leave a farm better than he found it.

Our Barn near the Road

Perhaps it is not exactly right to say that Father earned the farm. This is hardly fair to Mother. Since they were married, she has done her full share of the work that resulted in lifting the mortgage and paying for stock and machinery. It is her farm as much as Father's. In fact, he often tells us children that if it had not been for our mother's encouragement and good management

he probably would be a "renter" at the present time. Father is a good steady worker, but Mother has imagination and ambition. Working together to pay for their own home has made Mother and Father rare partners. This kind of struggle sometimes kills the joy of life for some people. It has not done so in our home. I do not know any who are happier than my parents. There are lots of people who are better off, but there are few happier. Blythewood is well-named.

Suggestions

1. If possible borrow copies of deeds, mortgages, leases, or registry office abstracts for examination and discussion by pupils.

2. What proportion of the farms in your neighborhood are worked by their owners? What proportion are rented? How many are worked on shares?

3. Take snapshots or make sketches of the beauty spots or landmarks on your farm. A portfolio of pictures of home scenes will be prized greatly when you grow older, and particularly if you ever leave the old farm.

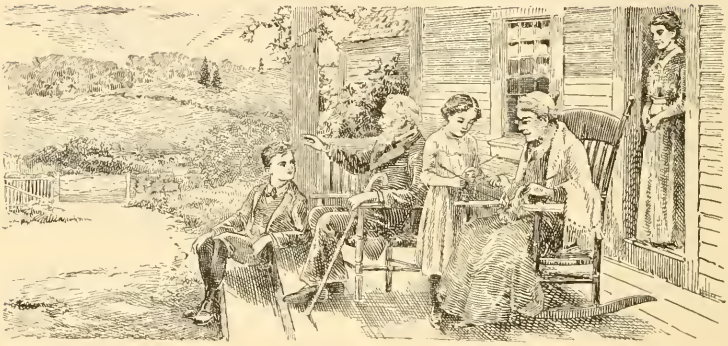
4. Discuss the requirements of a model farm. Draw a map of such a farm. What farms in your neighborhood come nearest to being model farms? Inspect some of the best farms in the district for a Friday afternoon excursion.

5. Write the histories of the farms of the district and put them together as a contribution to the school library. This book would make interesting reading for the older people in the community. Along with each history, the map of the farm might be included: coloring the fields, woods, orchards and buildings with different colors would make it more map-like.

6. If a farm has a personality, it deserves a descriptive name. In some places, such names are set forth in neat metal letters on the entrance gate. Others print the names on their barn. Where a printed letterhead is used for correspondence, the name should be made prominent. In registering pedigreed horses or cattle the name can be used to advantage. For example, Blythewood Bell as the name of a fine cow would attract attention.

CHAPTER V

Our Old Settlers — How Silver Lake School Holds Them in Remembrance



No people can be great who do not acknowledge their indebtedness.

The Fourth Commandment is: — "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

We must never forget the debt we owe to our First Settlers, who took possession of the wilderness which the Lord their God prepared for them for a habitation for their children and their children's children.

The old settlers in the neighborhood of the Silver Lake School are fast disappearing. There are only four left now who remember when the country was all forest. Soon they will be gone, for they are all over eighty years of age. What wonderful stories they can tell! They

should all be written down so that those who come after will know what they owe to their brave ancestors.

It was proposed one day that for our next Rural Science lesson each pupil should try to have ready a story of the early days in our district. We were to ask our fathers and mothers to tell us of these days as they remembered them, or as their fathers and mothers had told about them. Our teacher said we must not allow ourselves to forget what we owed to those who had adventured and toiled to establish these good American homes for us. To remind us of the topic, she wrote on the blackboard: "Our Old Settlers — Lest We Forget!"

The stories told were just as interesting as any that one reads in a book. All of the stories told did not refer to this neighborhood, as the grandparents of some of our pupils settled in other districts. We are planning to write the stories down and bind them into a book for our school library.

These are a few of the stories that were told.

Ella Holman's Story

My mother told me a story that she had often heard her father (that would be my grandfather) tell. His name was William Metcalf. He was only six years old when he came to America. That was in the year 1829. The vessel they came on was a sailing ship called the *Constance*. It took them seven weeks to reach New York from England.

They traveled on the *Constance* up the Hudson River to Troy. From there they traveled, on a canal-boat drawn by horses, up the Erie Canal to Buffalo. One

day, as they were going along quietly, my grandfather and his sister Jane, who was two years older, were playing about on the deck of the boat. Suddenly he tripped and fell overboard. Jane screamed and ran to arouse her father who was lying asleep in the cabin. Before she reached him, however, he had awakened and, understanding as if by a miracle what was wrong, jumped through the window into the water and caught his boy as

Where William Metcalf Fell into the Canal

he was about to sink for the last time. It did not take the people on the boat long to rescue the two of them. My grandfather could remember being wrapped up in a warm blanket and getting a hot drink. The next day he was none the worse for his cold bath.

After braving the dangers of the Atlantic in a little sailing ship, it seems strange that he should find greater danger on a canal-boat on the Erie Canal.

He lived to be ninety years old. He helped to clear the farm that my Uncle William lives on now.

Ruth Conway's Story

Father has allowed me to bring this letter that will tell my story better than I can tell it. It is a letter that

his mother's father, John Haxton, wrote to his sister in Scotland telling her that her husband, Thomas Martin, had died in America. Thomas Martin had left his wife and family in the Old Country until he could make a home for them in America. He had taken up land near his brother-in-law's place in Essex County and was getting some land cleared and a log house built.

Making a New Home in the Forest Wilderness

One day while working alone in the woods he was struck by the limb of a falling tree and badly crushed. When he didn't get back to my great-grandfather's house at the usual time, they went in search of him. They found him alive but unconscious. They carried him to the house and sent for the doctor, who lived twenty miles away. Before the doctor reached him, he had died.

This is the last part of the letter:

"Thus have I given you the account of the death of a friend I loved and respected. But, my dear Sister, I realize that my loss is but as dust in the balance to yours and your little family. Try to take comfort in the knowledge that God is all sufficient and will be the widows' and orphans' stay.

"Should you still be of a mind to come to America be assured, dear Agnes, that while I have a home, it shall be also a home for you and your bairns. For their sakes, I think you might well consider it worth while to come. It is a land of great promise.

"I will conclude this mournful letter with my kindest love to all. I hope you will find consolation in the Word of God and commit the guidance of yourself and children to Him who is alone able to guide us through life and take us to eternal happiness in the world to come."

One can hardly imagine the sorrow that letter would bring to the little home in Scotland. The loss of husbands and fathers was one of the prices paid for settling this land. Mrs. Martin was a brave woman, though. A few years later, when her children were older, she came to America, and cleared the farm which they called Cornlee after the place on which they had lived in the old land.

Henry Gardner's Story

I asked my father if he had ever heard of the Indians making trouble for the first settlers. He said he had heard his mother say that she was a bit nervous about them when she first came into the settlement. They used to come down near here every year and camp at the river. The Indians would hunt and fish, and the squaws would go around to the settlers' homes to sell baskets and to beg.

People had to keep everything well locked up to make sure that it wouldn't be carried off. If no one was around, the squaws would help themselves to such eatables as they could find. And they didn't knock at the door and wait to be invited in — they walked right in without knocking. Grandmother would always give them a bowl of soup or a share of whatever she had.

Face p. 34

GRANDFATHER'S HOME ON THE FARM

Loading Hay in Grandfather's Time

One day in the spring, as grandmother was boiling a kettle of soap over a fire in the yard, two squaws appeared. They watched her for some time but did not say anything. The soap must have smelled good to them. When grandmother went into the house they waited a while and then helped themselves from the kettle. Augh! It wasn't to their liking. And they

The Squaws and the Hot Soap

did not wait to beg anything that day. Nor did they come around again for a long time.

Leslie Bigelow's Story

Father has often told me of the hardships his grandparents and his father experienced in the early days of the settlement. My grandfather was just seven years old when they moved to the land that is now our farm. The first days must have been pretty hard for my great-grandmother. She was not used to rough ways. It was six years before she could see the smoke from the chimney of a neighbor's home. It was fearfully lonesome for her.

There were not many comforts or many luxuries in those days. And sometimes there was very little to eat. On the first bit of clearing a small crop of potatoes was grown. The first flour that they had was brought in eighteen miles through the forest on my great-grandfather's back from Mount Hope. He had carried the wheat there the day before and waited to have it ground. That was hard-earned bread. On one of his trips out to the settlement he brought home an apple. It was the first one the children had ever seen. It was cut into small pieces and every one had a taste.

Going to Mill

The forest was full of terrors. The howling of wolves nearly always made one's flesh creep. One night a sheep was killed by them within ten yards of the house. Another time a noise was heard outside, and my grandfather, who was about fourteen years old, went to the door with a lantern. There was a big wolf just outside the door. When he saw the light he turned away, snarling, and ran off as fast as he could go.

Helen Scott's Story

My grandmother told me about the first kerosene lamp that was brought into the settlement. That was

about sixty-five years ago. Before this time people used homemade tallow candles or "dips" for light.

The lamp was a great wonder for a time. It was supposed to be very dangerous, too. For a long time her father would not let any of the children touch it. It was always put away carefully out of their reach after it had been used. It was not used very regularly, but only on special occasions, as kerosene was very expensive then. Her father would always get the lamp down and trim it himself before lighting it. Grandmother had the lamp until a few years ago when it fell off a high shelf and was broken beyond repair. The people in those days considered it as great an improvement on a candle as we consider the electric light an improvement on a common kerosene lamp.

The "Dangerous Lamp"

We have an old-fashioned stable lantern at our place yet. Father keeps it as a curiosity. A candle was used in it instead of oil. We have an old-fashioned candle mould too. My mother remembers helping her mother put in the cotton wick and pour the melted tallow.

Suggestions

1. Invite some of the old settlers to the school for your Friday afternoon "Literary" to tell you the story of the early settlement of the neigh-

borhood. Learn the location of the first homes, the first schools, churches, etc. Also the names of those who introduced the first pure-bred live-stock, the first reaper, the first binder, etc.

2. If a history of your county has been published, purchase a copy for your school library. Sometimes the newspapers publish stories of the early days; cut these out and insert them in a portfolio for the library. These records should not be lost; the school library is a good place in which to preserve them. If good records are written by pupils as compositions, keep these in a portfolio for lending from the school.

3. Honor the founders of the settlement by hanging their pictures in the school. Old teachers might be honored in this way also. A tablet on the school wall, an ornamental gate, a scholarship for the best scholar, or a drinking fountain would be a suitable gift to the school by the descendants of early settlers. A monument to their memory erected at the Town Hall, the church, or the school would be a fitting souvenir.

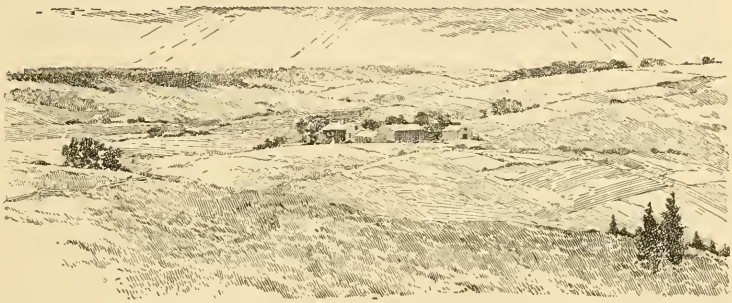
4. Use your influence to have the old graveyard in which the early settlers were buried kept in respectable condition. A neglected, unsightly cemetery is no credit to a community. If it is near the school its care might be taken over as a school project. By coöperation with the church and the cemetery trustees the school might do a fine public service in this manner.

5. At your school fair have an exhibit of old-time relics, such as ox-yokes, handmade forks, iron kettles, tongs, guns, lanterns, snuff boxes, jewelry, books, newspapers, school books, musical instruments, photographs, letters, etc. If a lunch is served, arrange a special table for the old settlers as guests of honor.

6. Before any old landmarks, such as toll-gates, churches, schools, barns, taverns, houses, or trees are done away with, have photographs of them taken and preserved in some suitable way. Copies in the school library would be useful in learning local history.

CHAPTER VI

Our Neighborhood — A Report of the Investigations of the Russell School on its Home Geography and History



Every neighborhood has its history. There is a Past, a Present, and a Future.

The Past is crammed full of stories of individual struggles, trials, defeats, and successes.

The Present may seem dull and prosaic in comparison with the achievements of the Past, but it is not so if we see it aright.

The Future is in the hands of the Boys and Girls who are at school equipping themselves for their task.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

Neighborhoods are made up of neighbors.

Lately we have had lessons in our school on "Our Neighborhood." We have discussed its geography, its history, its inhabitants, its business, and its future. It has been good for us to find that our own neighborhood

is interesting. It is not at all a humdrum place. As Miss Newhall, our teacher, says, "It has throbbed with life and change and adventure." I can tell you only a few of the many interesting things we have learned.

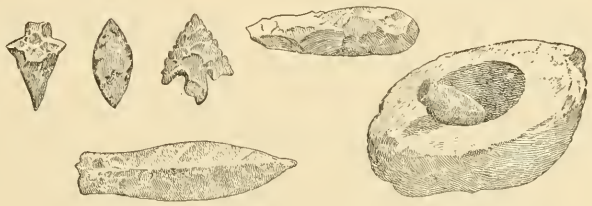
First, something of its geography. It is located in the center of the township of Milton, which is one of the divisions of Brooke County. The nearest town to the north is Frankton, twelve miles away. Frankton is the county seat of Brooke County. It is a place of about 4000 inhabitants. Measuring from the school, the village of Milton is five miles to the east. There are about 500 people living there.

The Grand Valley Railroad runs through Milton, where most of our trading and shipping is done. The nearest place of any importance to the south is Fenwick. It is eighteen miles away, and about the same size as Frankton. Eight miles away to the west there is another railroad, the Lewiston branch of the Grand Valley Road. The village of Canning, at which some of our people trade, is located on this branch. We are well supplied with railroads.

The main road through the neighborhood runs north and south, joining Fenwick and Milton. It is an old pioneer road, built when the county was first settled. It is called the Stone Road, and of late years, since automobiles have become so common, it has been well kept up. Our school is half a mile east from this road, on the road that leads to Milton. This is a very good road, too. We call it the Milton Road. The other roads form the boundaries to the sections of land into which the locality was originally surveyed.

The surface of our land is rolling. There are no very

high hills, and consequently no very deep valleys. Back from the river the land is more level than it is near the river. In the river valley there is a lot of level meadow land. The river itself is only about twenty feet wide — most people would call it a creek — and nowadays it nearly dries up in the summer. Along the river and scattered here and there over the land, boulders are to be found. In the hills there are beds of sand and gravel. These have been made use of for buildings and roads.



Indian Relics

As Miss Newhall explained it to us, these are deposits from the glaciers which covered this part of the world ages ago. In fact, she says that the surface of the whole countryside was shaped as it is by the rushing waters that flowed away from the melting ice. The river runs west through Canning and flows into the Broad River farther west. Thus the water that drains off our land finally reaches the ocean about fifteen hundred miles away.

The history of the neighborhood is even more interesting, I think, than its geography, for there are so many stories of human lives connected with it. Like all the rest of our country it was originally owned by the North American Indians. They must have hunted a good deal through this district, for several people, when plowing, have found flint arrowheads in their fields and Mr.

Boyle picked up a stone that was shaped for a skinning tool. We had these at school one day to examine them. These are the only traces of their occupation that they have left, though we think they must have had camping places along the river. When the first settlers came in, the last of the Indians had moved west, though occasionally a few would return for a short hunting trip.

The story of the very first settler in a new country is almost as interesting a story as that of Columbus discovering America. The first white settler in the Russell Settlement, as it used to be called, was James Russell. He arrived in the year 1829. He was then a young man of twenty-four. His parents had come from Maryland at about the beginning of the century and settled near Trenton, fifty miles south from here. As the settlement about Trenton spread over the good lands, some of the younger men moved out to new parts. James Russell's wanderings brought him here.

He decided to settle at the river just where it now crosses the Stone Road. After building a small log shanty, he returned to Trenton and spent the winter there. The next spring he returned and brought his friend, William Wilson, with him. The two men lived and worked together. They made a good-sized clearing about the shanty before winter set in. The next spring they put in a crop and built two small log houses — one at each side of their clearing. During the summer they returned to Trenton and were married to Mary and Elizabeth Townsend, sisters.

Other settlers had been spreading out, in the meantime, in the same direction, and a rough road had been opened up even before the surveyors had made a survey. The

two friends bought a team of oxen, a wagon, and some furniture, and returned to the bush with their brides to establish their homes. There are no traces left now of those first two log houses, but descendants of the families still live here. Six pupils of our school are descended from these pioneers. Jane and Willie Wilson, and

A Home in the Woods

Christina and Anna Todd are the great-grandchildren of the first William Wilson. Jamie Russell and Elsie Fair are the great-grandchildren of the first James Russell. Our school has always been known as the Russell School, and we are all proud of it, for James Russell was a fine man.

During the year 1832 three settlers moved in. In 1833 the district was surveyed, and by 1840, practically all the farms were bought up and occupied. Every

farm in the neighborhood has a pioneer story of wonderful interest. Several of these stories were told by the pupils. We are writing the stories, too, and putting them together to make a "History of Our Neighborhood" for our school library. It will be a valuable record to have in the school for future pupils to read and to keep up to date. Our first settlers were great adventurers.

European Countries have Contributed to our Population

Taking the school district boundaries as the boundaries of our neighborhood, though it is hardly exact to do so, our population comprises 182 people. In their origin they represent several nationalities. The first settlers, comprising the Russell Settlement, were very largely of Scotch-Irish descent, from the older settlements in Maryland and Pennsylvania. There were a few families of English descent, and also a few, like

the Schaeffers and Yaegers, who were "Pennsylvania Dutch." Many of these first settlers, after clearing the land, sold their farms and moved out into the new western country where they could get more land for themselves and their families. One family is of Norwegian descent. The northern countries of Europe are fairly well represented.

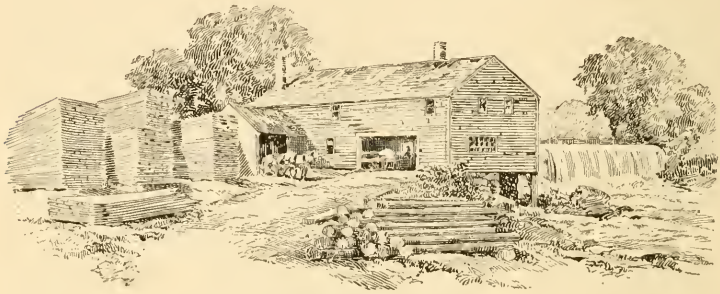
The neighborhood must be a healthy one, for a number of our people have reached a ripe old age. There is one man who is 92 years old, and two men and one woman who are between 80 and 90. There are nine people between 70 and 80. About half the population is under 21 years. There are in school thirty-six pupils, whose ages range from 6 to 14, and there are in the homes thirty younger children not old enough to attend school. There are in all 96 women and girls and 86 men and boys.

Most of the people in the neighborhood have had a fair schooling. Some of the older people seem to have been better educated than those who have attended school more recently. Years ago big boys and girls went to school in the winter months. There are only two who cannot read or write. Some of the boys and girls who left school a few years ago reached only the fifth grade. There are two farmers who attended high school and one who spent a winter term at the Agricultural College. The girls, as a rule, are better educated than the boys. Two of our women were school teachers before they married.

The business of the neighborhood has been marked by many changes. Twenty-five years ago there was a saw-mill at the river and large quantities of lumber were sawed from logs and hauled out to the railroad.

To-day lumbering is a thing of the past. Large quantities of tan bark used to be sold, too, but all the large oak and hemlock trees are now well cleared out. A little fire-wood is sold occasionally, taken from remnants of the fine forest that used to cover the land. The woods that remain do not furnish much more than kitchen fire-wood from the trees that are blown down in storms.

In the early days of the settlement there was a great deal of wheat grown and shipped. Corn and hay also



The Sawmill at the River

were sold off the farms. To-day practically all the grain and hay raised on the land is fed to livestock. All the farmers, except three, send cream to the coöperative butter factory at Milton. Ten years ago the factory used the whole milk for making cheese.

Last year 1056 hogs were fed and sold in addition to 130 that were killed for home use. There are 570 cows kept on the farms of the neighborhood, and 386 cattle, including calves, were shipped out last year. Every farm has poultry, and a few of the people lately have been paying special attention to this branch of farming. Turkeys are raised on only twelve farms, geese are kept

by ten farmers, and twenty have ducks. Sheep were formerly kept in considerable numbers. There are only five farmers now who have any, and the largest flock consists of ten animals. Every one has horses, of course. There are 346, including colts. Last year 24 horses were sold from here, chiefly for shipment to the large cities where they were used for teaming and for delivery wagons.

Potatoes are not grown in very large quantities by our farmers as a rule. When the season is a good one a few wagonloads will be sold, but a buyer has difficulty in getting enough to make a carload. Apples are a crop like potatoes. They are grown for home use, and only in an exceptionally good season are there any for shipping. All the orchards are old, and they are not very well looked after. Small quantities of small fruits and vegetables are sold by a few people.

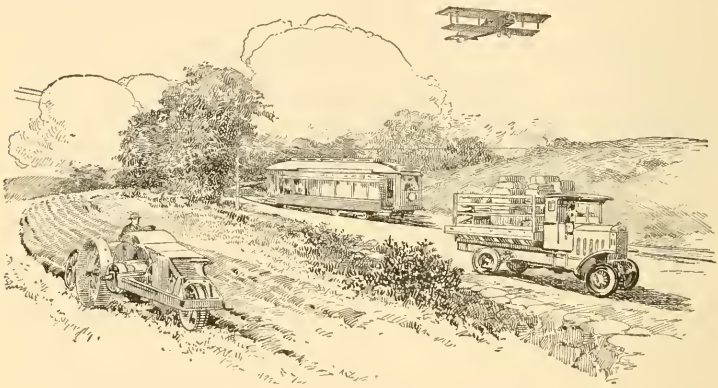
We made a calculation in school of the value of the products from the farms and were surprised at the amount:

Cream	$25,000	Carried forward	$70,200
Butter and Milk	700	Cattle	15,000
Eggs and Poultry	8,000	Sheep and Wool	500
Potatoes and Vegetables	1,000	Horses	4,000
Fruit	500	Hay and Grain	2,000
Hogs	35,000	Wood	200
	$70,200		$91,900

One day we had for our subject, "What Changes Will There Be in This Neighborhood in the Next Twenty-five Years?" Miss Newhall told us to talk the matter over at home and get the opinions of our fathers and mothers. There were many interesting ideas and some funny ones

expressed. We discussed the subject in regard to roads, transportation, crops, livestock, implements, farm methods, schools, and population.

Several pupils mentioned changes likely to be seen in roads and transportation. The Stone Road would be rebuilt with cement. All the steep grades on the road would be reduced. The roadsides would be better kept, and long stretches of shade trees would be seen. Soldiers disabled in the Great War would be in charge of



The New Means of Transportation

sections of roads. Neat, well-kept homes with gardens would be provided for them. The Milton Road would be improved, too, but it would not be a cement road.

An electric railroad would be built alongside the Stone Road between Frankton and Fenwick. Another would cross the neighborhood, running east and west between Milton and Canning. The fare would be a cent a mile. Milk and other farm products would be shipped on these railroads. They would be used, too, by the pupils coming to the new consolidated school that

would be located a little west from where our school now stands. Charlie Van Wyck thought electric railroads would be getting old-fashioned in twenty-five years. According to his notion, air-ships would take their place for both traveling and shipping.

Every farmer would own an automobile before the next twenty-five years had passed, and most farmers would have an auto-truck and a tractor as well. These would be so cheap and so convenient that only one team of horses would be found on most farms.

There were many prophecies concerning changes in the farms and the crops. Some thought the farms would be larger than they are now, and some thought they would be smaller. There would be fewer permanent fences. A rail fence or a stump fence would be a curiosity. More corn would be planted. Every farm would have a silo. There would be less land used for pasture than there is now. More apples would be grown, also larger acreages of potatoes. More clover and alfalfa would be grown, and less timothy hay. Some thought weeds would not be so common, and others that there would be more than ever. Some thought there would be few, if any, trees left, and some thought there would be trees planted to restore our woods.

Changes in regard to livestock, implements, and farm practices were thought likely to come about. Tractors would be in common use and horses would be kept in diminishing numbers. More cattle would be kept and more milk produced. Milking machines would be quite common. More hogs would be raised. Sheep would be kept in larger numbers. Poultry-keeping would be extended. Groups of neighbors would agree to keep

the same breed of dairy cattle or hogs or sheep or hens. Much better stock would be seen in the neighborhood than there is at present.

A new kind of school was considered likely to come into existence. It would be a consolidated school with a four years' high school course similar to the schools they are establishing in other places in our country. It

A Modern Consolidated School

would have a large playground, play equipment, such as a swing and a giant-stride, and an assembly hall for concerts. There would be a small farm connected with the school, and the principal would have his home in a model farmhouse. He would use the farm for experiments and demonstrations. The pupils, because of the electric railroad and auto-vans, would attend regularly. The older boys and girls would attend the high school classes in the late fall and winter and work at home during the spring, summer, and autumn. Young people would be much better educated than they are now.

The Center of our Neighborhood

Face p. 51

THE RIVER IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD

There will be many changes among the people, according to the opinions expressed by the pupils. Judging from the changes that have taken place in the past twenty-five years, more than one-half of the farms will change ownership, strangers will take the place of some of our old residents, and some of the farmers will buy neighbors' farms for their sons. A number of the older people will retire from active farming and move into Milton.

"Men may come and men may go" but Our Neighborhood, like the brook, I suppose will "go on forever."

Suggestions

1. See Chapter V on "Our Old Settlers" for suggestions about keeping records of the early settlement of the neighborhood.

2. Have the pupils write the history of their home farms. If a deed of one of the farms can be procured, exhibit this at the school, and explain how titles to land are secured and recorded in registry offices.

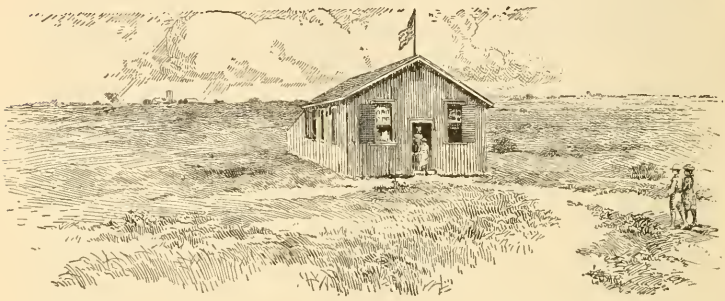
3. From some of the homes in the neighborhood old maps showing the occupants of the farms thirty, forty, or fifty years ago may be borrowed. Display such a map on the school bulletin board for a week or so.

4. Study your own neighborhood. There is no more interesting neighborhood in the country. If it is a good neighborhood with a fine record, be proud of this and help to maintain it. If it is a neighborhood that still may be improved, be glad of the opportunity of helping in this service.

5. Draw a map of your neighborhood, inserting roads, houses, churches, stores, the school, and other important data.

CHAPTER VII

Our Prairie School — The Work of the Lester Prairie School in the Pioneer Period of the Neighborhood's Development



Where do you think the most important country school is to be found?

Is it among the mountains? Is it near the sea? Is it in the woods? Or is it on the prairie?

All pioneer schools have been, and are, important schools.

The small prairie schools have played a great part and are playing a great part in the development of the vast central plains of the United States and Canada.

All honor to the prairie schools!

Our little prairie school will soon be a thing of the past! Next year it will be joined with four other country schools in a consolidation. There are a few people in the district who feel very sorry over this and some who feel doubtful about its working out very well. But

the pupils look forward to the change cheerfully. They think it will be "lots of fun" going to a larger school.

The boys are anxious to get shop work or manual training and practical work in agriculture, and the girls know that they will like the home economics classes. Several of the pupils have completed the eight grades of work in the school and are now ready to take up high school subjects, which we understand will be offered in the new consolidated school. Of late years, it has been hard to keep our school open throughout the year. It seems to be difficult to engage teachers and the attendance has been very small at times.

Both Mother and Father remember when the school was built. Father was eight years old then, and it was the first school he ever went to. Mother started to school the year after the school was opened. Father is two years older than Mother. They were not born in this district. Father's people came from Pennsylvania when he was two years old. Mother's people came from Vermont when she was a little baby. The first settlers were very anxious to have a school. When the Faulds family moved in, there was great rejoicing, for they had four children of school age. This made the school population twelve. The settlers were not long in getting together after that and arranging for the school. They were all enthusiastic, for several of the children were growing up without getting much more than a smattering of instruction at home.

Old Mr. Green was the leader. There were two boys and two girls in his family ready to attend. He offered as a gift, an acre of ground, on the corner of his farm for a location, and as this was near the centre of the settle-

ment it was accepted. Mr. Mattice built the school. The neighbors drew all the lumber and other supplies from Oakwood without charge. Some of them also helped Mr. Mattice with the carpenter work. All the desks, including the teacher's desk, were homemade. So was the blackboard. The stove that was bought was the old-fashioned, long "box" stove. It was not a very expensive school. Everything, including the painting, amounted to about $900.

The years have brought many changes to Lester Prairie School although the building looks very much the same outside as it did when it was built. Nor have all the efforts of Arbor Days succeeded in getting trees to grow about it. In the early days the boys and girls walked to school in summer and drove in winter. Now most of them ride to school and there is a shed where they keep their ponies. Inside the school there has been much improvement. There are modern desks now, a very good blackboard, and a library. The teacher's old desk has long been replaced; and the old stove around which the first pupils ate their noon lunches has given place to a modern upright heater.

The pupils who attend now are like the first pupils in many respects. Some of them have the same names and similar features. There was a little brown-eyed Elsie Reid in the early days. There is a brown-eyed Elsie Reid to-day. They play the same games. "Ante, Ante, Over" never seems to have lost its fascination, nor has "Prisoner's Bar." The teachers have come and gone in a steady procession. There is no one in the district who can recall the names of all of them. A few are remembered because they were peculiar in some

way. A few are remembered because afterwards they reached some distinction in the state. Most of them have been forgotten except as individual pupils recollect some story, or some punishment, or some little personal kindness.

The history of the school has not been entirely peaceful. There has been some tragedy in it. Two years after the school was opened there was a fight between some of the settlers and a band of Indians who had

The Indians' Camp

camped a short distance west of the school. The Indians were blamed for setting the prairie on fire, thus destroying a few stacks of hay and grain. When two of the Green boys went over to speak to the Indians, a fight took place, and one of the Indians was shot. Though the Indians returned to their Reservation without further fighting, for a long time the people were afraid that some of them might return to avenge their comrade's death. In consequence, the school was closed for a time. The place where the Indian was killed is only a few hundred yards from the school. It is still called the Indian's Mound.

The changes in the district have been more noticeable, perhaps, than the changes in the school. The old pioneer trails have been straightened into roads. The land is all taken up now. The farms are larger. The homes are better as a rule, though some of the old original houses are still in use. Many of the old settlers are dead. Their children take their places. Several have moved away. Strangers have come in in their stead.

The school and the community have remained through-

Our New Consolidated School

out the years. Teachers, pupils, and settlers have come and gone, but the school and the community have continued to exist and to do their work together. For over thirty years the little Prairie School has stood for the trained intelligence of the boys and girls of the district, and it has done its work well. The community has stood nobly for the making of good homes and the living of free lives.

And now the little school gives place to the larger school. The community will grow, too. All honor to the little prairie schools and the pioneer communities!

Suggestions

1. If you attend a prairie school make inquiries in the district about how the school was started. Who built it? Who were the first trustees? Who was the first teacher? Who attended the first day?

2. If you do not attend a school located in the prairie country, arrange with your teacher to open correspondence with a school on the prairie. Exchange letters, photographs, flowers, and stories of pioneer days.

3. Make a list of all the teachers who have taught in your school, and also a list of all the boys and girls who have received their education at your school and have left the district.

4. If your school should go out of existence through joining with other school districts in a consolidation, see that the memory of the service of the old school is not lost. Bring together as many as possible of the old pupils and the old settlers for a public leave-taking. Preserve pictures and souvenirs of the old school

CHAPTER VIII

Our Teacherage — How the Teacher at the Eramosa School Serves His Community

You may think it would be strange to have your teacher living year after year alongside your school in a home of his own.

Many teachers whom you have had in your school probably remained only a year and always boarded with some family in the district.

But country boys and girls in some lands would consider it strange to have teachers come and go as frequently as they do in America.

Very often their teacher has been their father's and mother's teacher too.

Teacherages, as teachers' homes are called now, are being built here and there in many parts of our country. One western state alone has more than two hundred such teacherages for rural schools.

The early settlers in the southern part of Wellington County believed in keeping their teachers for long terms of years. In several districts they built teachers' resi-

dences. The Eramosa District has had only five teachers in the past fifty years.

Not long ago we had a visit at our school from a gentleman named Smith, who was interested in its story. Some one had told him that the Eramosa School had a residence for its teacher — a teacherage, he called it — and he wanted to learn about it. He had come quite a long distance. He said the people in his state were becoming interested in this matter, and he wished to learn all he could about it so that he might advise them. He was very much interested in everything, and asked Mr. Eliot, our teacher, all sorts of questions. He stayed after school, too, and had supper with Mr. and Mrs. Eliot in their cottage. After supper Mr. Eliot showed him about and took him over to see Mr. Watts, one of our oldest residents.

His visit has made us all more interested in our school. He said we should be very proud to attend a school that had provided a home for its teacher. We had never thought this anything to be especially proud of, for most of the country schools that we know of near ours have such residences. Perhaps ours is the oldest, but it is not the best by any means, though our trustees keep it in just as good repair as they do the school, and that is saying a good deal. The Marden school residence is larger and newer than ours. It was built only thirty-one years ago. Marden school is three miles south. Their teacher, Mr. Burke, has been there just the same length of time that Mr. Eliot has been here, namely, fifteen years. They are good friends, and our schools visit a good deal for concerts and field-days. Our school was built over fifty years ago.

Since Mr. Smith's visit there has been a good deal of talk in the neighborhood about the former teachers, and we have heard some interesting stories — and some funny ones. In the seventy-five years that the school has been in existence there have been only seven teachers. So you see we are easy people to get on with.

The teacherage was built, in the first place, for Mr. Ware. The first year he taught our school, he lived in a little log house about two miles up the road. But it was not very comfortable nor convenient for Mrs. Ware and the children, and in order to retain Mr. Ware, whom everybody liked, the cottage was built. He remained in the district as teacher for nineteen years. Some of his family still come back to visit old friends here. It was Mr. Ware who started the Sunday School. Between Mr. Ware and Mr. Eliot, there have been three teachers: Mr. Sylvester who taught eight years, Mr. Harley who remained six years, and Mr. Muller who stayed only two years. You see we never had a lady teacher. For myself, I do not remember any other teacher than Mr. Eliot.

I do not know how our district would get along without Mr. Eliot. He is a good teacher and everybody likes him and respects him. He is interested in everything that goes on and is always willing to help any one in any way he can. Mrs. Eliot is like him, too, in these respects. He does far more than teach school. Our district has always been famous for its good Sunday School. Mr. Eliot is the superintendent and Mrs. Eliot teaches the infant class. During the winter months there is a Young People's Society that meets in the school once every two weeks. Mr. Eliot is the life of this.

He is a good musician and directs the society in singing. He helps with the debates, too.

During the summer, the society continues in operation as a Young People's Recreation Society. We have a tennis court on the school grounds and there is room besides to play baseball, using an indoor baseball. Some evenings there are as many as fifty or sixty people from the neighborhood out, and they are not all young people. For the past three years the society has held a Field Day for raising funds for the Red Cross. Last year there were more than four hundred people present, and more than $200 was cleared. There were all kinds of sports. Mr. Brown was a sort of general manager for this. He had good assistants from the society. Everybody helped to make the day a success. The girls of the school had a booth and cleared over $35 selling ice cream, cold drinks, etc.

Mr. Eliot has one of the best gardens in the neighborhood. It is behind the cottage and alongside the school grounds. Two years ago he laid out a part of it as a model for the older pupils to follow in our home gardens.

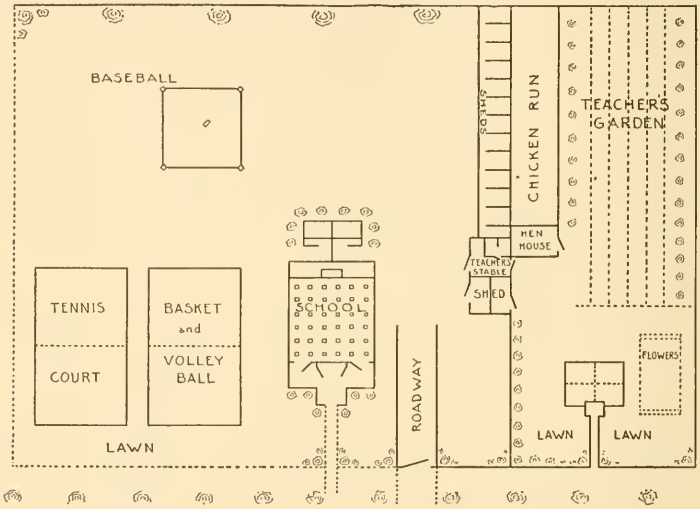
Jennie Watts and Jack Smith had good success, and Mr. Eliot declared their gardens even better than his. We have daily lessons in Agriculture. Mr. Eliot, you see, took special courses at the Agricultural College.

We have benefited from his interest in poultry, too. He keeps good Barred Rocks that he has won first prizes with at the Winter Poultry Show. Every spring he offers any of his pupils a setting in exchange for an equal number of our eggs from common fowl, or one pullet back when they are grown. It is hard to find anything but Barred Rocks in our barnyards now.

One of the most interesting things at our school is a little girls' playroom in the basement. Mr. Eliot fitted it up with Mrs. Eliot's help. It has been a happy place for our little housekeepers, especially on rainy days.

There are all sorts of doll's requirements in the shape of cupboards, dishes, and furniture. Mrs. Eliot gives us lessons in sewing sometimes.

The following is a ground plan of our school premises.



The schoolhouse, you see, stands in the foreground with the teacherage on a half acre lot at one side. Mr. and Mrs. Eliot live here the whole year round. When school is closed in summer he directs our home garden work and the other club activities, while helpful Mrs. Eliot advises with our mothers and older sisters. Father says that teacherages, which had almost gone out of fashion, are beginning to be built in many states at the new community schools.

Suggestions

1. Watch the magazines or agricultural papers for pictures of teacherages that are being built in different states.

2. Make a list of all the teachers who have taught in your school since it was started. You may have considerable difficulty in finding people who remember them all. If you can get photographs of them, put them together in a Teachers' Album. Has your neighborhood ever had teachers who are remembered as "famous" teachers?

3. If you have any old residents in the district who got their schooling in European countries, ask them about their schoolmasters and their school experiences. You will likely learn that schooling is very highly prized there.

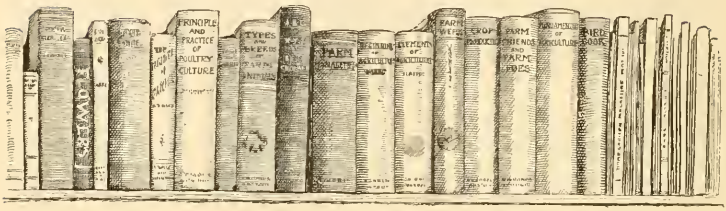
4. Do you remember the schoolmaster in *The Old Curiosity Shop* at whose place Little Nell died? Read the story of Domsie in Ian MacLaren's *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* for an account of the Scottish schoolmaster.

5. Did the school teachers ever "board round" in the early days of your district? Have you read of Ralph in *The Hoosier Schoolmaster?* Can any of the old people in your district remember when pupils carried their share of the wood to school to keep the fire going?

6. Enumerate all the advantages you can think of from having your teacher living in a teacherage at the school all the year round. Do you think that such teacherages help to bring men teachers to the school community?

CHAPTER IX

Our School Library — The Hillsbridge School Learns to make Libraries and to use them



Do you know any grown-up person who cannot read? Don't you pity such people? They are terribly crippled. They may not be downright ignorant people, for they may be clever in acquiring knowledge in other ways than by reading, but they are very helpless people. They may not be to blame themselves for their condition, but if it is not their fault, somebody has done them a great wrong. Every boy and girl in this land has the right to be taught to read.

Do you know anyone who can read but who seldom, if ever, does so? Aren't you sorry for them? If it is because they have no time, or if it is because they are too tired or too weak, they are to be pitied. But if it is because they have no desire to read, they need to be roused to their opportunities.

Do you know people who can read, but who read foolishly and perhaps to their harm? There are such people. They usually read the wrong kind of books, papers, and magazines. They read so much trash that their minds are in a muddle. Every one should learn to read wisely and well.

Read to be informed. Read to be instructed. Read to be entertained. Read to be inspired.

The world does not want *book-farmers* but it does want *reading farmers.*

Read! Be a reader! Own a library!

During the past year and a half, the pupils in the Hillsbridge School have taken a great deal of interest in books and reading. It started when Miss Moffat became our teacher. Partly to induce tardy pupils to become punctual, she began to read to us for ten minutes each morning, after school-opening, from *The Swiss Family Robinson*. When she had finished that story every one begged her to read another to us and so she read us *Black Beauty*. We were all anxious to read for ourselves after that. Then she loaned the books to us and brought a few other books that she said she thought we would like as they were old favorites of hers. Once a week, instead of taking our reading lessons from the school readers, we would read favorite parts from some of these books.

Then Miss Moffat suggested that we should have a little bookcase. Frank Sawyer said he could get a box at home that would answer, and with Eric Jennings' help this was fitted with shelves and fastened to the side wall towards the front of the schoolroom. As the boards were somewhat rough and discolored, the girls in our class proposed to cover the bookcase. Miss Moffat liked the idea, and we made it look very pretty with a remnant of plain wall-paper that Marjorie Davis brought from her home.

Later, when it was found that too much dust gathered on our books, the girls in Grade 7 made very pretty art muslin curtains and hung them with little rings on a small brass rod. We were all very proud of "Our Library," as we called it. Several of the boys and girls have made similar bookcases for their homes. We have one in our living room, and every one finds it very

useful. Mother says it saves her a lot of work tidying up papers and bulletins.

Our little library was not slow in growing. Old Mr. Jenkins, who has always been a great reader, heard of our bookcase and sent over three books which he thought we would like, *Robinson Crusoe; Joe, the Book Farmer;* and *The Boy Mechanic.* They were, indeed, acceptable. Mrs. Waite gave us two very nice picture books with simple stories in them for the younger pupils who were just learning to read. Later the trustees voted us $10, and this, with $5 taken from money we made at our school fair, enabled us to buy several good books.

We had quite a time helping Miss Moffat to choose them from the catalogues she ordered from publishers. We got two agricultural books, Plumb's *Types and Breeds of Farm Animals,* and Lewis' *Poultry Husbandry,* and one nature study book, Comstock's *Manual of Nature Study.* These have been used a great deal. With the balance of the money we bought story, travel, and nature books chiefly, a fair proportion of them being simple books for the lower grades. It is surprising what fine books can be bought for a little money. When we were ordering the books for the school, a few of us bought books for our own libraries. I bought *Black Beauty* and *The Old Curiosity Shop.* Hazel Roblin, my chum, bought *The Sketch Book* and *Anne of Green Gables.* Of course we all lend our books to one another.

One shelf in the bookcase is set aside for agricultural bulletins and portfolios. We refer to these a good deal for our agricultural lessons. Some of the bulletins were found at pupils' homes unused and given to the schools. For the others Miss Moffat had us write to Washington

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Our New Schoolhouse

Inside our Old School

and our State Department of Agriculture. We did not send for any we could get in the district.

The portfolios are homemade agricultural books. They are really well-arranged scrap-books made up of cuttings from the agricultural papers. Each pupil in the 7th and 8th grades last year gave one of his or her portfolios to the library. I expect we shall do the same this year. They are put together in strong brown paper

School Portfolios

binders or covers which have pockets on the inside to hold the cuttings and loose leaves until such time as everything is ready to fasten together with a lace. The loose-leaf system is used, as this allows one to make the book as large as one likes, and to arrange leaves in any order. There were some very good portfolios made last year and there are even better ones being made this year. I think the best one in the library is one on "Breeds of Poultry," made by George Fallis. It is very interesting and complete. There is another very good one on "Fruit Growing," and good ones also on "Farm Machin-

ery," on "Sheep," and on "House Furnishing and Equipment." A number of people in the district send their old agricultural papers to the school for our use. We have four pairs of scissors and a big pot of paste at the school. On rainy days the work makes a pleasant pastime for the noon hour or recess.

But we are not limiting our book-making to agricultural subjects. We are making portfolios for our home

When we Read at School

libraries on other school subjects and on all sorts of matters that we are interested in; one boy is even making a "Joke Book." Our uniform loose-leaf plan permits this to be done. We make our portfolios 9″ wide and $11\frac{1}{4}$″ long so as to take in paper of letter-note size, namely $8\frac{1}{2}$″ by 11″. We write our compositions, draw our maps, make our drawings, record our rural science, and write our exercises on paper of this size and keep them in our portfolios. I have the best of my last year's exercises on my bookshelf at home. They do not take up much room and I think they will be in-

teresting to keep as a remembrance of school days, especially the stories I have written for compositions. Our little collection of pressed plants is made on paper of this size, too, and is kept in the same kind of portfolios. A neat collection of common weeds makes an interesting exhibit at a school fair.

Besides the collections for school work I am making a "Household Recipe" portfolio for Mother. She gathers together the cuttings and I arrange them and paste them in. When a recipe is given her by a neighbor it is written out and inserted with the pasted leaves. This has brought more work on me from Father. I am making him a scrap-book of odds and ends of farm recipes, such as remedies for sick horses or methods of treating seed potatoes for scab. I have a portfolio started, too, for favorite poems that I notice in our papers. Tom McPhail is keeping a sort of history of the neighborhood. He collects all notices of births, marriages, and deaths, and any articles referring to old settlers or to important happenings in the district. Elsie Graham, who is very fond of music, is keeping the old favorite songs that are printed in a paper for which they subscribe. Norma Harris is keeping together copies of famous pictures. James Wilson is making up a little history of the Great War.

Each class is making geography portfolios of China, Japan, South America, or such countries as they are studying. Leah Roberts is mounting snapshots in one of her portfolios. David Walsh has started a postage stamp collection. There seems to be no limit to the subjects that different people are interested in. I hardly think any of us will ever be real "authors" but we all are

at least "book makers." It helps to make school work interesting, I can assure you.

Our little bookcase will soon be too small to hold everything that is being gathered for it. When we buy a real bookcase we plan to get one that has a bottom part that can be used as a sort of cupboard for holding our old newspapers and such things, and an upper compartment with glass doors for holding the books. I do not know how our school could get along without a library.

Suggestions

1. On Friday afternoons, as part of the literary program, discuss books that have been read. For compositions write summaries of such books and keep these among the exercises in your Souvenir Portfolio. Keep a list of the books you read, with the name of the author, the date of reading, and the names of the chief characters.

2. To interest people and pupils in old books, arrange an exhibit at the school fair of books that may have been brought into the settlement in the early days, old-fashioned recipe books, scrap-books, etc. Give prizes for the best home-made bookcases, the best rural science portfolios, the best collection of agricultural books owned by pupils. Give books as prizes for these competitions.

3. Subscribe for one or more good magazines, suitable for the use of the school. In order to make an acquaintance with many of the best, change the magazines each year. Arrange occasionally to have some part of the school work based on articles in the magazine. Circulate the magazine in the pupils' homes and at stated times have an exchange of the magazines which people have finished using.

4. The game of Authors is helpful in acquainting one with the names of writers and books. Sets of cards for playing the game might be made by the pupils themselves as practical exercises in literature. These could be used for play at noon-hour on rainy days. Put up pictures of famous authors about the school walls or on the bulletin board. Have contests in identifying such pictures, and also in naming the authors of books in your library, and the titles of the books associated with authors' names. These contests might be carried out like a spelling match.

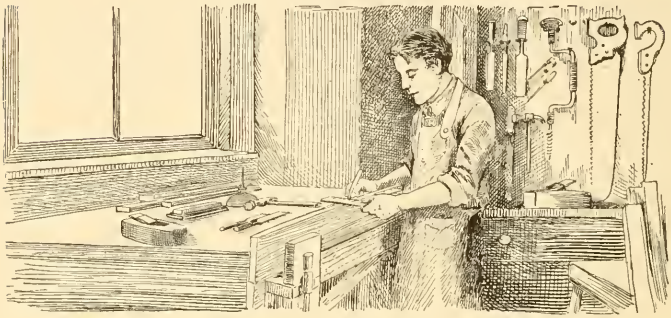
5. Do not allow your school library to become stale or unused. If

it is filled up with unsuitable books give them away locally, auction them off, or donate them to some institute that may make use of them. Advertise the books among the children and the members of their families. A well-located bookcase with glass doors that permit the books to be easily seen is an advantage. So is an easy plan for borrowing the books from the library. A school libary that is little used is no credit to any one.

6. Put the library in charge of a Library Committee that is changed from time to time. One of the Committee's duties should be to encourage the use of the books. The most successful committee will be the one that has had the most books taken out, and has kept the books and library in best shape. Worn-out books — a good sign — should be replaced or rebound. Perhaps such favorite old books could be given to pupils as prizes. A small, well-used library is more creditable than a large collection of books that show little or no use.

CHAPTER X

Our Work Shop — How the Mount Hope School Added Tools to its Educational Equipment



Man is a tool-using being.

Civilization owes much to the wonderful capability of the human hand. What a power man has had in being able to grasp things with his thumb and fingers!

This power has given him ascendancy over the lower animals. It enabled him first to use a club, then to use a bow.

It has given him his daily bread from the soil. It has enabled him to make and use a hoe and a spade.

It has given him control of power. It has enabled him to employ machines and implements for a myriad uses.

And as man has become more skilled with tools he has become more and more capable of thinking and planning.

Working with tools always necessitates thought. A person may operate a machine without much thinking, but he cannot use a rule, a hammer, a square, a plane, or a pair of compasses without using his head to direct his hands.

"Train the eye, exercise the hand, strong will be the will, clear the understanding."

Books are not the only means of education.

Tools train thinkers.

We have a little workshop in the basement of our school that is an interesting place. Before Mr. Mall became our teacher, the room was used as a sort of storeroom. It was not very long, however, before he put it to better use.

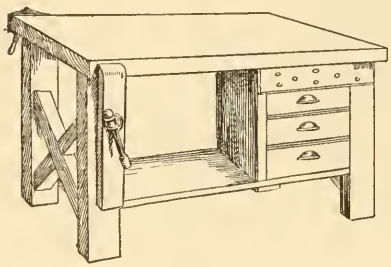
Mr. Mall had not been with us more than a few days when we learned that he was handy with tools. First he got a screw driver and began to tighten the screws holding the desks to the floor. He let some of us help him. Then he got Andy Lee to bring a putty knife from home and he and Andy put in a pane of glass to replace one that had been broken during the holidays.

Before he had been a month in the school there was not a thing left to be repaired. The maps were mended. The clock was set going again. The door knobs were fixed so that they were not always falling off. An old chair was braced with twisted wire. Even the hinges on one of the doors were oiled and cured of squeaking. There was nothing more to be done, though we all tried to discover things that needed attention. Our school was in "ship shape." We had to find things at home to mend in order to exercise our skill.

I think some of our mothers were surprised, and very agreeably, at our new fancies. I don't believe, at any rate, there is anything that I do that pleases my mother more than making a neat job of mending some bothersome old thing, like a broken clothes reel, a chair, or a washing machine. It is surprising, too, how many jobs

there are that mothers can find for a fellow if he is willing to do them!

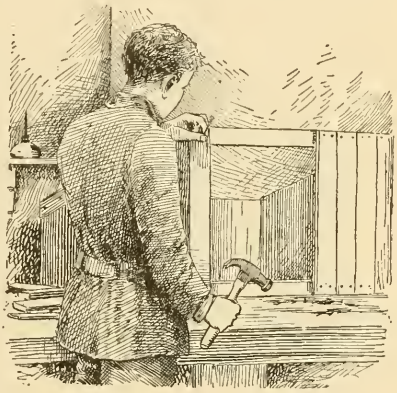
So, when Mr. Mall proposed a school work-bench for the Mount Hope School, he found every boy in the school enthusiastic about it. The storeroom was cleaned out by willing volunteers. The plan was to build a good, plain, substantial bench ourselves, such as would be suitable for a farmer's work shop. The trustees agreed to pay for the lumber if we would build it. Under Mr. Mall's direction we made drawings and prepared an order for the material. This was sent to Walker's mill at Oldtown, and about a week afterwards Mr. Corcoran brought the lumber to the school. The cost was $8.00.



Our Work Bench

It was not such a difficult task to build the bench, though a few mistakes were made. If we were to do it over again we could make a better job of it. Fitting in the drawers was the hardest part. The tools that we used were borrowed. The question of getting a supply of tools puzzled us for a while. We had no funds, and we wanted to provide most of the equipment from among ourselves as a gift to the school. This was Mr. Mall's wish too. Finally we decided that each of us should donate anything that could be spared from home to make a beginning and go into debt for whatever tools had to be bought. Our plan was to raise the money by making things and selling them at our school fair.

We could have had everything given to us, very likely, if we had been willing to take it. Every person in the district was interested and willing to help us in our scheme. Mr. Phillips sent a good oilstone. Tom Henley, Charlie's older brother, sent a nail box. Will Carney's father donated a very good iron vise. My father let me have an old iron square and Mother bought a share in the company, as she explained it, with a good tack hammer. There were several old things sent in which were not of a great deal of use, but we tried to make the most of them until we got some that were better. There were two old saws that we cleaned up as best we could and sharpened, and an old hammer-head for which Will Carney made a pretty good handle.



Jim Corcoran at Work

When we got everything straightened up we appointed a committee to manage our work shop as we call it. Jim Corcoran was agreed upon by every one as chairman. Jim is not the cleverest boy in the school in book studies, but there is no one who can equal him in making things. Even before Mr. Mall came Jim was famous among us. He was always bringing some curiosity to school. One time it would be a wooden chain whittled out of a single piece of wood, another time it would be a wooden pistol. He made a little fiddle once. Since Jim and Mr. Mall

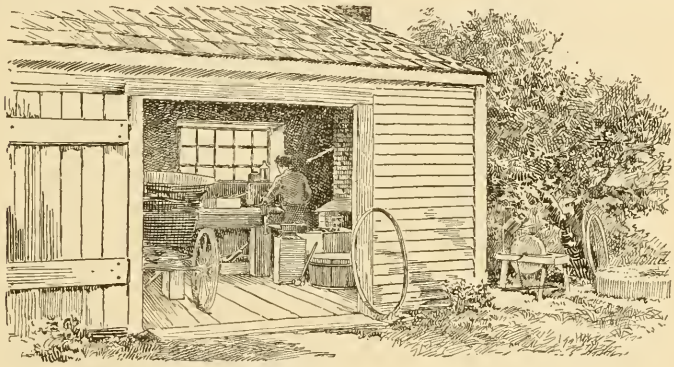
have become chums, Jim has begun to make more useful things. He doesn't whittle so much. He set up a bench at home in their woodshed and has made several useful things, such as a brooder for his mother's chicks, and a rustic chair. So naturally Jim was chosen chairman. Mr. Mall calls him the Mechanical Superintendent, and the title suits him very well.

We do not have regular lessons from Mr. Mall, like pupils in the Manual Training classes in some schools. He has explained to us how to handle and care for the tools and has shown us how to do a great many things, but this has generally been at noon or after four. Sometimes on Saturdays, too, there are many boys at the school working at something they cannot do at home.

We teach one another a good deal, and Jim Corcoran is always ready to help any one in trouble. A lot of our undertakings are odd jobs brought from home. I have set our saws and sharpened my mother's scissors. Charlie Hanley overhauled an old bridle. New hoe handles have been inserted. Valves from pumps have been repaired. We have even soldered leaky tinware and put a patch on a shoe.

We had no trouble in raising the money for new tools. The little bookracks, that we made after the pattern of one Mr. Mall has on his desk, and the handy nail-boxes sold readily at 75 cents each at the school fair. Indeed, we could have sold more of them if we had had them. Our own people bought them, of course, but they were very glad to encourage us in our plans — and they received good value. We have a very complete assortment of tools now and they are good ones. Mr. Mall does not believe in buying poor, cheap tools.

There has been an increase in interest in tools and workshops in the district since our work commenced at school. Most of the boys are getting some good tools of their own for the home workbench and are keeping them well — better than farm tools were previously kept on any farm that I know. Father promises me that he will let me put up a little workshop of our own next summer. We are going to get a hand forge in the spring,



A Farm Workshop

and I am looking forward to learning how to work with iron.

With a workbench at school, a good assortment of tools, and a teacher like Mr. Mall, there are many things to be learned that will be of daily value throughout one's life.

Suggestions

1. Arrange at your school picnic for a whittling contest for boys and a nail-driving contest for girls.

2. At some schools arrangements may be made coöperatively through a local storekeeper to sell articles made by pupils, such as walking canes bird boxes, rustic furniture, and flower boxes.

3. For prizes at school fairs or in corn-growing, pig-raising, or canning contests, arrange to let pupils select tools if they should prefer such. Encourage boys to get together a good collection of tools and to keep supplies of nails, bolts, washers, paint, putty, etc.

4. Make lists of all the tools, utensils, implements or machines commonly used 1, in eating; 2, in preparing food; 3, in repairing or making new clothes; 4, in building houses; 5, in producing milk and making butter; 6, in working the soil; 7, in harvesting crops; 8, in caring for farm animals.

5. On well-managed farms it is found to be of great advantage to put aside in a particular place all articles needing repairing, or to keep a list on a convenient slate or blackboard of all odd jobs needing attention. These are then attended to on rainy days or at intervals in the regular work.

6. A farmer has to be an all-round handy man with tools. Make a list of all the different trades or occupations that are represented in the ordinary repairing and odd jobs about a farm. Discuss the question of the saving of time and money through the ability of a farmer to do things for himself with tools.

7. Purchase books on carpentry, blacksmithing, repairing, etc., for the school library. Subscribe for a *Manual Arts School Magazine*. Cut diagrams and plans for farm appliances from the agricultural papers and display them on the bulletin board. Keep these in a portfolio for future reference.

8. If any one near the school is building a new barn, putting up a silo, or putting in cement work in a stable, make special observations on such and discuss them in school. Should the opportunity offer to visit a factory where, for example, agricultural machinery is manufactured, do not fail to take advantage of it.

9. Do not let the use of special appliances spoil you for using simple tools dexterously. For example, even if you have a pencil sharpener in your school, learn to sharpen a pencil neatly with a knife. And be sure to examine the sharpener to learn how it does its work and how it should be cared for. Make a study of machinery as part of your Nature Study or Rural Science work.

CHAPTER XI

Our School Improvement — Beaver Meadow School becomes an Institution that is a Credit to the District

Do you know the answer to the riddle: *What is the largest room in the world?* You don't know it? Why, we all live in the largest room in the world! It is *the room for improvement!*

Every one should try to leave the world a little better for his having lived in it. Boys and girls who help to make their school better are helping to make the world better.

And if you can work together to improve your school, you will learn to work together to make other improvements in the country when you become men and women.

There is always room for improvement in everything and every person.

Our school is called the Beaver Meadow School because it is situated at the edge of a low, level creek-bottom that used to be the home of beavers. Of course there are no beavers to be seen now. The only trace

they have left is a low ridge at the lower end of the meadow. This marks the location of their dam. Father remembers, as a small boy, hearing the neighbors tell of breaking down the dam in order to trap the beavers when these clever animals were repairing it. But he never saw any of the animals himself.

But I must not say too much about the name of our school or about beavers. It is about the improvement of the school that I want to tell you. The school was built in 1876, so Father says. He knows, because he was born in 1870 and at the age of six started to school the day the new school was opened. He never attended the old log school, though my Uncle Frank and Aunt Elizabeth did. The old log school is still standing in the field across the road. It is used now by Mr. Stone for storing hay. Father says that the people in the district were quite proud of the school at the time of his early school days.

It had cost them complete, with half an acre of land, a well, fence, woodshed, and new desks, about $1200. There was no better school in the county. For many years it was kept in very good repair — so the people say. But for some reason, which they cannot explain very well, it has been neglected of late years, and you know how shabby anything that is old, such as a buggy, furniture, or a building, will become if it is not attended to.

I am glad that I can say that the school is a better school now than it was a few years ago. I helped to make it better, and I am proud of that. A person can get a good deal of satisfaction from "leaving things better than he found them." Indeed, every one who attends Beaver Meadow School is proud of it and so are

the people in the neighborhood. I have even heard Old Man Grouch, as every one calls Grandfather Hills, say that it "wasn't too bad." So much from him is a really good compliment.

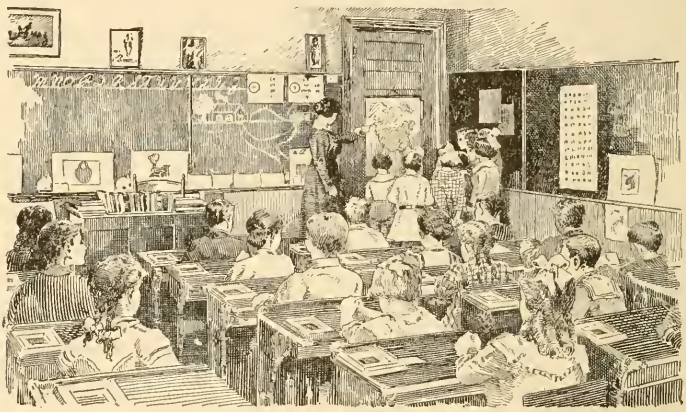
It was in the fall of 1914 that the improvements commenced. Miss Sadler was our new teacher. We all liked her. She was strict in school, but free and full of fun on the playground. She played with us nearly every recess and noon hour. She was very neat herself and used to say that she thought the inside of a school should be just as nicely kept as the living room in one's own home. She told us of the school she attended in Huron County. It must have been a fine school.

On Friday afternoon about two weeks after school opened, we had a discussion on the subject "Our School: How We Can Improve It." Miss Sadler had asked us a few days before to think over the matter and to come prepared to make suggestions. I think she had been talking over her plans with the women of the district at Mrs. Lee's, though none of them had said much about it. She boarded with Mrs. Lee, who was an old schoolmate of her mother's, and Mrs. Lee had asked her neighbors in to meet Miss Sadler and to help make her feel at home. This was the Saturday afternoon of her first week among us.

At the beginning of the lesson only a few of the older pupils ventured to offer any suggestion. But before it ended even some of the youngest children had spoken. There seemed to be no end to the improvements that could be made. I remember I said that the front gate should be mended and straightened on its hinges, and Miss Sadler said, "That's a good idea, Eric. We will

remember who made that suggestion." Tom Wallace thought the roadside at the front of the school should be levelled and cleared of weeds. Alice Keating suggested that the stove should be blacked and kept clean.

Agnes Manley thought a waste paper basket would help to keep the floor free of litter. Dorothy Brown called attention to the dirty windows. My brother Fred considered that there should be some shade trees



A Well-kept Schoolroom

planted. Frank Manley proposed the need of tidying up the woodshed and the grounds. Suggestions came thick and fast. Miss Sadler was laughing and we were, too. I think we were excited as well. We wanted to make some of the improvements right away.

But this was not Miss Sadler's plan. She first wanted us to consider all the suggestions carefully for a few days and then decide on the following Monday what we could do and how we could do it. In order to keep everything in our thoughts, she asked Agnes Manley

An "Unimproved" School

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PLAYHOUSE AT A RURAL SCHOOL

and Dorothy Brown to sum up all the proposals and write them down on the blackboard. Miss Sadler helped the girls do this. This is what the list looked like.

Improvements Needed at our School

Cleaning — Windows, stove, stove-pipes, floor, desks, walls, maps, bookshelf.

Repairs —Gate, fence, lock on door, one window pane, woodshed door, maps, blackboard.

Improvements — Straightening up the fence, levelling the playgrounds and roadside.

New Things — A walk, a foot scraper, a water holder, a new floor, new desks.

On Saturday, and even on Sunday, there was a good deal of talk concerning the matter. Naturally all the boys and girls spoke of it at home. Driving home from church on Sunday people could be seen taking more than an ordinary glance at the school. It seemed almost as if they had not noticed it before.

When Fred and I said anything about our plans, Father seemed to be somewhat amused. But Mother was not. She said it was a good idea. She told us to tell Miss Sadler that she would support her in improving the old school and asked Fred and me to help our teacher in every way we could.

After our discussion on Friday, Miss Sadler showed us a book that told about the improvements that were being made in country schools in many places. There were a number of good pictures in the book and I borrowed it to take home for the week-end. Mother looked

through the book carefully and pointed out one school that she thought ours could be made to look like. Father tried to pretend he wasn't interested, but I think he was, for when I was going off to school on Monday, he said that he would like to have another look at the book sometime, if I could borrow it again.

When the time came for further discussion on Monday afternoon after recess, every one was a bit excited. We were waiting for a chance to get into action. Several of the pupils had brought new suggestions from home. We were beginning to see a good deal of fun ahead of us in working out our schemes. Just as on the previous Friday, there was no scarcity of ideas. To make our lesson more interesting, we drew numbered slips of paper to decide the order of speaking, and Miss Sadler asked us not to tell our numbers.

Number 1 turned out to be Jim Moyer. Jim thought the boys should do most of the work outside the school. He explained how the fence posts could be straightened and offered to bring a long line to use for this, as well as a shovel.

When Number 2 was called, Bertha Weaver responded. She thought one of the nicest things we could have would be a small bed of tulips at the front of the school. She had seen in a paper a picture of a school that had such a flower bed. She explained how the ground would have to be prepared. She offered to bring some bulbs from home, but thought that the girls in Grades 5 and 6 might put five cents each into a fund to buy some choice new bulbs. This would be their special contribution to making the front of the school attractive.

Number 3 turned out to be Dorothy Brown. She

had been talking over matters with her mother, and besides cleaning the windows she proposed a plan for making simple art muslin curtains for them.

The call for Number 4 brought Tom Wallace to the front of the school room. His idea of improving the roadside had grown into a plan to improve the whole school grounds.

The plan we decided on was to divide up the work and have captains. Jim Moyer was the Fence Captain. He had three boys helping him, and I was one of them. We brought two shovels, a crowbar, hammer, and some nails from home. Tom Wallace was the Grounds Captain. He had about four boys working with him. They had a number of rakes and a borrowed wheelbarrow.

They did their work systematically, and when they finished there was not a stick, a stone, or a scrap of paper to be seen on the grounds. They cleared out the rubbish from the woodshed and used it and a heap of ashes that had grown at the side of the school to partly fill in some of the deepest hollows on the roadside. A bonfire was made of the dead weeds and tall grass. To cut these one of the boys brought a scythe.

Dorothy Brown was the House-cleaning Captain. At noon and recess her team was busy. Soap, brushes, wash-cloths, and pails were borrowed from their homes. Dorothy herself brought stove-blacking and brushes. The windows were cleaned. The walls and ceilings were swept. The books in the library were dusted and tidied. The maps were taken out and dusted. The woodwork, including the doors and desks, was washed. The floor was scrubbed. One could hardly have believed how much dirt there was in the school unless he had

seen the dirty water that was thrown out. The school even *smelled* clean.

Everything had passed off well. The work was well planned. We didn't try to do too much at one time. No one had shirked. Every one had been in a good humor. There had been the very best of team-play. On Thursday Miss Sadler proposed a corn-roast for the next afternoon to celebrate our victory over dirt and untidiness. Friday, at noon, the very last bit of our clean-up, as we called it, was completed. Our old school looked almost like a new one. We were very proud of our work. And Miss Sadler was very proud of us.

The corn-roast was a great success. The boys had built up a fireplace with some of the stones they had cleared off the grounds and roadside. The chips and rubbish helped to furnish the fire. Along about three o'clock, when we were in the midst of our good time, my mother and Mrs. Brown came along with baskets. It was a great surprise to us, but Miss Sadler seemed to understand. Soon after, more mothers and more baskets appeared. Our corn-roast became a grand repast. It was a fine way to end our week's work.

The good work we had started didn't end here. The people of the district became interested. They followed our lead and in the last two years have made many improvements. They are again proud of their old school.

Suggestions

1. Add to your School Library some books dealing with rural schools for circulation among the members of the Mothers' Club or the Reading Circle. Visit neighboring schools to see how they have carried out improvements. Write an account of your school's improvements for the

local paper. Arrange to have printed picture postcards of your school and encourage people in the neighborhood to use them in writing to their friends.

2. If your school is not already provided with a work bench and a set of tools, make a commencement by getting together a few things such as a hammer, a screw driver, a pair of pincers, a putty knife, an assortment of nails and some wire. A work box in which to keep all these might be made and put in charge of a Tool Committee.

3. In connection with your School Progress Club, if you have such, elect a Repair Committee whose business it will be to superintend all improvements that should be made and report on them at the Club meetings on Friday afternoons. A girl for looking after the inside of the school and a boy for the outside repairs elected monthly would be a suitable arrangement for the committee.

4. Are the people in your district proud of your school? Is it an institution visitors are taken to see? Is it a credit to your neighborhood? Are there homes (or barns!) in the district that are much nicer? If the condition of the school is not satisfactory, *take stock* of the school and its equipment. Successful business people take stock once a year in order to plan for the new year. Schools should take stock too.

5. For the best kind of school ground improvement, it is very desirable to have a well-thought-out planting plan. Haphazard planting of trees and shrubs cannot be satisfactory. In some cases assistance can be secured from the Agricultural College. Make a sketch of your school grounds showing the location of buildings, trees, etc., and forward it. The plan should be carefully retained so that it may be followed year by year.

6. Some school grounds, in order to be put into the condition they should be in, need to be plowed, levelled, fertilized, cleaned and cultivated. A good plan to secure this is to turn the entire grounds into a potato patch for a year. While the pupils are thus preparing the soil in the very best way for seeding to grass, a neighbor might lend a small part of a field for play purposes. The potato crop grown could be sold for patriotic or school improvement funds. The potato-growing might be made the occasion for an experimental test of the different varieties of potatoes grown in the district.

7. Many states "standardize" their schools nowadays. Do you know what this means? If not, ask your teacher to explain the meaning of the phrase. Why not take steps towards standardizing your school?

CHAPTER XII

Our School Progress Club — The Sundale School Does Things

The school is a great training ground for future citizenship. The public business of the country will always have to be carried on by men and women who are willing to accept responsibilities and to give their services freely. Such public servants may be partly trained in school.

Progress results from having clear and worthy aims, carried out by a good organization made up of individuals who know how to coöperate. The Progress Club at Sundale School should produce some capable leaders. The report of its work is a letter from Mary Thomson.

Our teacher has told us how pleased you were with the Club pin she sent to you, and that you wished to hear more of our "doings." As I am secretary of the Club, I have been asked to write this letter. I have, however, had assistance from some of my classmates; they have given me helpful suggestions.

Our Club was organized the sixth of January, 1914. It is called the Sundale School Progress Club. Our aim is "The Best Possible School for the People and Children of this Community." Our motto is *Plus Ultra* meaning *More Beyond*, and there is always something to do. Our "Yell" is:

Hepta, Miniga, Hullaballoo!
Well, I guess, we're a jolly crew!
Ripperty! Rapperty! Rub-a-dub-dub!
Sundale School Progress Club.
Oats and barley and alfalfa!
S. S. P. C.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Our school colors are red and green. As you have probably noticed, these colors are represented in our school pin. We sent to Chicago for them. Bought by the dozen they cost fifteen cents each. The girls usually wear them as brooches. The boys wear them on the lapels of their coats. They can't wear them very well on sweaters.

Our Club Pin

We hold our meetings on Friday afternoons after the lessons in agriculture. The president takes the chair while the teacher takes a seat with the pupils. The meeting is opened by singing the National Anthem. Then the secretary reads the minutes of the last meeting from the Minute Book. The committees read their reports. The School Room, Library and School Yard Committees are elected once a month. The water carriers and wood carriers are elected for each week. We also have monitors for passing around the wraps.

Our programs are quite varied. The commonest one is made up of two and three or sometimes five minute speeches by the members of the Club. The girls speak on household work and the boys tell about things on the farm. Sometimes we have a debate, and occasionally we have some one from the district give us an address. Last week Mr. Switzer, one of the school trustees, told us how he feeds and handles his dairy herd. Mrs. Lawson, the mother of one of the best members of our Club, has promised to give us a talk some Friday on canning vegetables and fruits. We always close our meetings with our club yell. This is a sort of "music" in which the boys excel. Their help is not very noticeable when we sing a song, but in *yelling* they don't seem to want the girls to be heard.

But I suppose, after all, the things we have done apart from our meetings are of most importance, and perhaps you would like to hear about them. We established a bookshelf on which to keep the agricultural books and bulletins, also a bulletin board on which pictures and cuttings from papers are pinned. These are in charge of the Library Committee. Some of the pupils bring agricultural papers to school. Our reading lessons on Tuesday afternoons are on agricultural topics.

The girls wash the windows and clean the pictures occasionally. The School Room Committee keeps everything tidy about the blackboard, around the desks, and on the floor. We have planned to get curtains for the windows and also a clock to put on the bookshelf. We are making a quilt for the Belgians; it is all pieced and we just have to put it together. At our Christmas concert we took up a silver collection of $7.55 which was

sent to the Belgians, too. We have been writing to the pupils in a school on the Pacific Coast and we exchange letters also with two Progress Clubs in other schools in our own state.

Last spring the boys made window boxes and the girls of each class planted nasturtium seeds. The girls living near the school took care of them during the holidays. They made the school very attractive. For the coming spring the boys are planning to make hanging baskets for the windows. The School Yard Committee has charge of our little school garden. They arrange for its care in the summer vacation. The Club arranges for the pupils' Home Projects. This year we are going to carry on this work with potatoes, and our Progress Club will thus act as a Potato Club. Last spring we bought an indoor baseball with some of the money in our treasury. Every one can play this kind of baseball safely. At the County Fair last fall our school won the shield given by Dr. Reed for the best school exhibit. We are planning to make a better display next fall.

I am sending with this a copy of our constitution and by-laws. They were sent to us in a circular from our State Agricultural College and we filled them in. They are fastened in the Club's Minute Book.

We would like to hear what other School Progress Clubs are doing.

Yours truly,
MARY THOMSON.

Constitution

I. *Name*: This organization shall be known as the Sundale School Progress Club.

II. *Colors:* The Club colors shall be red and green.

III. *Motto:* The Club Motto shall be *Plus Ultra.*

IV. *Aim:* The best possible school for the people and children of this community.

V. *Yell:* Hepta, Miniga, Hullaballoo!
Well, I guess, we're a jolly crew!
Ripperty! Rapperty! Rub-a-dub-dub
Sundale School Progress Club.
Oats and barley and alfalfa!
S. S. P. C.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

VI. *Membership:* Any pupil of the school in the fifth, sixth, seventh, or eighth grade, or any pupil who is over ten years of age shall be eligible for membership.

VII. *Purposes:* (1) One purpose of the Club shall be to improve and beautify our school and school grounds.

(2) A second purpose of the Club shall be to train our members to conduct meetings, speak in public, and coöperate in all matters that concern our school's welfare.

(3) Another purpose shall be to learn agriculture and domestic science through Club meetings by talks from farmers and housekeepers and by means of school gardening and home projects.

VIII. *Officers:* The officers of the Club shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary and Treasurer; these officers shall compose the Executive Committee. The teacher shall be *ex-officio* director and adviser to the Club.

By-Laws

1. The officers shall be elected at the beginning of each half-year.
2. The membership fee shall be five cents, payable half-yearly.
3. Meetings shall be held on Friday afternoons or at other suitable times as arranged by the Executive Committee.
4. Every member shall join some part of the work undertaken by the Club. Younger pupils in the school will be encouraged to take part in the meetings.

Order of Business

1. Reading of minutes.
2. Communications, letters from other schools, etc.
3. Reports of Committees and New Business.
4. Program — Addresses, papers, reports on home projects, or debate

Suggestions

1. Can your school be improved in any particular by all working together? If there is room for improvement, organize an Improvement Club.

2. Learn to address an audience in a clear, out-spoken manner. Also learn how to conduct public meetings. Knowledge of these two things will be very useful in after life.

3. Donate the Minute Book of your Club, when it is filled, to the School Library. It will be interesting to future classes.

4. Invite your friends to an occasional meeting of your Club. Appoint a critic from among the visitors to point out how improvements can be made.

5. Have a contest in composing a school yell and a school motto.

6. Conduct the election of officers for your School Club in the proper manner. Have nominations and vote by ballot. Learn the procedure, followed in the election of your school board, your municipal council, and your church officials.

7. If the opportunity offers, attend a meeting of some organization to learn how public business is conducted. The older boys might attend some of the meetings of the local Farmers' Club and the girls those of the Women's Institute, in preparation for the time when they will take the places of men and women.

CHAPTER XIII

Our Nature Study Excursion — The Hillcrest School Explores the River Road and Wells' Woods

And Nature, the old nurse, took
  The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story book
  Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
  "Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
  In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away,
  With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
  The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
  Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
  Or tell a more wonderful tale.

— *Longfellow*

All your life you can go to school to Nature. She is kindergarten, elementary school, high school, college, and university. You can never learn all that Nature has to teach. Her course of study is inexhaustible.

You cannot very well get away from her school unless you deliberately shut your eyes, stop your ears, and lock yourself up. Every time you look out of the window, or put your head out-of-doors, or take a walk, or work in the garden, or wash dishes, or bake bread, or feed the cattle, or pump water, or split wood, or mend a machine, or go to the grocery store, or pick up a stone, or watch a railroad train, you may learn of Nature.

The country is crammed full of educating interests. That is why many people living in the country may be found to be well educated, though they may not have had much schooling. They have learned in Nature's school day by day as they did their work and observed closely.

Learn to learn by observing the common, near-at-hand things about you.

We have three kinds of Nature Study lessons at our school. Every morning the first thing after school is opened we have "Observations." Every one is expected to learn something each day by observing, and to be ready to report on it after roll-call. To guide us in this, Miss Baldwin, our teacher, generally suggests something for us to look for, such as the colors of the sunsets, the shape of the moon, the growth of plants, or how different birds fly. But she likes to get reports, too, on things we observe without any directions.

Some days we use about ten minutes for this work, and when there are many interesting things to report we cannot finish in fifteen minutes. Once we spent the whole period talking about how a robin builds its nest. Nearly every one in the class had seen something to tell. Another day we used all the time telling about

the way maple and horse chestnut leaves open from their buds and how fast they grow.

Then usually on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons the older pupils have lessons on nature objects. One day last winter we had a very interesting lesson on a head of wheat. For this we studied some of the heads from a little sheaf that had been used for decorating the school at the time of the school fair. Each of us took a head and, following Miss Baldwin's instructions, pulled off the spikelets carefully and laid them in order on a sheet of paper. Then we opened up each spikelet and sorted out the grains. There were considerable differences in the total number of grains in the heads, and differences, too, in the size and plumpness of the grains in different parts of the head. After this we made a study of heads of oats. This week we studied apple twigs. Next week we expect to study the structure of a potato, and then when the trees are in blossom we are going to examine the flowers of plums and apples. We make drawings of the things studied in our Nature Study note books.

Occasionally we have our Nature Study lesson outdoors in the form of a Nature Study excursion. Last fall we had two such lessons. We had another last week and shall likely have another before school closes in June. They are exploring expeditions to make ourselves well acquainted with our neighborhood.

Our school is located near a cross-road. Last fall we made one trip up past Rankin's as far as the church, and one in the opposite direction down to Mr. Collyer's orchard. No! Not to steal apples, but to learn what we could from Mr. Collyer about his methods of growing, packing, and shipping apples.

Last Friday afternoon our excursion was along the River Road to Wells' Woods. Every one had looked forward to the outing all the week. We hoped for a fine day, and we were not disappointed. The air was warm, the sun was bright, the birds were singing, and the trees were bursting into green. It was really too fine a day to stay in a stupid school house. All outdoors seemed to be calling to us.

Before starting, Miss Baldwin gave us our instructions.

"This afternoon," she said, "we are going out to see what we can see and learn what we can learn about our neighborhood between the school and Wells' Woods, and also to make a study of those woods.

"I want you all to have the very happiest of good times, but at the same time to remember that you are still *at* school though you are not *in* school.

"We shall have three reviews. First, at Morrison's gate; second, at the bridge; and third, after our exploration of the woods. Mrs. Steele is to join us at Morrison's.

"The pupils of the four highest grades will make careful observations for recording on an Exploration Map.

"These are some of the things for which you might keep your eyes open: (1) the farms you pass; (2) the location of farm buildings, lanes, and orchards as seen

from the road; (3) the work being done in the fields; (4) the trees along the roads; (5) anything else of particular note.

"We shall take about twenty minutes for our trip to the first stopping place. I will call you together at Morrison's gate at twenty minutes past two."

Hurrah! Away we went in groups, chatting and romping, but at the same time noting things as we went along. The twenty minutes passed quickly. Some had gone past Morrison's gate and some were straggling behind. Miss Baldwin blew her whistle, and we all came together. Then we reported our observations.

Will Hood gave the names of the farmers living on both sides of the road in their proper order. Alice Watson located the lanes and buildings. She made a few mistakes in this, but these were corrected. Tom Kirby explained what work was being done in the fields but he had not seen everything. He had failed to notice Mrs. Walters working in her garden. Six different kinds of trees were reported by Ethel Passmore and myself. One of the boys had noted the different kinds of fences; another observed the positions of the milkstands and letter boxes.

From Morrison's gate it was only a ten minutes' walk to the bridge. There we made an examination to see how the bridge was constructed. Some of the boys stepped off one hundred feet up the side of the stream and threw in sticks. The time that the sticks took to float down to the bridge was noted on Miss Baldwin's watch. As the rate was faster in the middle than at the sides we took an average. The average depth of the water was found, too, by putting down a pole at differ-

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FOREST OF MIXED HARDWOODS

Raising Young Forest Trees
Wisconsin State Forest Nursery

A Well-Managed Forest
Brush piled to prevent fire

ent places. This week for an arithmetic problem we figured out how much water was flowing under the bridge in an hour. It was surprisingly large.

Then we received our instructions for the studies in Wells' Woods. The older pupils were to make a survey of the trees. The younger pupils were to gather flowers. Tom Kirby and Harold Blodgett were appointed leaders of the boys' group, and Miss Baldwin and Mrs. Steele acted as leaders for the girls. The woods are not very large, nor are they very dense. They are about the nicest woods in the neighborhood, but they are only the remains of the fine forest that used to cover the land. Some fair-sized trees are still standing, but many have been cut down or blown over in recent years. Unless the cattle are kept out and the next growth protected, the woods will soon be a thing of the past, and future pupils at Hillcrest School will have no chance to use them as a Nature Study.

The instructions were as follows:

First, we were all to estimate the acreage in the woods.

Second, the boys were to calculate roughly the number of trees by counting those in a number of plots ten yards square and multiplying.

Third, the girls were to measure, as nearly as they could by spanning, the circumference of the largest trees.

Fourth, any one who found a suitable stump was to count the rings to find how old the tree was when cut down.

Fifth, we all were to find out how many species of trees were represented in the woods. If we found any that we were not sure of we were to bring back leaves and twigs for examination.

"Be ready to come together again in about forty minutes, here at this corner of the woods nearest the bridge," said Miss Baldwin. "I will blow my whistle for you."

Away the boys scampered. Shouts could be heard soon from all directions. It was a noisy study. There was a little rivalry between the groups to see who could

In Wells' Woods

find the largest tree, or the stump of the oldest. The little fellows had a hard time keeping up with such big fellows as Tom Kirby and Will Hood. The girls did not do as much shouting or running about as the boys did, but they enjoyed themselves just as much. Mrs. Steele was able to tell us a great deal about the things we found. She has always been a great nature lover.

The whistle blew too soon. It took quite a while to bring all the boys back. Some were off in the farthest

corner and had to be sent for. When we were all comfortably seated, Miss Baldwin asked for reports on the different matters investigated.

Different figures were given for the dimensions of the woods. Some of the girls calculated the length as much as 200 yards and the width as 160 yards. The older boys had closer estimates, and they were fairly sure of them. The length was taken as 175 yards and the width as 135 yards. This figured out to be between four and four and a half acres.

The number of trees found in an area of 100 square yards varied a great deal. Some counted as high as 25 and some as low as 8. Averaging all the counts that had been made, the number was found to be nearly 12. At this rate we estimated that there were nearly 2000 trees in the woods.

The largest stump that was found was nearly a yard across. It was an elm. Counting the rings had been somewhat difficult, and there was some difference of opinion among the boys who made this study. But the tree seemed to have been somewhere about 160 or 180 years old when it was cut down. Allowing it to be 160 years, this meant that the tree started to grow in 1750 — even before there was a United States. A maple stump that had a diameter of about 2 feet was over 100 years old. We realized how long it had taken to produce a tree.

The largest tree standing in the woods was a white elm. It was not quite so large as the elm stump. Different pupils had spanned it. Dorothy Smith and Stella Steele together could just reach around it holding one another's hands. It was about 8 feet in circumference and must

have been about 80 feet high. The largest maple measured about 6 feet around.

Making up a list of species, we were able to report twelve in all. These are the ones that were seen:

White Elm	Blue Beech
Hard Maple	Beech
White Maple	Hemlock
Black Cherry	Balsam Fir
Ironwood	Basswood
Hawthorn	Yellow Birch

After our reports were made, Mrs. Steele gave us a talk on the flowers that the smaller pupils had gathered. She explained, too, how important it is that we should try to preserve some part of our forests, and not destroy them entirely. Then we had another fifteen minutes to run around and see some of the things that had been mentioned in our review. Before we had time to satisfy our curiosity or settle our disputes, the whistle blew, and we reluctantly left Wells' Woods.

The trip back to the school was a jolly one. There was racing and chasing and laughing and cheering. We did not arrive as large a party as we set out, though. Mrs. Steele and Stella left us when they reached their gate. We gave them three cheers and sang, "For they are jolly good fellows," at parting. Harold and Kathleen Blodgett also left us, as did Tom Kirby and his sister Martha. The rest of us got back to the school at about half-past four, rather dirty and tired, but happy. Miss Baldwin was tired, too. It did not take us long to gather up our books and set off for home. We were all hungry. We took time, however — I mean some of us older

girls did — to tell Miss Baldwin how we had enjoyed the outing, and to thank her for it.

The following Monday we drew maps to show where we had gone and what we had learned. It will be a long time before we forget the afternoon spent along the River Road and in Wells' Woods.

Suggestions

1. Read Kipling's *Kim* for a story of a boy who became wonderfully skillful in observing and picking up knowledge. To test observation and memory, try one of the schemes by which he was trained. Expose a number of different objects for a few moments and then require lists and descriptions.

2. If your class goes on an excursion to the Agricultural College or Experiment Station, make a record of the outing by drawing a map and marking on it the points of interest that were noted. A list of all the things that were noted, set out in order, makes a good record of the trip.

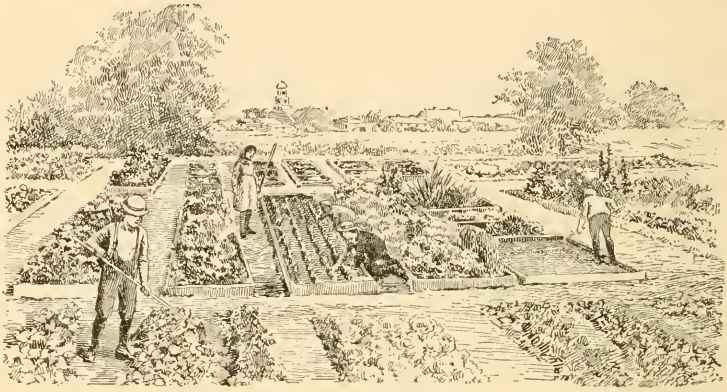
3. Should an opportunity offer, arrange for a visit of your class to a factory manufacturing agricultural machinery. A suitable record for such an educational trip would be a map of the factory, showing the location of the different processes, or some pictures from catalogues showing machines that were seen being made.

4. Profitable Nature Study trips may be arranged for several objects; for example, to study weeds along a roadside, a railroad, or in fields; to collect flowering plants; to study birds; to collect insects; to study a gravel pit or railroad embankment; to visit an orchard, an apiary, a dairy herd, a cheese factory, a cider mill, a grist mill, a saw-mill, a maple-sugar bush.

5. Take advantage of every chance to learn from all sorts of more or less unusual activities carried on in the neighborhood; for example, the building of a new bridge; the framing of a barn; the erection of a silo; the repairing of the road; the manufacture of cheese or butter; the boring for water; the putting in of drains. If figures can be obtained, base arithmetic problems on your discoveries.

CHAPTER XIV

Our School Garden — How Springwater School Advanced Agriculture and Education by a Garden



In one sense a School Garden does not need to be at a school to be entitled to the name of School Garden. It is not location that makes a garden a School Garden. It is its *purpose*. Gardens anywhere from which boys and girls are getting part of their education under their teachers' direction are School Gardens.

There are a great many country schools which cannot and should not have gardens adjoining them. At such schools the pupils' gardening should be carried on in home gardens. There are many country schools where there might be successful gardens started.

A good School Garden at a country school may be the means of teaching many valuable lessons in agriculture and of making every one more interested in the work of the school.

We had our first School Garden this year. It was not a very large garden, but it has been a very important one. I think every one in the neighborhood would

miss it a great deal if it were discontinued. For it has served everybody in some way or other. Nearly everyone speaks of it as "Our Garden."

Before Miss Nelson came to take charge of Springwater School there were no signs of a garden. Except for a few neglected trees that had been planted at the front of the school about ten years before by a Mr. Brooks and the boys of the school who were his pupils then, there had been nothing done to improve the grounds. They were very bare. They were worse than bare. They were untidy and ill-kept.

No one in the district seemed to take much notice of the poor appearance of the school property. I suppose the reason was that our people had not begun to think very much about making their homes beautiful, and so did not think a school needed to be beautiful. But Miss Nelson noticed it. I think she was disappointed and perhaps homesick, too, for the first week. One could hardly blame her. Our school had nothing about it, inside or out, to make a new teacher cheerful.

But we all liked her, and she had a good place to board at Mrs. Pierson's. These two things cheered her, and the second week she asked us what we thought about clearing up the grounds. Of course we were all willing to help, and some were enthusiastic. We brought rakes from home and Tom Wilkie brought a wheelbarrow, also. We were a busy school at recess and noon hour for a few days. It was great fun. After we had cleared up the yard we made a bonfire of the rubbish. The surroundings of the school looked a great deal better after our efforts.

This was the beginning of our School Garden. Our

work had made a good impression on the people of the district. Through the winter the teacher talked to every one about commencing a garden when spring came. The trustees gave their consent and promised to help. Mr. Cosgrove, who lives alongside the school, offered to plow a small piece of land, and to donate some manure also. All the pupils were anxious to take part in the work. Miss Nelson discussed the garden a good deal with us.

Her plan was to consider the entire school property in our School Garden scheme. She thought that the school should be considered as a home, and the flower-growing part of the school gardening work done as it might be done at one's home. This is the way she looked at it: She said, "Here is our school-home. Let us make it attractive. It should be a beauty-spot for the whole neighborhood. By working together we can make it that."

As for the other branch of the garden scheme, she thought it should be for teaching lessons on agriculture. She said, "Here is a piece of land set aside for the education of people who make their living by farming. Part of the land is for a school building. A larger part of it is to be used for play. Let us use a small part of the land for a little 'Experimental Farm'."

So we made our plans accordingly. On either side of the walk leading up to the school we planned a flower bed to hide some of the bareness of the front of the school house. A flower bed for each side of the door was planned also. The roadside at the front of the school was to be levelled and kept trimmed. Vines to screen the woodshed and outbuildings were to be set out. In

the "Experimental Farm" part of the garden, a few simple experiments and demonstrations were chosen.

We had help in our planning from the Agricultural College. Miss Nelson wrote telling of her scheme, and received in reply a bulletin which contained many good suggestions. There was also an offer of seed for flower beds as well as for the experimental plots. As our garden was small, there were really more kinds of seed offered to us than were needed at the school. It was arranged, therefore, to divide it up and use it in home plots. The man who sent the seed from the college said this was the way they would like to have us use it.

We had a busy time getting our garden prepared and planted. As he had promised, Mr. Cosgrove plowed the ground for us. He hauled over a good load of barnyard manure and spread it thickly before plowing. Then he harrowed it for us. Even after that there was a lot of hand-raking to be done to get the soil fine enough to suit Miss Nelson. There were also a lot of stones to rake up and remove. We worked hard and by May 10 had all the seed planted and everything looking fine. We made the plots a square rod or a half square rod in area. The corners were marked with stakes.

To manage the garden there was a Garden Committee. This committee was composed of the captains, who were responsible for seeing that everything was properly looked after. The boys of the 7th and 8th Grades had charge of the field crop experiments, and Gordon Cosgrove was captain. The girls of these two grades had the experiments on vegetables to look after, with Nora Stevens the captain. The girls of the 5th and 6th Grades had charge of the flower beds, with Emma Douglas the

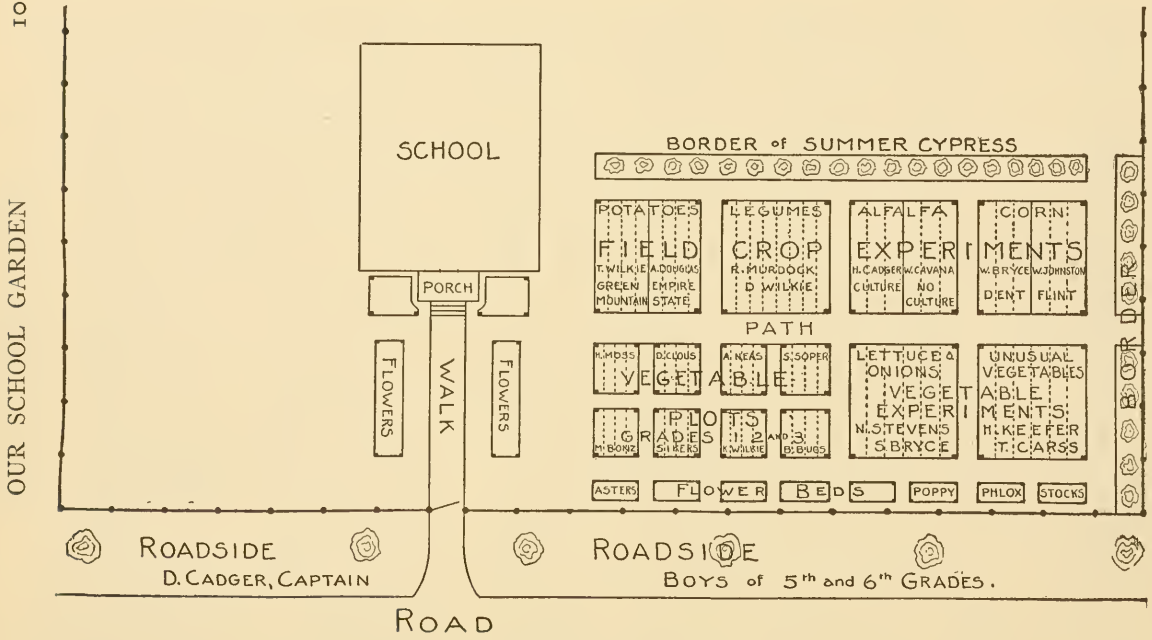
captain. The boys of these grades were to keep the roadsides and grounds tidy, and to help in the work generally. Donald Cadger was their captain. The small boys and girls in the lower classes were given small plots of flowers and vegetables, and Miss Nelson worked with them especially.

Samples of Alfalfa Plants Grown from Untreated and Treated Seed

Some of the experiments were very interesting. Tom Wilkie and Alec Douglas had a contest to see who could produce the best crop of potatoes on their half rod. Each used exactly $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of the best seed potatoes that he could select at home. Tom had Green Mountain, and Alec had Empire State potatoes.

Robert Murdock and Dave Wilkie had the plot for demonstrating the different kinds of Legumes. There were rows of red clover, white Dutch clover, crimson clover, alsike, peas, vetches, cow peas, beans, peanuts, soy beans, and alfalfa. All these were sent from the Agricultural College.

Henry Cadger and William Cavanagh had the oversight of an experiment with alfalfa. One half of the plot was sown with seed that had been sprinkled with "culture" sent in a bottle from the College, and the other half of the plot with seed that wasn't treated.



Plan of Our School Garden

The experiment with corn was to compare the growth and yield from the same number of stalks of a dent and of a flint corn. Will Bryce brought the best sample of dent corn he could get for this, and Walter Johnston selected some of their good flint corn for his part of the comparison.

One of the vegetable plots was used for growing vegetables that were new or seldom grown. There were sage, summer savory, Swiss chard, Chinese cabbage, and kohlrabi grown in this. Nearly everybody in the district received samples of the last three. The sage and summer savory were distributed wherever any one wanted a supply for winter.

Another vegetable plot was used for lettuce and onions. The lettuce were grown in different ways. Different varieties of onions were compared. We had printed forms on which to keep records for these.

The flowers grew well and were very pretty. People used to come from a long distance to look at the garden. Nothing was ever molested. Every one seemed to understand that our effort was deserving of encouragement. We distributed the flowers wherever we thought people would appreciate them. Old Mrs. Murdock, Robert's grandmother, got a bouquet every week. There was always a bouquet for the church and the Sunday school, as well as for any one who was sick.

There was no trouble in looking after the garden in the summer vacation. Before school closed a plan was drawn up for certain groups to come every Saturday afternoon for a short time. Generally some of our mothers would come with us, and we would have a good time for an hour or two working and playing. Some of

us would write a card to Miss Nelson nearly every week to let her know how the garden was progressing.

The results of our experiments were reported in the local paper printed at Aylmer. They were explained to our guests at our school fair also. The result of the alfalfa experiment was quite a surprise to most people. Tom Wilkie had ten pounds more of Green Mountain potatoes than Alec Douglas had of Empire State. Will Bryce's dent corn grew higher and had a greater yield than the flint. The plots we had at home in most cases were a success also.

The ground has been well fertilized and prepared now for this year. In the flower beds at the front of the school we have some tulips, crocuses, and daffodils. I think we can have even a better garden than we had this year. We are already planning for it. One of our schemes is to have a bed of strawberries. We are going to grow more flowers, too, of different kinds, and distribute the little plants to any one who wishes to grow them at home.

We have had many interesting lessons from our garden experiences. The trustees are interested, and are going to put up a new fence in the spring. They seem anxious to encourage Miss Nelson to make our school better in every way. Next year we hope to join the United States School Garden army, which has done so much for gardening.

Suggestions

1. Join the School Garden Association of America. Send your subscription, $1, to Mr. John L. Randall, Bureau of Education, Washington, D.C. This entitles you to a little monthly magazine called *Outdoor Education*, which tells of school garden work in the United States and Canada.

2. Grow things in the garden for the use of the school lunch. A strawberry bed might be established. Tomatoes can be grown and canned for use in winter months for tomato soup. Radishes, tomatoes, onions, cucumbers, and lettuce are generally relished for the noonday meal.

3. To raise money for patriotic purposes, for the purchase of library books, play equipment, garden tools, pictures for the school, or to pay part of the expenses of a school excursion to the Experiment Station, garden produce should be sold throughout the season. At the school fair an auction sale might be held.

4. Do not commence a school garden unless there can be an assurance of its being a success. A school garden that is a failure because of being started without the proper interest and knowledge, or from being located on poor soil, from neglect in holidays, from destruction by people who oppose it, from lack of proper fences and other protection, does the school gardening cause more harm than good. Prepare for a garden carefully and a long time ahead, plan wisely and secure every one's interest and coöperation, have it supervised carefully, and in the fall well prepared for the next year.

In the Southern States winter gardens may be successfully conducted while the school is in session. If it is not possible to have the garden well looked after during the summer vacation, early vegetables may be planted and harvested before holidays.

5. Make the garden serve the interests of the neighborhood as well as provide practical education for pupils. These are some of the things that might be done: Make it part of the scheme of beautifying the school property; send flowers to the church and Sunday school, to invalids and old people; distribute new kinds of vegetables. Grow seed of beets, lettuce, carrots, spinach, etc., for local gardeners; in a hot-bed grow cabbage, tomato, and other plants to sell, grow flower seedlings, such as asters, columbine, and foxglove to give to people; divide overgrown rootclumps of iris, peony, goldenglow, etc., from the perennial border among the pupils for their home gardens; have experimental plots to test fertilizers, to compare local grains, to demonstrate different varieties of vegetables and field crops.

CHAPTER XV

Our Bird Club — The Story of the Bluebird Club at Greenbush School

The little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them
Called them Hiawatha's Chickens.
— From *The Song of Hiawatha* by Longfellow

In the great book of Out-of-Doors, there is no more delightful chapter than that on Birds. For every one who has eyes to see and ears to hear, there are many happy pages to study.

What fine opportunities country boys and girls have to learn about birds! They are truly to be envied. And because birds play such an important part in destroying the enemies of the farmer's crops, how important it is that these opportunities should not be lost in school days.

Organize a Bird Club.

I have been asked to tell you about the Bluebird Club in Greenbush School. It gives me much pleasure to do so, for we have found our Club to be a great delight in our school life.

I cannot tell you exactly when the idea of the Club first took shape. It seemed to grow from the bird studies which Miss Lathrop introduced into the school work when she began to teach here the year before last. On Friday afternoons when the reports on our bird observations were made, the pupils would come to the platform and tell what they had seen or read during the week. Sometimes the teacher would ask one of the boys to act as chairman. This continued during two terms. After the summer vacation last year Miss Lathrop suggested that we have a club. She had heard about school Bird Clubs when she was at the Teachers' Summer School at the State Agricultural College. All the pupils were interested in birds and fell in with the idea readily, as they had learned by that time that Miss Lathrop's suggestions were generally good ones. She asked the school to name two pupils to help her in making plans. Ralph Haight and I were chosen for this.

We waited until after four o'clock and Miss Lathrop told us a little about how the clubs were carried on in other schools. She explained the need of having a clear plan set down in a "Constitution." It was arranged that Ralph should speak to Mr. Merritt, the minister, and get his advice, as he is a lover of birds and very much interested in our school as well; while I was to discuss the matter with my father and get him to explain to me the Constitution and By-Laws of the Farmer's Club that was formed in this district a year ago. Miss Lathrop

Can You Name These Birds?

Face p. 115

SOME COMMON BIRDS

thought it would be better to work out a constitution for ourselves rather than to copy one exactly. In a few days Ralph and I had our information ready. Mr. Merritt had lent Ralph a good book that told about clubs and what good work they were doing in many parts of the country. Father, who is secretary of the Farmer's Club, gave me some good suggestions about conducting meetings and keeping minutes. He also gave me a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws to use as a guide.

We had another meeting with Miss Lathrop, and with her help wrote out the Constitution, By-Laws, and Order of Business. The next morning this was put on the school bulletin board, and Miss Lathrop explained that on the following Friday the school would consider it and elect officers. Every one was interested. It was fun watching the pupils reading it at noon and recess and hearing them talk about "Our Bird Club." When Friday afternoon came the Club was organized, the consitution adopted, and officers elected. Ralph Haight was made president, Lena Jensen, vice-president, Willie Langdon, the librarian, Miss Lathrop the general manager and myself the secretary-treasurer.

I am afraid I would be making my letter altogether too long if I were to tell you of all the different things our Club has done or learned at its meetings, or if I were to confess to you all the things we plan to do. But I will tell you of some of the things which seemed to me the best.

We joined our Club to the National Association of Audubon Societies as a Junior Audubon Club and received great help. It cost only ten cents for each member of our Club, and for that every one received a Bird

Club button and eight beautiful colored bird pictures, with leaflets explaining about the birds, and a printed outline drawing of each bird to be colored in our drawing lessons.

Besides these the Club received a copy of the Association's Magazine called *Bird Lore*. In this one learns of what great importance birds are and how governments and societies are working to protect them. Sometimes there are letters in it from schools, and we sent one telling about our Club and its work. When this appeared in print we were very proud, and more proud afterwards, perhaps, when we received letters from other schools. After the magazine has been in the school two weeks, the Club allows pupils to take it home over night.

Our meetings have been very enjoyable. In the winter months there is a meeting every four weeks, but in the fall and spring a meeting is held, as a rule, every two weeks. They are held Friday afternoons from three to four o'clock. All the associate members are invited to the meetings, of course, as required by the Constitution, and you would be surprised to see how many people attend. One day we had ten visitors, eight women and two men. Usually we have two or three.

Mr. Smith, who must be nearly seventy years old, has never missed a meeting. He says it helps to keep him young. He is a fine whistler and can imitate several birds' songs and calls. You would be amused to see us all puckering our mouths and whistling together under his leadership. It is good fun.

When the weather is suitable we hold our meetings outdoors under the big elm tree at the front of the school, for Miss Lathrop says, "Shut in Bird Clubs are just as unnatural as caged wild birds." One meeting in the fall and another in the spring takes the form of a "bird tramp" to the woods. Our minister, Mr. Merritt, attends most of the meetings and has given us two talks — once on "Birds of the Bible" and the other time on "Birds of Other Lands!" They were very interesting. Whenever he comes we appoint him critic, and he advises us about our mistakes in pronunciation or grammar. He is fine. I think every boy and girl in the school, from nine years up at least, is learning to be a good speaker, and the officers of the Club are learning how to conduct meetings. I think I have learned most as secretary.

That part of our work managed by Willie Langdon is well done. He is a hustler. He keeps every one helping him to report the birds regularly on the bird charts or to supply pictures and newspaper cuttings for the bulletin board. We have an interesting scrap-book started now with the best of the pictures and cuttings. The kiddies in the third and fourth grades help in making this. Our bird library is growing. Mr. Merritt gave us a copy of the *Color Key to North American Birds*, and with $5 voted by the trustees and money raised at

our school concert before Christmas we bought three Audubon Bird Charts and three bird books that were recommended. We plan to get two new books every year. Be sure to get Bayne's *Wild Bird Guests* and Patteson's *How to Have Bird Neighbors*. Of course we have all the bulletins printed by the Department of Agriculture at Washington and our own State Department.

Books and bulletins are well looked after by Willie Langdon. He made a little bookcase for them out of a soap box which he cut down and covered with a pretty wall-paper. This is fastened on the wall at the back of the school, by the side of the bulletin board. The books and bulletins may be taken home over night. Every one seems to be anxious to help Willie to keep everything in good order. The books are beginning to look worn, but they are not damaged. And it is surprising how often they are taken down during the day, for we have a rule in the school that when seat work has been finished a pupil may take a book from the library to read.

I must bring this letter to a close. It is too long already, though I haven't said anything about our plans for making bird houses, setting up a feeding station at the school, issuing a journal, or preparing a "Bird Drama" for our closing next June. Perhaps you know of such undertakings already, or perhaps you have worked them out at your school. We would like to hear from you sometime about your bird studies.

I am sending a copy of our Club Constitution and By-Laws. If you haven't formed a club yet and plan to do so you may find them useful. Of course you can get along without these, but it seems business-like to

have them as a sort of foundation. But at any rate don't forget to join the Audubon Society. You should not have much trouble in getting money for the treasury. We have twenty associate members who joined, and three of them paid a dollar instead of the twenty-five cents required by the constitution. Every one seems to be pleased with the work of the Greenbush Bird Club.

Constitution

Article I

Name: The name of this organization shall be "The Bluebird Club."

Article II

Colors: The badge of the Club shall be blue and brown ribbons representing the colors of the Blue Bird and indicating happiness in our work and loyalty to our cause.

Article III

Purposes: The purposes of the Club shall be the increase and protection of our local wild birds, the stimulation of interest in bird life, and the establishing of bird homes, bird baths, and feeding stations.

Article IV

Membership: (1) The membership of this Club shall consist of Active Members and Associate Members.

(2) Any pupil of the school may be an Active Member on payment of a fee of five cents for pupils below the sixth grade and ten cents for pupils in the sixth or higher grades.

(3) Any other person in sympathy with the objects of the Club may become an Associate Member on payment of a fee of twenty-five cents.

(4) The voting power shall be limited to the Active Members.

Article V

Officers: (1) The officers of the Club shall consist of a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary-Treasurer, a Librarian, and a General Manager.

(2) The Librarian shall take charge of the bird books belonging to

the Club, keep bird pictures posted on the bulletin board, and have oversight of the making of Bird Charts by the school.

(3) The General Manager shall be an adult person and shall have oversight over all the work of the Club.

(4) There shall be an Executive Committee consisting of the officers mentioned above and the Chief Editor of the Club's journal, when such is issued.

ARTICLE VI

Journal: (1) A Club Journal may be edited.

(2) The Editors shall be chosen from the Active Members

(3) The name of the Journal shall be *The Winged Messenger.* It shall be issued once only in each half year.

ARTICLE VII

Affiliations: (1) The Club may affiliate with the National Association of Audubon Societies as a Junior Audubon Club.

(2) The fees of the members may be used for joining the Audubon Society and securing the bird pictures, magazines, and buttons.

BY-LAWS

(1) The officers shall be elected half-yearly as soon as convenient after the school openings in September and January.

(2) The membership fee shall be payable once only during the school year.

(3) Meetings shall be held Friday afternoons or at other suitable times as arranged by the Executive Committee.

(4) Every active member shall join in some part of the work undertaken by the Club.

(5) Associate Members shall be invited to Club meetings and to take part in the program.

(6) The Executive Committee may expend the funds of the Club for the purchase of bird books, pictures, charts, bird baths, etc., for membership fees in the Audubon Society, or in any way that will promote the objects of the Club.

(7) The Order of Business to be followed at regular meetings shall be as follows:

Order of Business

(1) Reading of minutes.

(2) Communications.

(3) Reports of Committees and New Business.

(4) Election of officers (first meetings in September and January).

(5) Program: (1) Reports on bird observations by individual members.
(2) Debate, paper, or address.
(3) Discussion on paper or address.

Suggestions

1. For some of the school entertainments prepare a simple Bird Play to show the beauty and value of bird life and the necessity of conserving it. Give bird songs also. Perhaps some of the pupils can whistle imitations of bird songs as part of the entertainment.

2. Exchange reports on bird observations with Bird Clubs in other schools. Send contributions to the local newspaper on the work of the club and on the bird life observed in the neighborhood.

3. Attract the birds about the school by protecting them, putting up feeding trays, bird boxes, drinking fountains, suet boards, etc. Berry-bearing shrubbery planted in clumps makes acceptable cover. Destroy the nests of the house sparrows as they are building.

4. For prizes for the best bird boxes, essays on bird life, or for competitions at school fairs, award copies of books on birds, subscriptions to *Bird Lore*, or field glasses. Reed's *Bird Guide*, Part 2, is a very suitable book for a Christmas or birthday gift to any one interested in birds.

5. Arrange for some one to give a lantern lecture on birds in the school. Colored lantern slides can be borrowed from the Audubon Society for this purpose, address, 1984 Broadway, New York City. Interest the general public in birds by making a display in the window of the village store or post office of bird boxes, bird pictures, old bird nests, etc.

6. Use your influence to discourage the destruction of useful birds. Make yourselves acquainted with the law of the state which protects birds. If boys or others persist in hunting, see that they keep within the law and kill only house sparrows, cow birds, crows, and homeless marauding cats. Do not encourage any one to make collections of birds' eggs unless it is done with the greatest care and for scientific purposes by responsible people. Bird-nest collection should be restricted to old nests.

7. For purposes of comparison keep records of the first arrival of the common birds in the spring. Make these records on a large sheet of heavy manila paper ruled into columns for the different years. For example:

First Appearances of Birds Reported at Greenbush School

Bird	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919
Robin	Apr. 5th	Mar. 20th	Mar. 16th	Apr. 1st	Mar. 16th

The name of the pupil making the report may be put down in small letters under the date.

CHAPTER XVI

Our Noon-Day Lunch — The Indian Road School Organizes a Practical Domestic Science Course

Noon hour at country schools! While its main purpose may be for eating one's lunch, it is no less important for rest and play, or for an exchange of the neighborhood news. Diligent ones may use it for study or reading, but no one ever thinks the hour goes slowly. Isn't it the best hour of the school day?

Going to school makes one hungry. Tom Brown may not have much of an appetite for spelling; and a very little arithmetic, especially if it has fractions in it, may satisfy him. But Tom always has a good appetite for his lunch, and he needs plenty of good food to appease it. For Tom is growing, and Tom is active — except when he is asleep. The lunch basket is a very important part of Tom's school equipment and Tom's sister Mary likes a good lunch, too.

Blessings on the mothers who put up good school lunches!

I think the interest in our Noon-Day Lunch grew out of the bread-making contest for our school fair. In preparation for the event, Miss Harris, our teacher, asked all the girls in the school who planned to bake to find out all they could about bread-making by reading and inquiries at home. Then we discussed the matter at school, and Miss Harris gave us what she considered the best recipe. Every one was interested, and after the fair we continued to take up a recipe for something every week. We called ourselves the Homemakers' Club. Every Friday afternoon we reported on our experiences, and Miss Harris would give us a new recipe and explain clearly what we were to do. Most of us

tried our new recipes on Saturdays. We have had scalloped potatoes nearly every Saturday for supper since I learned to make this dish. It is a great favorite at our home.

All this interest in cooking led to "treats" being brought to school by different girls. Miss Harris encouraged the idea, and with our mothers' consent we took turns. Nellie Morris brought cheese sandwiches one time and a salad containing celery and apples another time. Katie Hodgins brought gingerbread for one of her donations and date cookies for another. One of my contributions was oatmeal cookies and another a big dish of scalloped potatoes which we warmed on the school stove. Every one enjoyed the treats. Our committee arranged them as a rule for Tuesdays and Fridays. One day Mrs. Andrews, who lives near the school, sent over a lot of hot potato scones at noon. That was a rare day. She said it was Jim's treat.

Preparing Lunch

A short time after school opened, following Christmas holidays, we had an unexpected lesson on food-saving. Mr. Cook, the County Superintendent, was the one who gave us the lesson. Just before the school was dismissed for noon, he puzzled us all by telling us that he had

picked up something on the walk when he came in to the school that was very valuable. He thought it was something that had belonged to some of us.

"Did anybody lose anything yesterday?" he asked. We looked at one another. Nobody seemed to have lost anything. "It is very valuable," he said. "In fact it's one of the most precious things in the world to-day."

"Was it somebody's purse with money in it?" some of us asked ourselves.

"I have it in my pocket," he declared. "It's good to eat. Can't you guess?"

"Yes. Bread!" almost shouted Jim Andrews.

"Correct" said Mr. Cook. "Just bread," and he took out of his pocket, a thick half-slice of bread showing where one large bite had been taken.

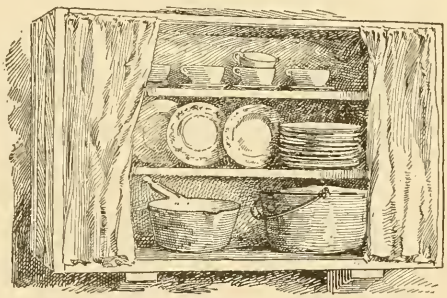
Well, most of us thought Mr. Cook was joking, and we laughed. It was really funny to see the shape of that huge bite. But Mr. Cook wasn't joking. He was very serious. He told us how the boys and girls of Belgium were starving and how short of food our Allies in France, in Italy, and in Britain were. He explained the need of every person in our country saving wheat in order that our own soldiers might be well fed and our brave Allies kept in the fight.

Then he went on to tell what was lost when a piece of bread like that he had in his hand was thrown away. It was not only that it might feed some one who was starving, but it was waste of all the labor that had been used by the farmer who had grown the wheat, the team-

sters and the trainmen who had brought it to market, the miller who had made the flour, and the baker who had baked the bread.

"And besides," he said, "wasting weakens character. Think, and don't waste." Then he advised us to look about the school and gather every scrap that had been thrown away during the last few days and take them home for the chickens. "Far better that, than spoiling on the road or around the school," he said, "but better still, eat every crumb. Every good citizen will answer his country's call to save food."

I can assure you that our school is careful now. It is amusing to see some of the boys bring back one of their number to make him eat the crumbs that he has left. And the school and grounds are a great deal tidier on account of our new habit.



Our Lunch Cupboard

About February, our occasional treats gave place to a hot dish every day. Our mothers liked Miss Harris' lessons on cooking for us so much that some one suggested something hot might be prepared for our lunch. The Home-makers' Club became, for the time being, a Warm Food Club, and our committee, with the help of the teacher, drew up a lunch plan every week. Each family took turns in sending something that could be warmed.

The school stove had a lid on the top that allowed a dish to be set in. Each pupil had a cup, a soup plate, and a spoon. The cups and plates were of enamelware and all the same pattern. We bought them by clubbing together. In addition, we bought with some of our Christmas concert money, a kettle for heating water, a dish pan, a sauce pan, some towels, soap, and salt and pepper dishes. Hugh Hodgins made a cupboard out of a box for keeping all the dishes in. The boys helped in washing and drying the dishes. The girls in turn took the towels home to be washed.

Eating our noon-day meal together became very pleasant. We were more like a family than we used to be. After every one finished, Miss Harris, or one of the older pupils whom she chose, read us a chapter out of a book, like *The Little Princess*, or sometimes jokes from a paper. Then we tidied up and the committee for the day washed the dishes and put them away. Our favorite hot dish, I think, was tomato soup. It was lucky that nearly every family in the neighborhood canned their own tomatoes. Cream of potato soup was another favorite. Boiled rice with lots of raisins in it was another well-liked dish. When the warm weather came in March, we gave up the hot noon dishes as we did not usually have a fire in the stove.

For next year, our school has planned further developments. In June, Miss Pierce, one of the women lecturers who work for the Agricultural College, gave a talk and demonstration on School Lunches before the Women's Club of our district. She showed how to wrap up lunches the best way with paraffine paper, and gave many suggestions for the different kinds of foods to use. We are

going to have a two-burner oil stove and some more dishes. These will be bought by the Club. Arrangements are being made also by the trustees to have shelves with divisions, built at the back of the school for holding our lunch baskets and pails. We have never had any proper place for keeping these up to the present. The pupils would hang them on the coat hooks or put them on the floor. It didn't look very tidy, and sometimes there was trouble when a basket or pail would be upset. With our new cupboards our school should look much neater next fall. And with our new stove and the new plans, our noon-day lunches at the Indian Road School should be even better next year than they have been this year. And that is saying a good deal.

Suggestions

1. Send for Farmers' Bulletin No. 712 on School Lunches.

2. Ask your mother and father to tell you of the dinners they took to school in their school days and how they spent the noon hour. Is the little dinner-basket that they used still about the old homestead?

3. Give prizes for the best School Lunches at your School Fair or County Fair. In judging, the following score might be used; Box or container, 10; wrapping, 10; attractiveness, 10; simplicity, 10; economy, 10; cooking, 25; suitability of food, 25.

4. Take a vote among the pupils to find out what things are most favored for their lunches, or ask each to write down their preferences in order, and then estimate by points, for example, giving three points for first choice, two for second choice, and one for third choice.

5. Organize a Housekeeping Club among the girls at your school. Discuss cooking recipes at Friday afternoon meetings and test them at home on Saturday or during the following week. Invite the mothers of some of the pupils to give talks on baking, canning, cleaning, etc. Make a School District Cook Book for the School Library, inserting the favorite dishes of the homes of the neighborhood. Take a magazine such as *Good Housekeeping* for the school. Put up plans of houses, etc., on the school

bulletin board. Make a "joke book" of the funny stories told about blunders in cooking.

6. Arrange for a cupboard or special shelves on which to keep your dinner-pails or baskets. Insist on everything being kept scrupulously clean and protected from the dust. All pupils should be required to wash their hands before eating.

Have your School Committee, whose duty it is to see that the school and grounds are kept neat and clean, insist on all crusts being taken home or saved, all loose paper used for wrapping lunches burned, and nothing left around to attract flies.

In some schools a small charge is made to cover the cost of supplies, such as cocoa, sugar, milk, and butter. This saves the trouble of arranging daily for contributions from different homes.

CHAPTER XVII

Our Music — Sunnydale School Develops its Musical Abilities

The country is the natural home of music. It sounds in the trees and winds; it ripples in waving grain fields and in running brooks; it is heard in the songs of birds, in the hum of insects, and in the lowing of the cattle.

Some one has said, "Let me make the songs of a people, I care not who makes their laws." Just think, good music may bring happiness and peace and prosperity, as well as good laws may!

Country people have a great possession within their reach in music. Happy are the people with songs in their hearts.

This is the story of a school that served its neighborhood well in this respect.

I do not know how our Sunnydale district compares with others, but it seems to be very musical. Probably this is the result of the old singing school. One day at school we counted the instruments owned in the

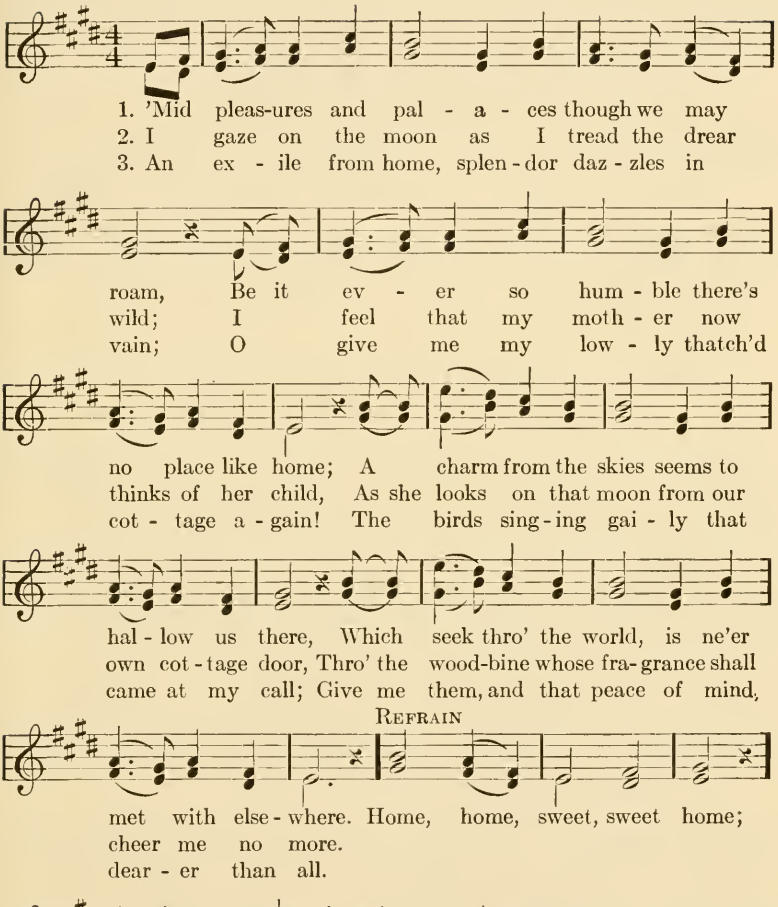
neighborhood and were surprised at the number. There are six pianos, seven organs, twelve phonographs, and five fiddles, besides two autoharps, and odds and ends of concertinas, flutes, and mouth organs. And there are people who can play these instruments too — I don't mean the phonographs. At the Sims' home every one in the family plays the piano. Mr. Sims' does not play by note, but he can play chords for any tune. He plays the fiddle and concertina also. He seems to have a natural ear for music, as the saying is.

Besides the interest in the music played on instruments, there is great interest in singing. We have a very good choir at our little country church. Mrs. Leigh has been the leader of it for a great many years. Everybody in the congregation sings also. Nor is all the singing done on Sundays. Week day singing is common. There's hardly an evening that one cannot hear them singing at Sims' or Leigh's or Jackson's. Some of the neighbors often get together for a "sing" that is very pleasant to hear across the fields on a summer evening. So is phonograph music.

With music so common in the homes, you can imagine there is a great deal in the school. We have a piano. We have had it for about four years. Before we got the piano we had an old-fashioned organ. It was pretty wheezy towards the last. It had been in the school and used a great deal, too — for about twenty years. The piano dealer allowed us only $20 for it. We paid for the piano in one year. The trustees voted us $50, Mr. Wiltz and Mrs. Morrow gave us $10 each, three other people gave us $5 each, and the school concert, with smaller subscriptions, brought the sum of $165.

HOME, SWEET HOME

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE — SIR HENRY R. BISHOP


1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there, Which
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild; I feel that my moth - er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our own cot - tage door, Thro' the wood-bine whose fra-grance shall
3. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; O give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain! The birds sing - ing gai - ly that came at my call; Give me them, and that peace of mind,
REFRAIN
met with else - where. Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
cheer me no more.
dear - er than all.
Be it ev - er so hum - ble, There's no place like home.

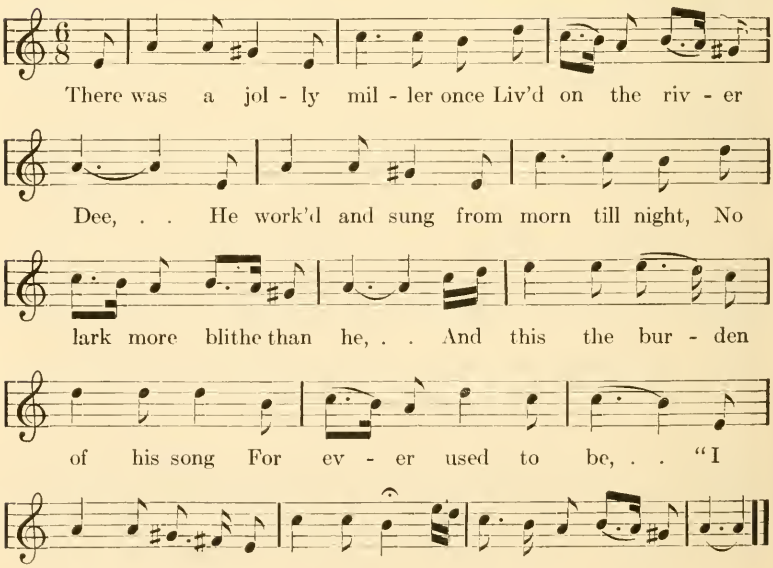
CHERRY RIPE

ROBERT HERRICK — CHARLES E. HORN

Cher - ry ripe, cher - ry ripe, ripe, I cry;
Full and fair ones, come and buy, Cher-ry ripe, cher-ry ripe,
ripe, I cry; Full and fair ones, come and buy.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

OLD ENGLISH AIR AND WORDS


There was a jol - ly mil - ler once Liv'd on the riv - er
Dee, . . He work'd and sung from morn till night, No
lark more blithe than he, . . And this the bur - den
of his song For ev - er used to be, . . "I
care for no-bod - y, no, not I, If no-bod - y cares for me."

We made up the balance at our picnic in June. It doesn't seem to be any trouble to get people to give money for something that will improve the school.

Miss Williams was our teacher the year we bought the piano. She was very fond of music and played the piano very well. She taught us a great many songs. Ethel Staples and Clara Burns took piano lessons from her. They can play simple music very nicely now. The school trustees always try to engage a teacher who can teach music. We have been very fortunate too.

Our present teacher, Miss Brodie, is like Miss Williams. She pays a good deal of attention to music. We have singing several times every day, for just a few minutes at a time, to break the monotony of the school work. Sometimes it is a marching song, and we march about the school. Sometimes it is an action song as we stand in the aisle at our desks. Sometimes it is a round like "Row, row, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream." Sometimes it is "John Brown had a little Indian." Sometimes it is from one of the school readers after a lesson. Occasionally we vary the singing by whistling a tune. At noon, especially on rainy or stormy days, we often have what we call a sing-song around the piano.

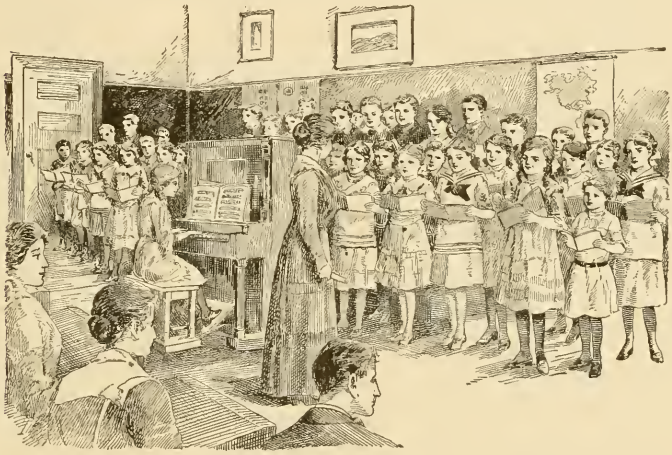
On Friday afternoons we always have some music on the program that is given between three and four o'clock. A committee is appointed each week to arrange for the next week's program. There is a good deal of rivalry to see who will have the best afternoon. Miss Brodie always helps with suggestions. She likes to see us plan original things. And we have had many interesting things for music. Perhaps the funniest was the first attempt at a whistling quartet by Fred Leigh,

Walter Sims, Tom Burns, and Carl Snider. Somebody laughed and "Old Black Joe" failed to get past the first line. But the boys weren't beaten. The next week they conquered "Old Black Joe," and for an encore gave us "Way down upon the Swanee River." Whistling is quite popular at our school now.. These four chums have considerable musical talent. Most boys seem to be afraid or ashamed to take part in anything musical, but these four are not, I suppose because they have so much music at their homes. They sing some of the war songs together. Fred and Walter often give a mouth organ duet also. Tom and Carl have developed into "bone" artists.

The girls are not behind the boys in contributing to the program. Besides piano selections by Ethel and Clara, Alice Wiltz has played on her autoharp for us, and Martha Morrow and Mary Sims have shown us how to make music from combs covered with tissue paper. But we do not confine our program to ourselves. Sometimes the committee arranges for some one to come to the school and take part. One afternoon our minister, Mr. Spalding, told us stories about some of the most popular hymns. Another afternoon Miss Williams's cousin, who was visiting her for a few days, played for us on her violin. It was beautiful. Once the committee tried to coax old Darky Miller, as he is called, to take part, but he made all sorts of excuses. He sings some wonderful old made-up sort-of-story songs that are a treat to hear. One day my father told us the story of the singing school held at the old schoolhouse in the early days. We have had the loan of Snider's phonograph two or three times. They live near, so it is not

difficult to bring it over. We are thinking of getting a phonograph for the school.

We always have a good Christmas concert at the school. At least we call it a Christmas concert, though generally it is held early in December. The schoolhouse is always packed and we usually make about $40. Last year we called it a Patriotic School Concert. Miss Williams, with Mrs. Leigh's help, trained us to give a little cantata that



Our School Concert

was printed in one of the school papers. All the Allies were represented by girls, and we had simple homemade costumes to suit. The stage was decorated with flags. Some of the boys were dressed in khaki and gave a drill. Martha Morrow took the part of Columbia. Mary Sims represented Canada. Alice Wiltz was Italy, Clara Burns was England, Ethel Staples was Belgium, Sarah Morrow was France, and little Helen Thomson was Serbia. All the school joined in the choruses. The

concert was a great success. We took in more than $50, which we handed over to the Red Cross. The people of the district were very proud of this feature of the school's work.

Suggestions

1. For your school library buy some good song books, such as a College Song Book and one containing the best selection of songs of different nationalities. Get a dozen or so copies of some well-recommended school song book for class use. Borrow them to take home so that you can sing the songs to the folks at home.

2. Make your own song book. If you are taking down the words of songs, write them in a book that you keep for this purpose only, or write them on loose leaves and bind them together as a portfolio. Paste in songs that may be cut from newspapers. Music taken from magazines such as the *Ladies' Home Journal* should be bound within strong paper covers.

3. Hold naming contests of tunes. Let pupils take turns in humming the first lines of well-known songs, hymns, or tunes, and the remainder of the class write down the names. Vary this by humming other lines than the first. Who knows most tunes?

4. For recreation and fun "make up" tunes for verses in your readers. Instead of reading the poems, take turns in singing the verses. Vote on the one who makes the best tune. Sing some of the sentences in the prose selections also for variety.

5. From music dealers' catalogues or advertisements, learn the names, values, and structure of different musical instruments. Paste pictures of these on a chart for display on your bulletin board. Have a spelling lesson on the names.

6. If you have a piano at school, get some one, the tuner for example, to show you the mechanism of the instrument and to tell you how to care for it. If you have an opportunity, visit a piano factory.

7. Are there any homemade "fiddles" in your district? Boys used to make their own.

8. If there are any well-known poems or hymns in your school readers that are commonly sung, practice them in school.

9. Arrange a singing contest between schools at your school fair or your community picnic. The committee that has the matter in charge should select several months ahead one or two songs to be sung at the contest. The school choirs might be limited to ten or twelve boys and girls.

10. Learn the national anthems of the different countries that were

allied with the United States. Learn some of the best of the war songs also. Some of them will live. Learn these.

11. If you attend a consolidated school and travel to and from school in vans, practice choruses and rounds *en route*. At your school concerts or picnics have singing contests between the choirs of different vans. Even if you walk to and from school, groups of pupils from neighboring homes may sometimes sing marching songs and choruses together.

12. Make inquiries about the singing schools of the early days of your neighborhood. Who taught them? How was the singing master paid? Can you find a copy of the old singing book used? Who had the first musical instrument in the settlement? Did any family have a melodeon or a harpsichord?

13. If there are any old folks in the neighborhood who sing old-fashioned ballads or folk songs that they learned in their youth and brought from other countries, ask them to teach them to you. Write down the words and the tunes too, if you can. Do not let such music perish.

14. Borrow a phonograph for Friday afternoon programs and school concerts. If purchasing a phonograph for the school, get one on which different kinds of records can be used. People may then lend their records to the schools. Exchange records with neighboring schools. Do not collect trashy records.

CHAPTER XVIII

Our School Diary — Land's End School Records Local and General History

Have you ever kept a diary? Not a dairy! It is very interesting. It trains one to be observant, to be thoughtful, and to be careful in statement — three very valuable habits.

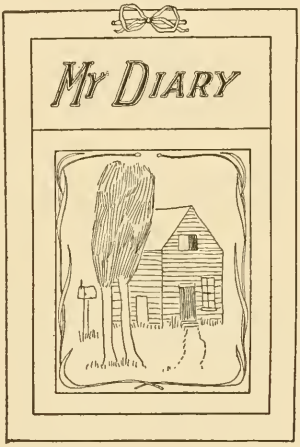
Try a School Diary for recording nature observations, happenings at school and in the district, and important events discussed in your General Information lessons. You can make it a little history of your locality and of the world at large.

Much of one's education comes from reading. Learn to use newspapers and magazines wisely and well.

Our School Diary has grown into its second volume now. We are very proud of last year's volume. It has been neatly covered, bound with ribbon, and placed in the School Library. To a certain extent it is a history of Land's End School. It is interesting to read over

now, and should be even more interesting a few years hence. I should like to read such diaries of my father's and mother's schooldays. But they did not keep diaries at the schools they attended. Their school work was limited pretty much to the three R's — Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic.

The School Diary has come into existence through our Nature Study and General Information studies. These were started by our teacher, Miss Walker, when the fall term commenced two years ago last September. At first we had no intention of keeping a School Diary. But as the work went ahead and a group of the girls became interested in keeping their own diaries, Miss Walker asked us one day how we would like to keep a School Diary. She explained her ideas about it, and every one thought it would be interesting. The plan was to record items about the school and the neighborhood and also some of the Nature Study observations and General Information topics that were discussed in class.



The Cover of my Loose Leaf Diary

For a while we made our records in a common five-cent note book. This was kept on the teacher's desk, and any one was allowed to read it at noon or recess. Each week a different pupil was put in charge to see that the records were properly made. The names of the pu-

pils who were to write in each day's report were written on the blackboard so that there could be no misunderstandings. The Saturday and Sunday entries were written down on Mondays.

When the note book was full, we decided to use a loose-leaf scheme, and that is the way all the work is done now. One sheet is used for each week's records, which are written with ink and signed by the writer. The report for each day is not written on that same day. There is usually a delay of a day or two, and that allows one to insert news items in their proper places. The sheet is put up on our bulletin board daily for every one's inspection. In the years to come it will be interesting to the pupils of the school to compare the handwriting of their predecessors.

As I said, the matter for the records is taken from our Nature Study and General Information lessons. Every morning after our opening exercises, which consist of a reading of a portion of the Scripture, the repeating of the Lord's Prayer, roll call, and a song, we spend ten or fifteen minutes discussing observations made during the past twenty-four hours about such things as important local happenings, birds, insects, weather, farm operations, and crops. Later in the day, we write down in our Nature Study note book one or more of the important things that have been mentioned, as well as our own observations.

Some of the pupils have kept splendid records. Margaret Copeland's and Lena Worthy's are generally the best. These girls like doing this kind of work and are very proud of their "Nature Diaries," as they call them. Here are a few of the records Margaret Copeland made in the spring of 1916: —

Saturday, March 18. — To-day was lovely and mild. My brother Alec was out fishing at Mill Pond and caught two trout. When he caught them, they had a lot of red specks showing on them, but when he got them home, there were only a few specks to be seen.

At sunset there was a pink strip of cloud with blue above.

Mr. and Mrs. Seaman were at our home for supper. Their home is in North Dakota. Mrs. Seaman is an old schoolmate of Mother's.

Wednesday, March 22. — I saw a song sparrow in front of Webster's this morning, on the way to school. I could tell it because in its song it always gives three notes alike at the beginning — *tweet, tweet, tweet.* Its breast has a black spot on it. Its back is a pretty brown.

I pulled one of the chestnut leaves off my sprouting twig and saw the little round hoof mark.

Mr. Evans, the County Superintendent, visited our school to-day. Before he left, he complimented Miss Walker on the tidiness of everything about the school and also on the work of the classes.

Then sometime during the afternoon, nearly every day we take ten minutes or so to report on topics of general interest that we read in the newspapers or magazines. On Friday afternoons we always try to have more time for this. We call this our General Information lesson. Most of the reports naturally have referred to the Great War or to important matters concerning our own country. Our teacher does not wish us to report on any trashy or sensational articles. She says one should learn to avoid wasting time reading "rubbish" when there are so many important things to learn about.

It is wonderful how many interesting things there are to know about the great world affairs. Tom Perrott is our greatest reader. He could use the whole time every day telling about the War. He has a cousin who went to France with a Canadian regiment in 1915. That makes him specially interested. He is quite a politician,

too, and keeps us informed about elections and happenings in Congress. Fred Staples is very much interested in such things as inventions. They get a magazine at his home which tells about new machinery and such things as electrical appliances. His contributions are about these.

Mary Sanford likes to read about foreign countries and often has something interesting to tell about China or Japan or Africa. She always points out places on the map. Alice Doughty generally reports about such things as Red Cross work. Very often Miss Walker tells us about special things that she has read. Even some of the youngest pupils bring in interesting topics. Miss Walker encourages them to ask their fathers and mothers to tell them things from the papers so that they can take part in the lessons. Sometimes Miss Walker sets us a certain topic and asks us to find out all we can about it for the next day's lesson. This work certainly makes us interested in reading the papers.

The records for the week beginning April 1 were: —

Week of April 1, 1917

Sunday, April 1. — We call it April Fool's Day. Although it was Sunday there were some pranks played. There was no salt in Perrott's oatmeal, and at Staples' their clock had gained a half hour in some mysterious way through the night.

It was a pleasant warm morning. There was a good attendance at Sunday School and Church. The Sunday School lesson was from the eleventh chapter of John's gospel. Mr. Lytle's sermon was on "The Bible." It rained in the afternoon.

Mary Sanford.

Monday, April 2. — Twenty-seven at school to-day. Esther Bates was at home sick. Four pupils have had "perfect attendance" — no lates nor absences — in March. They are Lucy Sin-

clair, Alice Doughty, Priscilla Redmond, and myself. Roads very muddy but drying fast. Tom Perrott brought a bunch of pussy willows for the teacher's desk. Some of the farmers are delivering hogs at Moretown Station for shipping. Price $17.50.

Congress meets to-day to decide regarding war with Germany.

Fred Staples.

Tuesday, April 3. — Every pupil at school to-day; no lates. Warm, beautiful day. Fields drying and some farmers sowing oats. The pussy willows have opened some since yesterday. John Tanton and Tom Perrott reported watching a pair of bluebirds making a nest in a fence post. The frogs (Miss Walker says they are tree frogs) are making a great noise in the ponds and ditches these days.

President Wilson reads his war message to Congress.

Alice Doughty.

Wednesday, April 4. — All present but Mary Sanford, who went to town with her mother. There was a beautiful sunset yesterday. There was a frost during the night. We needed a little fire in the stove in the morning to warm the school. A song sparrow was heard singing outside the school before morning recess. We all listened and tried to whistle like it. Old Mrs. Morehouse, one of the early settlers, is very sick and not expected to get better.

War resolutions pass both Houses of Congress.

Tom Perrott.

Thursday, April 5. — All present to-day and no lates. Another frost this morning, but a clear, bright day. Seeding going on. We had a spelling match in the afternoon and John Tanton stood up longest. Lena Worthy stayed up longest for the girls. The word that put her down was *conscientious*. Every person in the district is anxious about the war news. We had a long discussion on the President's message and read part of it in class from the newspaper.

Margaret Copeland.

Friday, April 6. — Full attendance to-day. Cooler than yesterday. This is Elsie Howe's birthday. After roll call, Miss Walker wished her many happy returns of the day, and we gave her a hearty clap of the hands.

War was declared by the United States on Germany at four o'clock in the morning.

Our school report for the month of March appeared in the Valleyfield *Echo*.

Agnes Bridon.

Saturday, April 7. — Another fine day. It has been a good week for getting spring work done. Robins and bluebirds common. The market reports appearing in this week's papers show the effects of the war talk.

Frank Ford.

Suggestions

1. The weekly market reports are interesting and instructive. These might be given a special place in a School Diary or at any rate reported on in the General Information lessons occasionally. They should be used also for making up-to-date arithmetic problems.

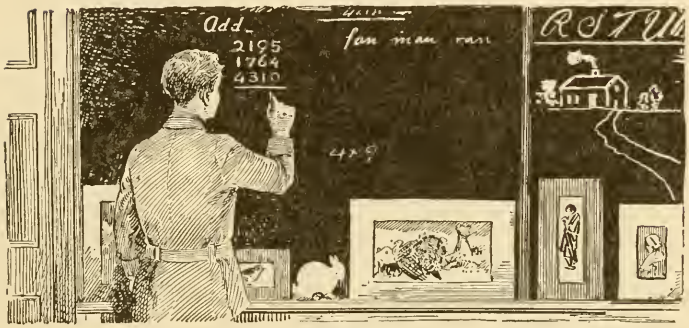
2. At the time of the weekly lesson on General Information, pupils might exchange useful papers and magazines that have been read at their homes and which are no longer wanted. Avoid publications that contain merely trashy stories. Speakers might be invited to the school for this period also to give talks on travels they have made.

3. For a special report on weather, attach a leaf from a calendar to a sheet used in the diary, and in the space for each day describe the weather conditions. If you have a thermometer at school, mark down the temperature for a certain hour each day. If you get a daily paper that prints daily reports on the weather, these may be cut out and pasted in the diary for a week or a month.

4. Local happenings of interest may readily be recorded by cutting news items from the local newspaper and pasting them on leaves for insertion in the diary. The dates should be written on all such extracts. From some districts local correspondents send weekly contributions to the papers. These might be kept together as a history of the district. Editors may welcome the school as their contributor; in such case, the work might be divided weekly among groups of the older pupils and the work accepted for credits in composition. These contributions from the school should be pasted in the school diary with the name of the correspondent written on them.

CHAPTER XIX

Our Own Arithmetic — How the Dawn Valley School Makes its own Arithmetic Problems



Did you ever know that Arithmetic is all around you? It doesn't belong merely to books. It is in the kitchen and at the table; in the fields and around the stable; we wear it and eat it, fight with it and make it for ourselves! It can be invented.

This chapter tells of some of the home-made Arithmetic that the boys and girls in Dawn Valley School had so much fun — and education too — in making.

Of course we have *book* Arithmetic in the Dawn Valley School. We have to have that even if some of us don't like the hard problems that puzzle us sometimes. And we have *mental* Arithmetic. That's fun! Walter Owens is so quick at it that Miss Shantz can't give a question too fast for him to follow. Sometimes she lets some of us give out the questions. That's fun too. But the

Arithmetic we like best is *our own* Arithmetic. We make our own questions, and when we can't invent them ourselves, we get the folks at home to help us find them.

This is how we carry out the plan. At first Miss Shantz used to tell us every week what topics we were to work in, but after a while she let us choose topics for ourselves. Usually the boys chose one topic, and the girls another. Sometimes Miss Shantz has to show us by examples what she wants us to do. The problems are handed in Friday morning, and after looking them over and commenting on them, Miss Shantz puts them on our bulletin board. During the following week we work them out in different classes as a part of our regular work in Arithmetic. The teacher then puts the questions together in a folder. We always write the questions on the same size of paper, so that the sheets will form a neat Arithmetic booklet for use in future classes.

Here are some of the topics on which problems have been made. We have been more than a year at the work now.

On measuring lengths. — The dimensions of books, slates, envelopes, calendars, desks, maps, window-panes, windows, stoves, pictures, newspapers, the school building, the school grounds, our homes, barns, fields, and the distances from home to school. For these we used foot rules, "spanning," yard sticks, "stepping off," the lengths of strings, a bamboo fish pole one rod long, and a tape measure that Miss Shantz borrowed from Mr. Decker. A few of the boys can get really wonderfully correct measurements by spanning and stepping. And Karl Myers judges remarkably well by his eye. Measuring from the school gate in both directions, we drove in

stakes on the roadside to mark a furlong. We have also set up quarter-mile posts.

On estimating areas. — The surfaces of all the things mentioned above as well as the mats, rugs, and floors and walls of rooms at home. We also had a small roll and a large roll of wall paper to measure. Lucy Larsen brought these from home. "Papering" questions were easy after that.

On calculating contents. — The number of cubic inches, feet, or yards in books, pasteboard boxes, blocks of wood, pieces of plank, chalk boxes, butterprints, barns, stables, wagon boxes, mows, bins, railway cars, piles of wood, etc. For the highest class there were questions also on silos, tanks, and milk cans.

We Learn How to Weigh

On weights. — The weights of our books, our school lunches, of bricks, stones, small boxes of sand and earth, bottles, pieces of iron, pails of water, blocks of wood, measures of grain, a dozen eggs, etc. For weighing things at school we borrowed Mr. Conrad's scales for two weeks. Nearly every one in the school learned to use them. Some of us became quite expert, too, at judging weights of sticks of wood, stones, books, etc.

On money matters. — Cheese factory receipts, saving money, the value of implements, the cost of food, taxes,

insurance, cost of furnishing a kitchen, feeding stock, etc., the cost of making clothes, the value of the school equipment, comparisons of market prices from week to week.

On time. — The rate of walking and running, on our ages, on the difference in the length of days, the proportion of time spent in sleeping, working, eating, etc., guessing times with eyes closed.

Samples of our Problems

On our Ages, by Annie Swartz

If Arthur were three years younger than he is, he would be only three years older than Rob, who is seven. How old is Arthur?

On our Weights, by Mabel Johnson

Constance weighs 69 pounds and I weigh 3 pounds more. Lucy weighs 2 pounds less than half our combined weights. What is Lucy's weight?

On our Heights, by Andrew McLean

The heights of the boys in our class are: Arthur, 4′ 11″; Tom, 4′ 8;″ Fred, 5′ 0″; Karl, 5′ 2″; and myself, 4′ 9″. What is our average height? How much taller are the two taller of us than the two shorter?

Saving Money, by Constance Balfour

If a child saves (or has saved for it) every week the number of cents that it is years old, starting when it reaches its first birthday, what will its savings amount to when it completes its twelfth year?

What would be saved in 10 years at the rate of: (1) 1 cent a day; (2) 10 cents a week; (3) 50 cents a month?

On Walking Home, by Fred Nixon

The front of our school grounds by actual measurement is 8 rods. Timed by the teacher's watch it takes Karl and me on an average just about one half minute to walk past, walking at our usual rate.

As a rule it takes me about 40 minutes' steady walking to come to school. It takes Karl about 45 minutes.

How far are our homes from the school?

By taking a short cut across the fields I can reach the school in 32 minutes. What distance is saved by taking the short cut?

On Wagon Wheels, by Arthur Smith

The front wheels on our wagon are 4 feet in diameter and the hind wheels 5 feet.

How often does each wheel turn in going the $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from our place to Stanley's Mill?

On Cheese Factory Returns, by Stella Blaker

We are sending all the milk from six of our cows to the factory. The weights for last week were: Monday, 475 pounds; Tuesday, 224 pounds; Wednesday, 240 pounds; Thursday, 242 pounds; Friday, 237 pounds; Saturday, 240 pounds.

What is the daily average yield from each cow?

What will be the returns for the week at $1.25 a cwt.?

Allowing $10\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of milk for a pound of cheese, what weight of cheese would be made from the milk?

Feeding Pigs, by Tom Decker

These figures were discovered in last week's *Farmer's Advocate*. With Father's help I worked out the questions.

A Mr. Mullins of Middlesex County reports the following:

"On September 11, 1917, I began to keep account of the feed consumed by one of my breeding sows and her ten new-born offspring. The feed required for the sow up to March 23, and the ten young pigs up to April 4, when they were sold, was:

2,400 lbs. shorts valued at market price at $2.30 per cwt	$55.20
1,020 lbs. shorts at $2.35 per cwt	23.97
400 lbs. feed flour at $3.70 per cwt	14.80
600 lbs. corn feed at $3.50 per cwt	21.00
2,530 lbs. oats at 60 cents per bushel	44.64
986 lbs. barley at $1.25 per bushel	25.67
Grinding 32 bags of chop	2.95

"The pigs weighed 2010 lbs. and were sold at $20.10 per cwt."

How many days old were the pigs when they were sold? What was their average weight? Allowing that they were each 2 lbs. in weight when born, how much did each gain in weight every day on an average?

Allowing that one-tenth of the total amount of the feed was used by the sow up to March 23, what was the total financial gain, not charging for labor or rent?

What was the average cost of the feed to raise each pig? What was the gain on each pig?

How many pounds of feed did it take on the average to raise each pig?

How many pounds of feed did it take on an average to get an increase of one pound in the weight of each pig?

If the prices for the feed had been only one-half what they were and the pigs had sold at $9.00 a hundred-weight, what would have been the gain?

How do these figures compare with the results obtained on your farm?

On the Cost of Living, by Isabel Conrad

These are the amounts and the values of the food used in our home for the past two weeks. The accounts were kept by Mother and myself. The prices are as nearly as we could remember the average prices that people paid at Kirkville before the war. There are six in our family altogether. Of course we bake our own bread.

Bread, Cereals, etc.	
14 loaves of bread @ 10¢	$1.40
12 lb. flour @ 3¢	.36
2 lb. oatmeal @ 5¢	.10
4 lb. cornmeal @ 4¢	.16
1 lb. rice @ 6¢	.06
¼ lb. tapioca @ 8¢	.02
2 lb. beans @ 5¢	.10
Vegetables and Fruits	
½ bu. potatoes @ 60¢	.30
½ bu. apples @ $1.00	.50
4 jars canned fruit @ 30¢	1.20

5 jars tomatoes and corn @ 15¢	.75
Carrots, cabbage, etc.	.15
Meats, etc.	
1 chicken @ 75¢	.75
8 lb. meat @ 18¢	1.44
4 lb. fish @ 12¢	.48
28 qts. milk @ 6¢	1.68
4 doz. eggs @ 25¢	1.00
Fats	
5 lb. butter @ 30¢	1.50
2 lb. lard @ 22¢	.44
Sugar, etc.	
6 lb. sugar @ 8¢	.48
3 lb. sugar @ 5¢	.15
1 lb. honey @ 11¢	.11
1 pt. syrup @ 10¢	.10
spices	.05
2 lb. coffee @ 35¢	.70
1 lb. tea @ 45¢	.45

What was the total value of food supplies for the two weeks?

At this rate, what would be the value for the year?

What was the average cost of each meal for the family, not charging for cooking, etc.?

What was the average cost of a meal for each member of the family?

What proportion of the total expense was the cost of the meat? Of the bread?

Using the prices that are now charged for the same articles, compare the cost of living with 1914.

Cost of Producing Potatoes, by James Hodgson

My brother Joe entered the Junior Farmers' Potato-growing Competition this year and was successful in winning the first prize. I helped him in the work a little. He had to keep account of everything to submit to the County Agent at the close of the season.

These are the figures showing the cost of production on one half acre:

Rent of land	$5.00
Plowing	2.00
Seed, 15 bu. at $2.75 per bu.	41.25
Manure, 8 tons at 50¢	4.00
Manure, 4 tons at 30¢	1.20
Spraying mixture, 35¢	.35
Man's labor, at 15¢ per hour	10.95
Horse labor, at 10¢ per hour	.45
Total cost of production	

Yield of marketable potatoes, $231\frac{2}{3}$ bu.
Value at 90¢ per bu.
Cost of production
Net profit on $\frac{1}{2}$ acre
Net profit on 1 acre

Calculate the net profit on the one half acre.

Calculate the profit, using other figures which you think would represent fairer charges for rent, seed, manure, and labor, and fairer prices for the product.

What allowance should have been made for the unmarketable potatoes? There were about 12 bushels of these.

If the yield had been the average yield of the potato crops in this district, what would the gain have been?

Is 30 bushels to the acre a high rate of seed to use?

Suggestions

1. Measure the length of your step, your foot, the span of your hand, the full stretch of your arms, so that you may use these in your calculations. Train yourself to measure objects by inspection.

2. For Friday afternoon entertainment hold a contest in estimating the dimensions of objects in the school room, such as the maps, walls, doors, windows, blackboards, stove, bookcase, desks, pails, etc. Vary the contest by guessing the weights and height of different pupils.

3. Ask the folks at home to note facts and figures from which you can make problems, e.g. your father could tell you what part of the width of a field he had ploughed in a day, and knowing the width of the furrow and the length of the field, you could determine how far he had walked.

4. Watch the columns of the agricultural papers for reports on the cost of building silos, the feeding of farm animals, etc. Taking the figures given, test the accuracy of the answers printed in the paper. Use the market reports for problems.

5. Get the figures from neighbors, who may not have children coming to school, for the cost of any work that they may have done, e.g. the draining of land or the building of a fence.

6. Mothers will be able to help in making good problems on household matters, e. g. determining the distances walked in preparing a meal, the total weight of water carried in a day, the cost of bread making, the value of kitchen equipment, etc.

CHAPTER XX

Our Farm Bookkeeping — How the Pupils at the Cedar Creek School Kept Farm Accounts

A Farmer has to be an all-round man. There is no other calling that requires so many accomplishments.

First, he has to be a *Laborer* — he cannot escape doing hard manual labor.

Second, he has to be an *Agriculturist* — he must skillfully and intelligently cultivate the soil, produce crops, and raise animals.

Third, he should be a *Scientist* — a knowledge of the Science of Agriculture is fundamental to the Art of Farming.

Fourth, he must be a *Mechanic* — he does his work more and more with the use of machinery. He must use tools every day.

Fifth, he must play his part as a *Citizen* — he has his duties as an important member of a democratic society.

Sixth, he must be a *Business Man* — he is the manager of one of the most complicated businesses in the world. He buys and sells. He borrows and loans. He bargains and trades. He employs labor and he uses capi-

tal. He manufactures and markets. He mortgages and banks. He forms joint stock companies and coöperative associations. His success is dependent on good business management.

No matter how hard he works as a *Laborer*, no matter how skilled he is as an *Agriculturist*, no matter how well informed he is as a *Scientist*, no matter how skillful he is as a *Mechanic*, no matter how worthy and intelligent he is as a *Citizen*, poor judgment in business will result in failure and disappointment.

A good Business Man keeps records of business transactions.

Farmers should keep books.

Our teacher, Miss Van Wyck, has asked me to explain the plan we follow in Cedar Creek School for keeping simple farm accounts. It is not at all a difficult plan. All the boys and girls in Grades 7 and 8 are carrying it out, and even a few in the lower classes write up some of the records. We all enjoy the work, for the folks at home are interested in it, and the teacher gives us credit for it as a part of our work in Arithmetic. I think it is good training too. It helps a person to be careful and businesslike.

When the work commenced no person really thought of keeping accounts systematically. The plan grew out of exercises we had in our Rural Science work. In the lower grades the pupils keep "Nature Diaries" in which they tell all about the weather, birds, flowers, etc., and in the higher classes the records used to be of the work about the farm. One day Miss Van Wyck suggested that we might, if our parents did not object, write in accounts of business transactions too, and a few of us commenced to do this. The people in the district talked about it a good deal and seemed to think so well of the scheme that the trustees asked Miss Van Wyck to make it a regular part of the school work.

The plans for the Fields Account and the Inventory became part of the scheme afterwards. At first they were simply practical exercises that we worked out for our Friday afternoon lessons in Agriculture. But they were seen to be such valuable records of the year's work on the farms that we put them in with our Farm Accounts. A few pupils keep special accounts of the milk produced, and Carl Ritchie keeps account of the eggs laid by their hens. But most of us are too lazy to undertake these.

For this work we keep our exercises in the same way as we keep our compositions and our Rural Science lessons, that is, on loose leaves in a portfolio. The pockets in our portfolio are used for keeping all receipts, due bills, and accounts. For extra safety they are sorted into labelled envelopes that fit neatly into the pockets or are pasted on some of the loose leaves. This system enables a person to keep the accounts for several years together in a very convenient form. My father and mother help me with the accounts, of course. They are as much interested in them as I am. They often jot down items on the slate that hangs in our kitchen for me to write in afterwards. Once or twice a week is often enough for attending to the work.

The making of an inventory is somewhat difficult, as Father and I found out. But it is interesting. It is not very easy to fix a price on farm animals or old machinery, and there are nearly always some things overlooked. Mother had notions about the value of some of the cows that did not agree with ours. She also found it hard to consent to put the price of her dishes and table linen at what they might be expected to fetch at a sale. But

this was the rule Father stood by for everything. The second year's inventory was much easier to make than the first, for we had our old figures to go by. We were all surprised at the total. I don't think Father had any idea that we owned over $15,000 worth of property. Neither Mother nor I had. And he was as much surprised when the 1917 inventory showed an increase of $1857.25.

The Field Account is interesting, and it is very easy to keep. It furnishes a sort of comparative history of the farm operations from year to year. Father has always followed a pretty regular rotation of crops, and he finds that this scheme helps him to plan ahead. It is hard to remember more than a year or two just what particular crop was grown in a certain field if there is no record of it.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS

Receipts	1917		*Expenses*
	Apr. 1	A beautiful spring day. A good attendance at church and Sunday School. Text of Mr. Schnell's sermon — Mark 4: 3 "Behold, there went out a sower to sow."	
		Special contribution to Mission Fund.....	2 00
	Apr. 2	Found first Wake Robin of season in bloom on way to school.	
		Father seeding in Field No. 5 with Abundance Oats 15 bu. @ $1.00	15 00
$9 80		Mother at Marysville sold 20 doz. eggs @ 25¢ ($5.00) and 16 lb. of butter at 30¢ ($4.80).	

Receipts	1917		*Expenses*
		Mother bought me a pair of shoes, $2.50; a tea kettle, $1.25; and window screens, $1.50.....	5 25
	Apr. 3	There was a hard frost in the night. Little Alice Porritt started to school to-day.	
		Father still busy seeding. Finished Field No. 5; used 8 bu. @ $1.00.	8 00
		Mother sent a mail order to Brown's for dress, working apron, etc.	12 00
	Apr. 4	Had a lesson at school to-day on seeding. Discussed the construction of different kinds of grain drills. We estimated there would be about 1000 acres of oats grown in this district this year.	
$121 80	Apr. 5	Father delivered 4 hogs at the station to-day, 880 lb. @ $17.25. They were sold to Mr. Purvis. He brought home half a ton of fertilizer for the corn and potatoes, bought from Harris Co.	15 00
		Had Nell's shoes set by blacksmith	1 00
	Apr. 6	Mr. Smith was spraying his orchard as we passed this morning. The teacher brought some frog eggs to school in a glass jar.	
		Father hauling manure to Field No. 6 with spreader.	
	Apr. 7	Saturday — Raining and cold. Mother set first hens. Helped Father overhaul machinery in shed. Ordered new parts for corn-planter.	
		Sent off money for insurance on barn and contents	14 00

Inventory

Cornlee Farm — March 31, 1917

Land

125 acres @ $75 ..... $9,375.00

Buildings

Barn and Stables...$1200
Hog Stable..... 200
Hen House..... 75
Work Shop..... 75
Dwelling..... 1500
3,050.00

Horses

Queenie, $175; Nell, $200; Pat, $150; Tom, $125; Pete, $160; 2 colts @ $60, $120..... 930.00

Milk Cows

Brownie, $100; Sis, $75 DeKol, $125; Bess, $60; Tom Boy, $100; Sall, $90; June Girl, $100; Polly, $50; 4 calves @ $50, $200..... 900.00

Beef Cattle

4 2-year Steers @ $90.... 360.00
4 Yearlings @ $40..... 160.00

Swine

2 Sows @ $30.....$60
16 Pigs @ $5..... 80
140.00

Sheep

6 Sheep @ $15.....$90
9 Lambs @ $5..... 45
135.00

Poultry

60 Hens @ $1.00.....$60
4 Ducks @ $1.25 5
65.00

Feed

Hay 5 tons @ $10.....$50
Oats, 100 bu. @ 50¢....50
Corn, 200 bu. @ 75¢..150
Bran, Oil Cake, etc.....20 $270.00

Implements

Wagon, $65; Truck Wagon, $45; Light Wagon, $35; Buggy, $80; Sleigh, $25; Cutter, $35; Hay Racks, etc., $20; Wheelbarrows, $8..... $313.00

2 Plows, $30; Harrows, $18; Disc Harrows, $35; Cultivator, $40; Roller, $25; Grain Drill, $65; Corn Planter, $35; Manure Spreader, $75..... $323.00

Implements

Hay Rake. $20; Hay Tedder, $30; Hay Mower, $55; Binder, $125; Corn Harvester, $100..... $330.00

Gasoline Engine, $75; Cream Separator, $50; Fanning Mill, $20; Feed Grinder, $20; Milk Cans, $10..... $175.00

Harness, $125; Chains, $6; Forks, Shovels, etc., $10; Carpenter's Tools, $15; Blacksmith's Tools, $30..... $186.00

Implements Total..... $1,327.00

Household Effects

Furniture	$400
Carpets	100
Piano	250
Kitchen Stove	75
Dishes	35
Linen, Curtains	35
Bedding	75
Clothing	200
	$1,170.00
Stock in Cheese Factory	$25.00
Stock in Co-operative Ass'n	25.00
Cash in Hand	2.50
Cash in Bank	360.00
Owing on Mortgage	1200.00
Owing on Notes	175.00

Summary

Land	$9375.00
Buildings	3050.00
Live Stock	2690.00
Feed	270.00
Implements	1327.00
Household	1170.00
Cash	372.50
Stock	50.00
Total Assets	$19,104.50
Liabilities	1375.00
Present Worth	$17,729.50
1916 Inventory	15,872.25
Increase	$1857.25

Suggestions

1. Make use of the results of the local bookkeeping for homemade problems in arithmetic.

2. At your school fair exhibit samples of farmer's account books kept by pupils. Induce the directors of the Agricultural Society to give prizes for this kind of school work at the fall fair.

3. Invite your local banker to come to the school and explain banking practices, such as opening a savings account, making out a deposit slip, issuing a check, buying a draft, and borrowing money on a note.

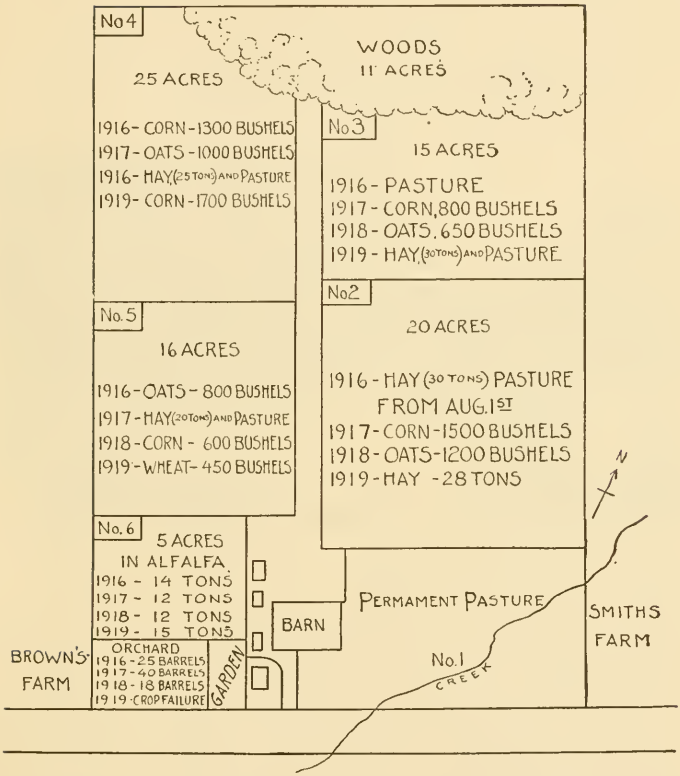
4. Make inquiries to learn how many farmers in your district keep systematic accounts of their business. Invite some of these to come to the school and explain their methods. Perhaps some one can show you how to determine a farmer's labor-income or how to estimate the cost of growing corn, of producing milk, etc.

5. Ask the secretary-treasurer of the local creamery or the manager of the Farmers' Club to show you how he keeps records of the business entrusted to him. Perhaps a nearby storekeeper or miller can give you a good lesson in bookkeeping. Find out how the books are kept for your school, and also for the church.

6. Do any of the pupils in your school keep any account of their personal expenses? This may be done conveniently in a pocket diary which is ruled specially to permit this. When one leaves home to go to school

Field Account

Cornlee Farm — 1916–1919



or to make his own way in the world this is a good habit to practice. It makes for thrift and personal satisfaction. With the little diary regularly written up one has an interesting record to retain for future years.

7. Cut out items from agricultural papers which give the figures of practical farmers for such things as raising a colt or other livestock, the cost of producing any field crops or fruit. Keep these in a portfolio for reference and comparison.

CHAPTER XXI

Our Weeds — How the Stony Plain School Used Them for Nature Study Lessons

Weeds, weeds, weeds everywhere!

What a nuisance they are to the Farmer!

How determined he must be to fight them!

And how necessary it is that he should know these enemies well!

Do you suppose any good thing can be said of weeds? Perhaps? They are interesting, anyway.

Of all plants that grow, they are the ones that make the most success of their lives in the face of opposition.

That's something to their credit, even if it does not win a welcome for them.

I did not need to go to school to learn about weeds. I knew a lot about them before I started to school. Mother

tells me that I began to "help" her weed in our garden when I was about three years old. Perhaps I did pull up a few carrots and some of her asters! Somebody has to pay for a boy's education! Also I could tell what o'clock it was with a dandelion time-o'-day if somebody would count for me while I puffed and puffed. And I remember having thistles picked out of my sore feet after helping to bring the cows from the pasture — and perhaps I cried a bit because it hurt so. And burrs! It was always a question whether Collie or I could gather the most burrs about the farm. It was easier to get them off my clothes, though, than it was to tug them from the dog's matted hair. I didn't need a school teacher to introduce me to "cheeses" either. The knowledge of those mallow cart wheels was early handed down in the family.

For a long time after I did start to school I continued my practical acquaintance, and not altogether to my liking. Part of my work was to look after our garden. There always seemed to be weeds to destroy. Hoeing and pulling, hoeing and pulling! Day and night they grew. They were bold. They tried to choke the growth of everything we planted. I'm afraid Mother had a hard time keeping me at my job. I didn't like it at any time, and I hated it sometimes. To have to stay at home and weed onions when one's chums are playing ball is nothing less than a slave's life. Weeding onions is hard enough at any time without that.

If Mother had not been so fond of her garden and anxious to have everything looking well-kept, I think I would have run away sometime and never come back. But a fellow wouldn't run away very far or stay away

very long from a mother like mine. So I stuck to it and weeded and weeded and weeded. When Mother praised me after I had done a good job, it took a lot of the soreness away. When there was a special treat of my favorite pancakes, I forgot my grievances entirely. And when Mother would take some of our neighbors into the garden to show them how well everything was looking and gather some of our early lettuce or green beans for

I Weeded the Garden Faithfully

them, I was proud. I didn't like weeding any more for these reasons, but I hated it less.

I didn't know that weeds had anything to do with school or that learning had anything to do with weeds until last year. When school opened in September, we had Miss Allin for our teacher. One day she asked us to write down the names of all the weeds we knew. I found that although I knew many plants to be weeds I could name only about eight. And I knew more than

Roadside Weeds

Cover Design for a Booklet on Weeds

The Booklet on Weeds

Every pupil should make a booklet for each of the important subjects taken up for study. The booklet should be composed of such drawings and language work as is done in connection with the study as well as mounted leaves or other specimens that are readily included in it.

The ordinary plain paper used for drawings serves very well. A good size is six by nine inches. Three holes should be punched near one end for binding with raffia in a cover of thicker paper.

It is very easy to get material for the booklet on weeds. Characteristic leaves, branches, and flowers may be pressed and mounted. Young seedlings also may be preserved.

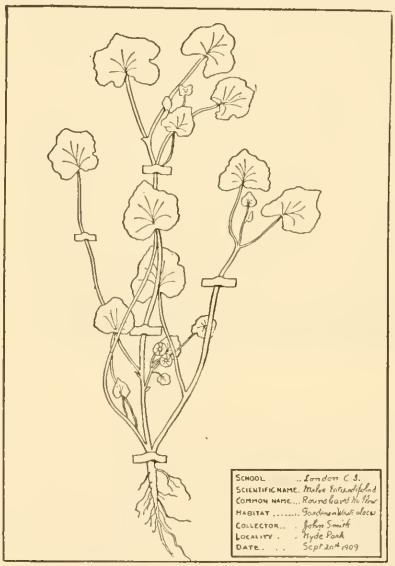
most of the boys and girls. Hugh Speers and Elsie Graham knew only five. This little test made every one of us — I knew it did me — feel that we were ignorant about one of the commonest things in the world.

The next day Miss Allin suggested that we go out on a weed-discovering expedition. She thought the school yard should be the first territory to be explored. We were to take twenty-five minutes to search for weeds. Each one of the older pupils was to take one of the little pupils as a helper. The couples were to spread out and not to help one another. A list was to be made by each group of all the weeds that were known, and if any unknown weeds were found, samples of these were to be brought back when she rang the bell. Little Harry Scott worked with me. We soon realized that our school yard was an old curiosity shop for weeds. I didn't know the names of one half of those we found. Harry knew the names of hardly any, but he could spy out new ones more quickly than I could. We had a busy time. The bell rang before we had finished our search along the fence at the back.

When we gathered in the school and announced our figures, we found that some were evidently better explorers than others. Alice Short and Janet Colville had found eight that they thought they knew and seventeen unknown weeds. Harry and I reported nine known and fifteen unknown. Chester Matthews and Tommy Chase had found only six that they knew and eight that were unknown. Miss Allin put down on the blackboard the figures given by each of the twelve couples. There was an average of about six and one half weeds known

— at least we thought we knew them — and twelve unknown for the whole class.

The next thing was to hold them up and name those that we knew. In this there were a number of mistakes made. Jamie Orr thought catnip was peppermint. Chester Matthews called a dock, a burdock. Alice Short did not know that black medick was not a clover. We also found that there was need of distinguishing names for different plants called thistles. And there were two kinds of chickweed. After we had gone over all the weeds brought in, we could count only eight of which Miss Allin said we had the right names. These were dandelion, Canada thistle, wild mustard, burdock, milkweed, ox-eye daisy, catnip, and black medick. There were twenty other weeds the names of which we did not know. Who would have thought that there were twenty-eight different kinds of weeds in one school yard?


SCHOOL .. London C. S.
SCIENTIFIC NAME. Malva rotundifolia
COMMON NAME... Round leaved Mallow
HABITAT ..... Standing about sheds
COLLECTOR... John Smith
LOCALITY .. Hyde Park
DATE.. ... Sept 2nd 1909

Specimen Plant Mount

For next day's lesson Miss Allin asked us to try to find out at home what the names of some of the unknown weeds were. None of us was very successful in this. I gathered about a dozen of the same kinds of weed in

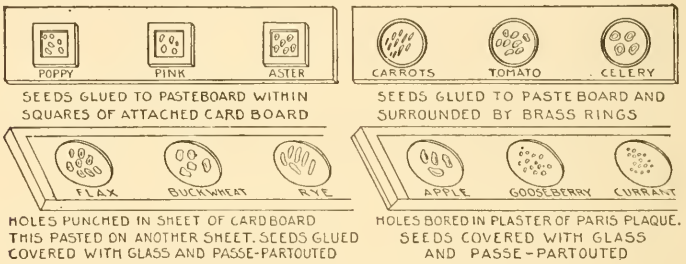
our lane when I went home and after supper asked Father and Mother about them. They did not know any names for most of them, and "didn't like to say" what the others were. When we reported to Miss Allin our failures, she told us she was going to let us try to find out for ourselves by looking them up in Farmers' Bulletin No. 28. She handed over her copy of the Bulletin and said she would give us until the next afternoon to work at it. We had a busy time at recess and noon hour that day and the next. Many a weed was pulled, too, to compare with the pictures in the book.

This time we knew the names better. There were a few that we were not very sure of, and there were a few we couldn't find in the bulletin. But we had correct names for twenty.

Miss Allin was quite pleased with our results and gave us the names of the unknown ones. There were two that we had to send to the Agricultural College to be named for us. We made a list of them all on the blackboard and afterwards wrote this out on a large sheet of paper to hang as a record of our discoveries for future weed students to wonder at. For Miss Allin said that now that we knew what a weed bed our school yard was, it would be a disgrace if we allowed the weeds to remain. This is another story. I haven't time to tell you how we got rid of most of them and got grass to grow in their stead.

From our school grounds our weed studies were extended to the gardens, the fields, and the roadsides. Before the snow came, we had learned to recognize about sixty weeds. We made studies of the seeds of some of them, too, and collected samples to glue on cards

or put in little glass bottles. Miss Allin showed us also how to press the weeds and mount them on paper. I mounted only six last fall but I now have over thirty. I keep them in a portfolio. It is an interesting collection to me, for nearly every plant represents a new discovery. I have also learned a great deal about the plants while I have been working with them. Both Father and Mother are interested in my collection. They know the weeds now about as well as I do. Some-



Suggestions for Seed Collecting and Mounting

times they find a new plant that none of us knows. If we cannot find it in our Bulletin and Miss Allin does not know what it is, we send it off to the Botanical Department of the Agricultural College to be named. The professor there is always pleased to help us.

At school we have had some interesting weed examinations. Miss Allin would hold up specimens for a moment and then we would write down their names. Or we would go outside and as we went about, write down the names of the plants that Miss Allin would point out for us. It is pretty hard for her to catch us now with anything that we cannot recognize. We have had some good naming and spelling contests on Friday

afternoons also. As a rule the boys can beat the girls at naming, but the girls beat the boys in spelling.

In the winter we had a few lessons with samples of clover seed. My father got them from the seed dealers in Lynden, and I brought them to school. We found

A Few Clovers and Many Weeds are Represented Here

a, alsike clover; *b*, white clover; *c*, red clover; *d*, yellow trefoil; *e*, Canada thistle; *f*, dock; *g*, sorrel; *h*, buckthorn; *i*, rat-tail plantain; *k*, lamb's quarters; *l*, shepherd's purse; *m*, mayweed; *n*, scentless camomile; *o*, white campion; *p*, night-flowering catch-fly; *q*, ox-eye daisy; *r*, small-fruited false flax; *s*, cinquefoil; *t*, two kinds of peppergrass; *u*, catnip; *v*, timothy; *x*, chickweed; *y*, Canada bluegrass; *z*, clover dodder; *1*, mouse-ear chickweed; *2*, knot-grass; *3*, tumbling amaranth; *4*, rough amaranth; *5*, heal-all; *6*, lady's thumb.

that one of the samples had eight different kinds of weed seeds in it. Another had six, another had four, and the best of the samples had three. None of the samples was fit to sow on our farm. There would be thousands of weed seeds in a bushel. We didn't know the names of all the weed seeds, but found them by for-

warding samples to the Agricultural College. The most abundant of the impurities were dodder, ox-eye daisy, common ragweed, buckhorn, wild carrot, black medick, worm seed mustard, and pigweed. Father decided to send away and get guaranteed seed. He had to pay a high price for it, but he considers it cheaper to do that than to fight bad weeds.

I do not suppose there is any place or any farm in the world that has not its share of weeds. The Stony Plain School district has its full share. I know that. We have to keep fighting them. That seems to be part of a farmer's job. But knowing them when one sees them and understanding their habits give one a great advantage in the fight. I feel that my weed studies at school will help me now to keep this enemy under control, and it makes work more interesting, too, when one is thinking about the things he is working with.

Suggestions

1. If the school carries on correspondence with a school in another part of the country or in another country, it will be interesting to exchange specimens of weeds as well as wild flowers.

2. Send to Washington and your State Agricultural College for Weed Bulletins. Articles from the agricultural papers might be cut out and pasted on the back of the weed mounts or on other sheets of paper that will fit the portfolio.

3. For a reference collection for school use, selections of the best mounts made by individual pupils should be donated. Likewise the school collection of weed seeds should be a souvenir of the work of different pupils. The recollections should be kept in a cupboard or a drawer where they will be safe.

4. For your school fair, an interesting event is a weed-naming contest. Sometimes this is combined with the naming of varieties of apples, species of grasses, trees from specimen leaves, kinds of grain, etc. When grown-ups can be prevailed upon to join the contest, there is usually more fun for the boys and girls.

5. If several pupils in a school are mounting specimens of weeds for collections, it is advisable to buy a supply of suitable paper sufficient for all cut to a uniform size. The standard plant-mount paper is a white ledger paper, 11½ inches wide and 16½ inches long. For ordinary collections, however, a strong, heavy manila paper will suit better, and a sheet the same dimensions as letter note paper is more suitable for keeping in a handy portfolio.

CHAPTER XXII

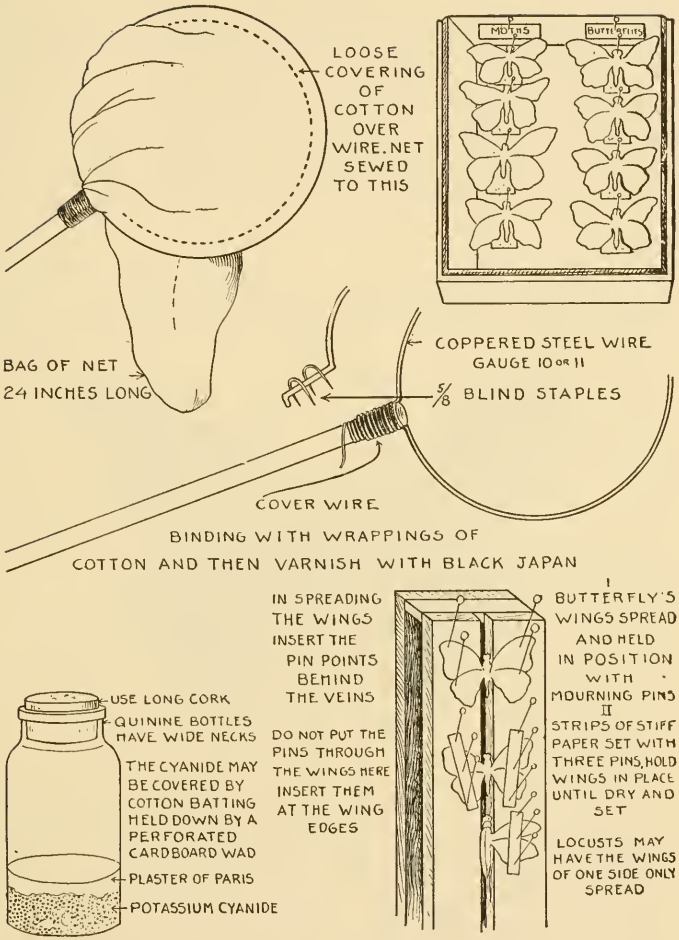
Our Insect Studies — The Elmvale School Learns of the Farmer's Friends and Enemies

Some of the farmer's worst enemies and some of his best friends are insects. He should know his enemies and their ways so that he may not be harmed. It is important, too, that he should appreciate his friends. This knowledge on the one hand leads to safety and on the other hand to intelligent friendship.

Scientists estimate that there are more than a million different species of insects in the world. What a great field for Nature Study! Fortunately, all of these are not found in America. We have enough now, at any rate, of the enemy sort — bugs and beetles, mosquitos and flies, moths and plant lice.

This is the story of a few insect studies in the Elmvale School.

School work had not proceeded very far last September before our new teacher had us interested in studying insects. Miss Robinson was interested herself. I suppose that is the reason. She had attended the Teachers'


LOOSE COVERING OF COTTON OVER WIRE. NET SEWED TO THIS
MOTHS
BUTTERFLIES
BAG OF NET 24 INCHES LONG
COPPERED STEEL WIRE GAUGE 10 OR 11
5/8 BLIND STAPLES
COVER WIRE
BINDING WITH WRAPPINGS OF COTTON AND THEN VARNISH WITH BLACK JAPAN
IN SPREADING THE WINGS INSERT THE PIN POINTS BEHIND THE VEINS
DO NOT PUT THE PINS THROUGH THE WINGS HERE INSERT THEM AT THE WING EDGES
BUTTERFLY'S WINGS SPREAD AND HELD IN POSITION WITH MOURNING PINS
STRIPS OF STIFF PAPER SET WITH THREE PINS, HOLD WINGS IN PLACE UNTIL DRY AND SET
LOCUSTS MAY HAVE THE WINGS OF ONE SIDE ONLY SPREAD
USE LONG CORK
QUININE BOTTLES HAVE WIDE NECKS
THE CYANIDE MAY BE COVERED BY COTTON BATTING HELD DOWN BY A PERFORATED CARDBOARD WAD
PLASTER OF PARIS
POTASSIUM CYANIDE

Insect Net, Cyanide Bottle, Butterfly Stretching Board, and Collection of Insects

Summer School at the Agricultural College in July and made a beginning in the study. She had learned just enough about the subject, she said, to want to learn more. And she asked us to help her. As this meant to some extent the use of her insect net and killing bottle, there was no lack of offers of assistance especially from the boys. The subject was not merely a study — it was a sport!

Miss Robinson had begun to make a small collection at the Summer School, and she wanted to add to it. She showed us how the net was used and explained how the deadly cyanide fumes were produced in the killing bottle. It was not very long before Rudolph Swartz had made a net for himself. He was a keen "bug-hunter," as we called him. He had a killing bottle also made at the drug store in Clarenceville under the teacher's directions and started a small collection for himself. Miss Robinson encouraged him to do so and introduced him to her *Insect Book* to read about the common specimens he would find. The book soon became quite popular in the school, as something was being reported nearly every day that some one would want to read about.

Our first lessons were on the Monarch Butterfly. Of course we didn't know that was the name of the insect until the teacher told us. These butterflies are common enough, and some of us had often chased them, but we did not know their name. That's one of the interesting things about Nature Study. One learns the names of a great many common plants and animals.

One day Miss Robinson asked us to take a good look at milkweeds for green worms, and if we found any, to bring them to school with some leaves. The next morn-

ing there were no less than twelve worms brought in. Rudolph Swartz had five of them to his credit. He has sharp eyes. Miss Robinson put two of them in a lantern chimney that she borrowed from Mrs. Rodgers, at whose place she boards. She tied cheese cloth over the top and in a little bottle of water set bits of the milkweed for the worms to feed on. The other worms were distributed among us to take home.

We watched them eating and growing for a few days, and then one morning when we came to school we found

Monarch Butterfly

the most beautiful chrysalis, as the teacher called it, hanging from the top of the chimney. The next morning the other had changed, too, and some of the pupils reported the same about their specimens at home. I don't think I ever saw anything that had such a beautiful green color, and there were bright gold spots on it. We kept watching from day to day and were disappointed to notice the beautiful color disappearing. Each chrysalis seemed to be shrinking too. But in about twelve days we saw

the birth of the butterfly. It was wonderful to think that the beautiful Monarch could come from the green worm that lived on the common milkweed. There was great surprise in the homes as well as in the school. Mrs. Swartz often speaks of it even yet.

Miss Robinson killed one of the butterflies in her cyanide bottle, as she wanted it for her collection. Some of the girls thought it was cruel, but Miss Robinson explained the value of having specimens to study closely. She showed us the curled tongue and the scales that covered the wings. Afterwards she showed us how to spread the specimen on a stretching board. We made a drawing of it too. She cautioned us to be careful not to kill beneficial insects or beautiful, harmless ones like the Monarch needlessly. But, she said, we need never hesitate about killing harmful kinds like potato bugs or mosquitos. None of us needed to be told that.

The Needed Screen Door

Our next lessons were on what is perhaps the commonest and the most harmful insect in the world — the house fly. The weather was still warm, and there were lots of specimens to be seen. Miss Robinson asked us to notice carefully different things about them. One day we discussed what they fed on and how they fed.

Another day we reported on their color, shape, and size, the number of legs and wings, whether they were smooth or hairy, etc. Miss Robinson let us have her magnifying glass to see the eyes and feelers. It is surprising what can be seen with a magnifying glass. It was so interesting that we borrowed the glass at noon and recess to look at all sorts of things.

Our lessons on the fly showed us how necessary it is to prevent it from breeding and getting into houses to scatter germs. I think there will be more screen doors and windows used next year in our district than there are now. Some people are very careless. They do not seem to be a bit bothered with thousands of flies swarming over everything — even on their tables. Calling it the Typhoid Fly, as we are doing, should turn people into "fly-swatters."

We have learned a good deal about bees too. Most of us did not know much more about them than that they stung. A few of us knew a little more about bumble bees, for we had robbed their nests. We are not so proud about our knowledge though, or the way in which we acquired it, now that we know how useful bumble bees are. Miss Robinson asked us first to find out what we could about them just from watching them work among flowers. There were lots of goldenrod and Wild Asters along the roadside, so we had good chances to see them every day.

There were honey bees, belonging to Mr. Howes, as well as bumble bees. After discussing what we observed for one Nature Study lesson, we had a closer look at a few specimens which Rudolph captured. Miss Robinson's magnifying glass came into good use again, though

we could see a good deal without it. I think the thing most wonderful to me was to see the hairs that grow in their eyes. I did not know that bees had little jaws or that they had two pairs of wings. It was interesting to have a chance of making a close acquaintance with the sting without any unpleasantness. Perhaps the thing that interested the class most was the tongue with its protecting shields.

Head and Eyes of a Honey Bee

We followed up our school studies by a visit to Mr. Howes' place on a Friday afternoon. He is the only person in the neighborhood who keeps bees. His farm is about a mile from the school. He was very proud to be asked by Miss Robinson to let her bring up her senior classes. There were eight of us altogether who went.

Mr. Howes is an old man about sixty. He has no children coming to school, but he seemed to be very glad to have us visit him. He is a great admirer of bees and thinks they are the most wonderful creatures. He showed us everything about a hive. We stood back quite a respectable distance at first, but gradually went up closer as we became bolder. Mr. Howes puffed plenty of smoke amongst the bees from his bee-smoker,

so we were quite safe. He found the queen for us and showed us drones. We were shown broods of different ages and had everything explained to us. We asked a great many questions.

Miss Robinson was very much interested. She says she thinks that some day she will keep bees herself. I believe some of the rest of us may, when we get older, for we are certainly interested in them. It was not hard to write our compositions next week. The subject was "A Visit to an Apiary." We are inserting the compositions in our Rural Science Note Books.

Our last "insect-stunt," as Bert Stivers names it, has been a hunt. There has been a great deal of excitement over it. One day Miss Robinson showed us some odd-shaped masses that she found on the twigs of wild cherry growing alongside the fence in front of Kaster's farm. She explained to us what they were and urged us to gather all we could find and destroy them. None of us had any idea that they were the eggs that produced the ugly worms that made so many apple trees in the neighborhood unsightly and did so much damage. When I told Father about it that evening, he said he would give a dollar for prizes to be divided among those who collected the greatest number. The next morning I explained the plan to Miss Robinson, and she said she would add another dollar. When the people of the district heard of the contest, as they soon did, more money was offered, until the prize fund amounted to six dollars.

To make the division fair to every one who collected, the teacher decided to take one dollar and divide it into 40, 30, 20 and 10-cent special prizes for the four highest scores. Then the remaining five dollars was to be divided

among all the pupils, including the highest four, in proportion to the number of clusters gathered by each. Rules were made, and every one promised to play fair. There was not the least sign of any bad feeling throughout the two months of the competition; we were all made better friends, for we felt we were working together for the good of our neighborhood.

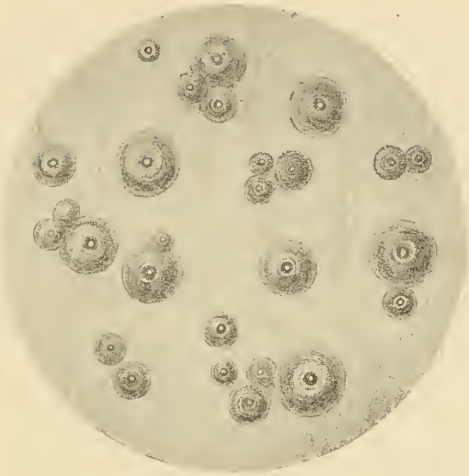
It was a great success. There won't be many apple tree tent caterpillars in this neighborhood next spring I am thinking. Every Monday the weekly collections were brought in, counted, scored, and added to our pile. Miss Robinson kept the scores, and it was not known until the very last day how each stood. One of the rules was that we would not tell one another our scores. Of course, we could tell fairly well from the size of the weekly "catch," but we did not know exactly. The last day there was great excitement when the totals were announced. It is hard to believe, but we had gathered 31,640 clusters.

Then there was great interest in calculating the share of the prize money. Everybody got a prize — no one was disappointed. As most of us expected, Rudolph came first. He had gathered 2264 clusters. With the special prize of 40 cents and, $\frac{2264}{31640}$ of $5.00, his prize amounted to 75 cents. Little Catherine Stivers got 11 cents. She was as proud as Rudolph. This seems to me a very fair way to divide prize money.

Suggestions

1. Procure a copy of Comstock's *Insect Life* for your school library and send to the Department of Agriculture for bulletins. Add other insect books from time to time as the interest in reading about insect life grows.

Much Magnified



LARVA

SAN JOSE SCALE

INFESTED PEAR TWIG
Magnified

Face p. 178

In Grasshopper Time

Sanderson's *Insects of Field, Farm, and Garden* and Weed's *Farm Friends and Farm Foes* are good books to have in a school.

2. If specially interested in butterflies—and a great many people are—procure a copy of the small *Butterfly Guide Book* by Reed. It is a companion book to his *Bird Guide* and has colored pictures of our common butterflies.

3. Arrange for a visit to a local apiary for a practical lesson on bee-keeping. Find out if your district is considered to have enough bees to fertilize the orchards and collect the honey available in buckwheat, clover, basswood, and wild flowers. If not crowding the territory too much, make a start in bee-keeping.

4. Paste in your Rural Science Note Book interesting newspaper clippings that deal with insects. Insert also drawings of insects made at school and compositions that may be written on such subjects as the House Fly, the Mosquito, the Cabbage Butterfly, after making a study of these insects.

5. Though mites are not, strictly speaking, insects (they have four pairs of legs and belong to the same class of animals as spiders), make a special study of these poultry pests and learn the best methods of controlling them. It is a shame to allow poultry to be infested with them.

6. Organize a fly-swatting campaign in your neighborhood, or what is better, a screen-door and window campaign. Simple homemade window screens can be made cheaply by the boys. Wire can be bought by the roll for this purpose.

7. If the school has a good cabinet in which to keep it, a collection of common insects might very well be made by the pupils. But a collection that cannot be well kept and which will likely be neglected and destroyed, should not be made.

8. In making individual collections, pupils should pay special attention to harmful insects and if possible have the life histories represented.

CHAPTER XXIII

Our Health — The Plans of the Booneville School for Making Boys and Girls Well and Strong

What would you think of a person who carelessly allowed a valuable farm that he had received from his parents to slip through his fingers?

Many who have lost their health would give more than a farm to regain it.

Good health is one of the priceless treasures of life.

If you have it, guard it well, for your usefulness and your happiness depend upon it.

Poor health is frequently due to ignorance. Sometimes it is traceable to poverty. You must learn to fight against those evils.

Accidents may be the cause of impaired health and strength, or may even result in death. Learn to avoid them or to deal with them properly if they should occur.

The country needs healthy boys and girls.

For your country's sake and for your own sake, Be Strong.

Keep Well!

I think it must be because she herself is not very strong that our teacher, Miss Jepson, has taken so much interest in our lessons in hygiene. She knows the value of good health, or rather, she knows the disadvantages of poor health. She has never missed any day's teaching since she commenced her work in our school last fall, but she must often have felt like staying at home. You see, she is very plucky. She also takes the best possible care of herself and so keeps at work steadily. Often she says to some of the older girls, when she chats with us, "Take care of your health, girls. Good health is a priceless possession."

Our neighborhood is not considered unhealthy. We have a fair share of people who live to be past their three score and ten. Old Mr. Shoultz, Menno's grandfather, is eighty-two, and as active and bright as most men at sixty. The doctor never made much from him. Old Mrs. Lynch is the most famous of our sickly people. She has had almost every sickness imaginable, and can talk about them by the day — if any one will listen. But few care for this kind of health talk. There is a good deal of rheumatism among the older people. One family has suffered several losses from consumption in the past ten years.

Miss Jepson not only looks after her own health, but she guards ours while we are at school. For accidents she keeps what she calls an "emergency kit" in her desk. She has shown this to us and explained its uses. It contains a small bottle of disinfectant, a roll of bandaging, some absorbent cotton, and carron oil. The kit has frequently come into use. One day last winter Lloyd Harris burned his hand pretty badly on the stove.

The carron oil was applied, and the pain was soothed very quickly. Only a few weeks ago little Harry Scott cut his foot on a piece of glass in front of the school. We had a fine lesson on disinfecting and bandaging while watching Miss Jepson attend to poor Harry. Some of us helped her, of course. It was hard on Harry to have the wound cleaned of every trace of dirt, but he stood the ordeal bravely. We have learned how to treat nose bleeding too. That occurs pretty often.

Her care extends beyond accidents. If any one cannot see easily what is on the blackboard, she makes him go up close to read it. Edwin Stark seemed to be short-sighted, and had to do this before he got his glasses. She also believes in having fresh air. At recess she gives the school a good airing, and she has arranged boards under two of the windows so that fresh air can flow in. When any pupils reach the school with wet feet and wet clothes, she sends them home, for she says that one day's schooling lost in this way is better than a week lost from a bad cold and the possibility of having more than a cold. She is more like a mother to us than a teacher. When she notices signs of sickness coming on any one, such as a flushed face or a headache, she generally sends him home with a note to his mother, or goes home with him after school is dismissed. It is no wonder every one likes Miss Jepson.

I think every one enjoys the lessons on Health. The information we gather from them is as valuable as the knowledge we gain in studying Geography or History. Miss Jepson often lets us suggest the topic ourselves, and we generally choose something that is commonly talked of at the time. When the outbreak of infantile

paralysis occurred in some of our larger cities, we discussed that disease for a lesson. When Will Moore came home from Camden feeling unwell and developed typhoid fever, we had a talk on the cause and treatment of that disease. When our soldiers were getting ready to go overseas to fight in France, we read articles that told how their health was guarded and how they were treated when sick or wounded. This made two very interesting lessons. A number of pictures were shown of first aid, hospitals, ambulances, and nurses.

In preparing our lessons we use two Health Readers and a book on Home Nursing that are in our school library. They are very good for simple matters. We get as much or more information also from papers and magazines, or by asking questions at home.

To direct our studies Miss Jepson has put a list of Health Topics on our bulletin board. There seems to be no end to the things that concern one's health. These are the topics: —

School Sanitation	Children's Diseases
Ventilation	Measles
Heating	Whooping Cough
Lighting	Scarlet Fever
Seating	Chicken Pox
Cleaning	Diphtheria
Disinfecting	Infantile Paralysis
Home Sanitation	**Health Rules Governing**
Location of Home	Eating
Ventilation and Heating	Drinking
Water Supply	Sleeping
Value of Sunlight	Resting
Disposal of Refuse	Working
Protection against Flies	Playing
Protection against Mosquitoes	Travelling

Reading
Breathing

HOME NURSING

Diets
Cooking for Patients
Care of Sick Room
Poultices
Care of Babies
Care of Old People
Bandaging
Treatment of Burns
Treatment for Tuberculosis
Treatment of Colds

MEDICINES

Disinfectants
Salves and Ointments
Common Medicinal Herbs
A Home Medicine Chest
Patent Medicines
Care with Poisons

COMMUNITY SANITATION

Duties of District Health Officers
Duties and Powers of Board of Health
Laws relating to Outbreaks of Disease
Protecting Water Supplies
Work of Public Health Nurse

SCOURGES

Tuberculosis
Cholera
Bubonic Plague
Yellow Fever
Smallpox
Spanish Influenza

PERSONAL HYGIENE

Care of Teeth
Care of Eyes
Care of Ears
Care of Hands
Care of Finger Nails
Cleanliness of Body
Cleanliness of Clothing

ACCIDENTS

Nose-bleeding
Cuts
Stings
Sprained Ankle
Choking
Fainting
Poisoning
Rusty Nails
Apparent Drowning
How to handle Firearms
Clothes on Fire
Specks in Eye

WONDERS OF MODERN MEDICINE

Anaesthetics
Surgery
X-Rays
Radium
Inoculations
Skin Grafting
Bone Grafting

HABITS

Use of Tobacco
Use of Alcohol
Use of Coffee
Use of Tea
Use of Drugs

We had a good deal of fun the day we discussed patent medicines. If some of the proprietors could have heard

the praises that were given their wares, they very likely would have paid a good price for them as advertisements. On the other hand, there were things said about other kinds that were not very complimentary. Including salves, lotions, and cough syrups, we made a list of thirty-five different sorts that were used more or less in the neighborhood. Miss Jepson did not take much part in the discussion. She expressed the opinion, though, that there was a great deal of money wasted in buying such medicines.

Our Health Debates, as we called them, have been interesting. Our first one was on the subject: *Resolved, that health is more to be desired than wealth.* Marion Maitland was the leader of the affirmative side and Jack Christie the leader of the negative. Marion's side won.

Our second debate was on the subject: *Resolved, that life in the country is safer and healthier than life in the city.* It seems strange, but the negative side had a few more arguments in favor of the city than the affirmative had for the country. We are busy now collecting all the proverbs that are known in the neighborhood concerning health. My mother told me a funny one a few days ago that she often heard her mother use about any child who was delicate, "He'll never scratch an old head."

Tuesday we had our lesson on the treatment of the apparently drowned. There was a good deal of merriment at first. Miss Jepson wanted to show us in a practical way how a drowned person should be handled, and called for a volunteer. The boys were shy, but at last Menno Shoultz consented to lie down and be "operated" upon. It was really funny to see him grinning

and winking while supposedly he was having the water jerked out of his lungs and the air pumped in. But though it was funny, I do not think we shall forget the lesson. Miss Jepson thinks every person should learn to swim.

There was a good deal of excitement in the school in the spring over our health inspection. It was arranged for by the Women's Institute of the county. At one of their meetings during the winter a district health officer had given an address on the care of school children's health. He explained how school authorities were dealing with the matter in many places, and how our county might make a beginning. He suggested that a few schools join together and have a test inspection in the spring.

First Aid for the Drowning—Getting Water out of the Lungs

Mrs. Stevens, Jessie's mother, was at the meeting. As Jessie has had a good deal of trouble with her teeth, and, besides, does not see very well, she was naturally interested and promised to bring the subject before our Mothers' Club. She was appointed one of the committee to arrange for carrying out the scheme.

The Mothers' Club was strongly in sympathy with the project. The discussion showed that there was much need of doing something. Many of the young people in the district had paid dearly for neglecting the care of their teeth. There were also four deaf people

and several who had to wear glasses. Many of the older people were sufferers from bad teeth and poor health generally. Every one seemed to realize that this was a good chance to save the children in the school trouble and expense in the future. The Club voted $5.00 for our school's share in the expenses. The trustees were willing to have the inspection take place. Mr. Scott and one or two others offered to share in the expenses themselves.

Five other schools agreed to the scheme. The county committee arranged with Dr. Bancroft of Denfield to make the inspection. Miss Harvey, an experienced school nurse, was secured from Amherst to help Dr. Bancroft. For our school the inspection was announced for Monday morning, May 17.

The pupils looked forward to the inspection with different feelings. Some of the little folks were a bit frightened. We all were curious. A few of our mothers came, and Mr. Scott represented the trustees. Dr. Bancroft was very nice; so was Miss Harvey. We were examined one by one. There was nothing very dreadful about it. The doctor was quite jocular with us, and Miss Harvey helped to make us feel at ease.

They examined our teeth and throats first. Then they tested our eyes and hearing. What they noted, they put down on a printed paper. Our school gave a pretty good account of itself. While there were a great many defects found, there were not so many as in some of the other schools. The report on the six schools was printed; this is it:

	Children examined	*With defects*	
Booneville School	22	15	
Parkhill School	27	20	
Craighurst School	18	15	
Strathdale School	36	29	
Bradfield School	36	30	
Hampstead School	20	16	
Total	159	125	Percentage 78.6

There were no serious defects found. At least, they were not so serious that they could not be remedied. Edwin Stark's eyes, as we all knew, were not right. The doctor said he should get glasses right away, and he now wears them. Jessie Stevens, too, needed glasses. One of little Harry Scott's ears had something wrong with it. The doctor explained it to Mr. Scott, who took Harry to town the next day to see the doctor. Ten of us had bad teeth that needed attention. Marion Maitland and Mabel Christie had adenoids. Bert Christie had enlarged tonsils.

Our Health Inspection has accomplished a great deal of good. Nearly all of us have been taken to doctors or dentists and had our defects attended to. We shall have better teeth, better sight, and better hearing than we should have had if there had been no inspection. It has made people more interested in our school, too. This helps Miss Jepson in her work.

Suggestions

1. Invite your local health officer or the public health nurse to give you a talk at your school. If a former pupil of your school who has trained as a nurse should be visiting at her old home, ask her also to address you.

2. Calculate the losses to the effective service of your school which result from sickness. Compare the number of days of absence with the total days of attendance. Find the percentage of loss.

3. Some women's organizations arrange to bring country pupils who have to have simple operations for tonsils or adenoids to a central village or town on a certain day, and to have a special doctor and nurse operate on them.

4. Purchase an emergency kit for your school, and learn to make use of it. For your home arrange for a convenient shelf or cabinet to keep similar appliances. Take special care to protect against the wrong use of poisons.

5. Help to make things sanitary about your school. Do not leave anything about that will attract flies. Arrange for a covered garbage can. Keep the outbuildings clean and disinfected. Protect the drinking supply. Have you individual drinking cups? Have you a wash basin and sanitary paper towels?

6. Make yourselves acquainted with the laws that govern attendance at school in case of an outbreak of an infectious disease in your home. What are the duties and the powers of the district medical health officer? As a good citizen who has regard for the well-being of his neighbors, be loyal to the health laws of your state.

7. If there is a children's hospital in your state, take a practical interest in it. Some schools take up a collection once a year or give part of the proceeds of a school concert, to such an institution. Some send gifts of flowers, picture books, playthings, or dolls' dresses to the little patients. If there is a pupil from your school away at a hospital, do not forget him; write to him and send him treats.

8. Teachers and pupils may have an interesting lesson in testing eyesight by means of simple charts. Who has the best sight in the school? Hearing tests carried out with the pupils blindfolded and a watch held at different distances from each ear are also of value. Who has the acutest hearing? Who has the soundest teeth?

CHAPTER XXIV

Our School Savings Bank — Page Crossing School Becomes a Partner with Uncle Sam in Money Saving

THRIFT CARD

Take good care of your *Thrift Card*. If your *Thrift Card* is lost the money paid for stamps can not be recovered.

Thrift Stamps are on sale at post offices, banks, trust companies, and other authorized agencies.

Affix only 25-cent U.S. Government *Thrift Stamps* in spaces below. Do not use Postage Stamps

	5 The first principle of money-making is money saving.	9 Many a little makes a mickle.	13 Save and have.
2 Your second stamp here.	6 Don't put off till to-morrow.	10 Saving creates Independence.	14 Great oaks from little acorns grow.

Your country invites you to save money, makes it easy for you to do so, and allows you *interest* as long as it has the use of your savings. Either the Post Office Department or the Treasury Department will be your banker.

You are urged to be saving not only because your country wants to have the use of your surplus money, but also because it wants you to be a thrifty citizen. People who save make good citizens. People who waste are a weakness to the nation.

The savings of the people are the wealth of the nation.

The world does not like mean, grasping, stingy people, but it honors those who make themselves independent by the patient practice of saving.

Learn to earn, learn to spend, learn to save, learn to lend to your Government — and do not neglect to give!

The Page Crossing School was trained in saving habits before the necessities of the war brought forth the campaigns to buy War Savings and Thrift Stamps. We

are rather proud of ourselves, thinking that we have been so progressive. For two years our school was loaning its savings to the Government before there was a national appeal. Our teacher is to be thanked for this.

When Miss Bonner came to our district she went to board at the Ritter's. Mr. and Mrs. Ritter were people who had been brought up to be saving, and they were trying to train their children in the same habit. Nothing that might be of use was ever wasted either in the house by Mrs. Ritter or on the farm by Mr. Ritter. The children were required to be careful of their clothes, of their shoes, and even of their school books. No one was allowed to escape cleaning his plate at the table.

Mr. Ritter had a saying, "Keep a thing for seven years, and you will find a use for it," and certainly it seemed to be true with him. He was always able to find something with which to make repairs, whether it was a bolt for some machine or a piece of leather for broken harness. And just as the house showed Mrs. Ritter's good care and management, the farm with its well-kept fences and gates, its neat buildings, its thrifty livestock, and its carefully stored machinery showed that Mr. Ritter was a man of ideals.

All the children, except the baby, had savings banks. Fred, who was eleven, had gathered together nearly nine dollars. Nina, who was nine, had over four dollars, and Bertha, who was six, had quite a respectable pile of pennies. The children were naturally proud of their savings and interested Miss Bonner in telling her how they had gathered them.

Mr. and Mrs. Ritter did not believe in giving their children money without its being earned in some way.

Fred had been allowed five cents a week when he was eight for helping with the chores, and this had been raised to ten when he was nine, fifteen when he was ten, and now he was getting twenty cents a week. Out of this he had to buy his school books and give to the Sunday School. Nina had been given the same allowances as Fred by her mother for helping in the house work.

Miss Bonner herself had been brought up to be saving, and as a teacher believed in it as a good training for children. She talked the matter over with Mr. Ritter, who was one of the school trustees, and found him favorable to making it part of the school work. There was no difficulty in getting the community interested. Miss Bonner explained her plans at a mothers' meeting, and all the women approved of it heartily and promised to support her.

Mr. Ritter secured the consent of the other school trustees to trying the scheme. Their plan was to encourage the children to buy postal savings cards and stamps and start accounts in the Post Office Savings Bank. Mr. Ritter offered to give the free use of ten dollars to enable Miss Bonner to keep a supply of the cards and stamps on hand for sale in the school. The other trustees thought, however, that it was only fair that the district's money should be used for this purpose, as it was for the welfare of the school. Accordingly ten dollars of the school funds was loaned to Miss Bonner to enable her to carry on her scheme at the Page Crossing School.

From the beginning the undertaking was a success. It could not fail to be such when all the patrons of the school were sympathetic and Miss Bonner was enthu-

siastic. She invited Mr. Carson, the postmaster at Middletown, to come to the school one Friday afternoon and tell about the Postal Savings System and explain how our school could play its part in our Government's plans to encourage thrift. The next Monday morning when "Our Bank," as we called it, opened, Miss Bonner sold seven savings cards and twenty-three savings stamps. Every boy and girl who was old enough became a partner with "Uncle Sam" in saving money. For nearly two years the work went on successfully. There was never a Monday morning that at least two or three and sometimes seven or eight did not buy stamps. Just as soon as the boys and girls reached ten years of age, they turned their savings into the School Bank. Our deposits altogether totalled over two hundred dollars up to the close of 1917.

When the War Savings and Thrift Stamp campaign opened, it did not take us long to take up the challenge. We were already trained in saving. Our Post Office Savings deposits were exchanged for Savings Stamps, and our new savings were used to purchase Thrift Stamps. We have done better in this than we did in the Post Office Savings, for there has been much enthusiasm throughout the neighborhood. I think every one in the Page Crossing School District is represented in some way as a financial partner of the Government. The school alone has loaned over five hundred dollars to "Uncle Sam" — without counting the bonds that were bought for some of the children by their fathers. That is pretty good for one little country school, isn't it? It makes us feel proud to be able to help our country in these ways.

THE UNITED STATES POSTAL SAVINGS SYSTEM

Is a valuable aid in the practice of ECONOMY AND THRIFT

Deposits are absolutely safe.
Any person ten years old or over may open an account.
A married woman may deposit in her own name.
One dollar will open an interest-bearing account.
Any number of dollars may be deposited, and at any time, until the balance to the credit of the depositor amounts to $1,000.
Interest at the rate of two per cent a year is allowed.
Savings cards and savings stamps may be purchased at ten cents each.
Deposits may be exchanged for United States bonds of small denominations.
Withdrawals may be made at any time.
Call at the post office for additional information.

A. M. DOCKERY,
Third Assistant Postmaster General.

Suggestions

1. How much has your school loaned to the Government? Keep a record on the bulletin board of the growth of the amount from month to month.

2. Make a study of the different War Loans made by the Government. Borrow copies of different bonds and examine these in class.

3. Calculate the interest on the amounts paid for War Savings Stamps to prove the correctness of the statement that they return 4 per cent compounded.

4. Let the pupils send to the Division of Postal Savings, Post Office Department, Washington, or call at the nearest post office that receives savings, for information. Study your country's plans for encouraging thrift.

5. If a nearby bank has an easily managed plan for receiving deposits from country schools, ask one of the bank officials to visit the school and help to organize your school for systematic saving if it is not already engaged in this enterprise in some other way.

6. Add to your school library some books which deal with saving, such as Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*, *Waste Not, Want Not Stories* by Johnson, and *How Boys and Girls Can Earn Money*, by Bowsfield. Perhaps you can get a good picture showing the advantages of thrift and the dangers of waste.

7. Invite a speaker to address your school on earning, spending, and saving money. Through the Farmers' Club encourage fathers to allow children a share in the profits from their work in keeping chickens, raising a pig, feeding a calf, etc. Through the Home-makers' Club encourage the mothers to make the girls allowances and to allow them to assist in shopping and keeping of family accounts.

8. Collect proverbs or old-fashioned sayings that are used in your community with reference to saving. Keep one of these printed on the blackboard and replace frequently.

9. Correspond with another country school that has a savings bank and compare results and experiences.

10. Invite an agent for insurance or some one who is well informed on the subject to explain the principles of life insurance, the buying of annuities, etc.

11. Ask among the old people of your district for stories of the early settlers and their thriftiness. They will likely be able also to relate other stories of people who wasted fortunes, of others who needlessly got into debt and misused their opportunities to provide for an independent old age.

12. Work out arithmetic problems which show how small savings increase by the compounding of interest, how profitable it is to care for farm machinery, how labor-saving appliances in the home save in time and energy, how doctor's bills may be saved by proper clothing or care.

13. Do you keep an account of your personal expenses? You will find it worth while training yourself to do this, especially if you plan to put yourself through college or to save money to go into some line of business. How much did you spend last year? How much did you earn? How much did you save? How much did you give?

CHAPTER XXV

Our Home and School Club — The Franklin School Makes Progress when the Women of the District Join to Discuss Educational Matters

A country community has three great forces within and about it — the Home, the School, and the Church.

Happy that community that has them bound together in the spirit of coöperation!

These three forces are very closely related.

If there are good Homes, there will likely be a good School and a good Church.

If the community has always had a good School, you may expect to find a good Church and good Homes.

And if the Church has been the right kind, the Homes and the School will be almost assuredly the right kind.

Good Homes, good Schools, and good Churches are the solid foundation for good Citizenship.

A great many Home and School Clubs have been formed in different parts of our country and in other

countries. We have had one of these in our district for the last two years. It has brought many benefits to the school and the neighborhood.

It was started by our minister, Mr. Larsen. Before he went to college to study to be a preacher, Mr. Larsen taught school out west. He has always been interested in schools, and when he had charge of the church at Greenvale before coming here, took part in forming what was called a Parents' and Teachers' Association for the Greenvale School.

Mr. Larsen had not been long among us before he called at the school. We all enjoyed his visit. He told us some interesting stories of his own school days and of his teaching experiences in Dakota. Miss O'Neill was our teacher then. I think she was very glad to find some one who was interested in the school. She had not been in the district very long and felt that the community did not concern itself very much about school matters. Certainly our school was not much to boast of.

Our minister proved to be a good friend of the school in other ways. Wherever he visited, he always asked how the children were getting on at school, and if the chance came, heard some of them read or recite. At church, too, he did not forget the school. He looked on it, as he said, as the partner of his church. He began to make people think about the school more seriously than they had done. For the most regular attendance until Easter he offered two prizes of books, one for the winner among the boys and another for the girls. When he suggested to Miss O'Neill the forming of a Home and School Club, she readily agreed, for he promised to help her. They talked over the plans with several of the

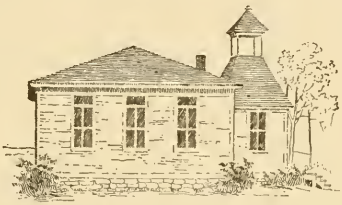
women of the district and every one seemed to be in favor of them.

Accordingly, on Monday of the next week Miss O'Neill proposed to us that we have an *At Home* at the school on Friday. She explained her plan and asked us if we would help. Of course we all agreed. None of us had seen any of our grown-up friends at the school, but we thought they would enjoy coming if they were asked. We began at once to make preparations. Alice Gregory and myself were to arrange for the invitations. Gladys Rudell and Dora Thomas were to see about decorating. The girls in grades four and five were to tidy up the school and the boys were to help in this and also clean up outside. We practiced two songs for the occasion.

On Wednesday we sent out our invitations. Miss O'Neill showed us how to write them out and also how to make a simple little sketch like our school at the top of each. They looked very pretty. One was sent to every home in the district. Most of them were delivered by the pupils, but a few were put in the mail boxes. The men were not invited, as they were all too busy to come.

Friday was a beautiful day. It was also a busy day in the school. At noon Gladys and Dora printed "Welcome to Franklin School" on the blackboard and arranged a few bouquets on the teacher's desk and the window sills. Some of our maps and a few drawings were hung about the school. After dinner the boys carried over some chairs from Gregory's and the girls tidied up the school again. I don't think it had looked so clean for a great many years. We were all very proud of ourselves and our school. We wondered what our mothers and sisters would think. Shortly before three

o'clock our guests began to arrive. Alice Gregory and Harry Taylor were the Reception Committee. Alice introduced Miss O'Neill to those who had not yet met her, and Harry showed them to seats. Almost every family in the district was represented. There were about twenty guests in all. Mr. Larsen was present, of course. Some of the visitors had not been in the school



Miss O'Neill and the pupils of Franklin School extend a hearty invitation to Mrs. George Thomas and Miss Mary Thomas to an At Home to be held at the School on Friday afternoon at three o'clock.

Franklin School
October 1st, 1915

since their school days. They all seemed to be interested and pleased with what they saw. I know from the way my mother looked that she was proud of our enterprise. Of course, I had been telling her every day what we were doing.

The program was quite simple. Miss O'Neill told the company that she was glad to see so many present. She had just wanted them to get acquainted with

their own school and to see what kind of work it was doing. Then we sang one of our songs. Next a half hour was spent in reading, spelling, and arithmetic. We had some fun over the mental arithmetic questions. Miss O'Neill asked the visitors to try them too. Only one or two of them could keep up with us and get the answers. We had been having a good deal of practice at this work and could figure as fast as Miss O'Neill could give us questions. Then we sang again and Miss O'Neill dismissed us for the day. Of course none of us went home. Some of us older girls remained in the school. The others played and waited about until our friends came out.

In the school, after the neighbors had a chat and looked about at the maps and drawings, Miss O'Neill gave them a little talk. She explained that she would like to have them help her in her work. She could not do it alone. She wanted them to come to the school often and discuss matters about the school and children's welfare. She then called on Mr. Larsen to explain what Home and School Clubs were and what work they could do. He pointed out how important the school was and how our school could be improved. He advised them to form a little Club and to coöperate with Miss O'Neill in every way possible.

Every one thought it was a good idea. Mrs. Alderson moved that a Club be formed, Mrs. Thomas seconded the motion, and this was carried. Miss O'Neill then read the Constitution and By-laws that were used by other Clubs, and by another motion these were adopted. The election of officers then took place. My mother was made president; Mrs. Alderson, vice-president;

Miss O'Neill, secretary-treasurer, and Mesdames Thomas, Gregory, Carruthers, and Snider, members of the committee. Every part of the school district was represented by these.

From the very beginning the meetings were a success. Every one seemed to enjoy coming to the school. The program that was carried out for the remainder of the first year was as follows:

November — What the school aims to do: Mr. Larsen
December — History of the Franklin School: Mrs. Alderson
January — What we should do to improve our school: Mrs. Snider
February — Children's health: Mrs. Gregory
March — What I read about schools elsewhere: Miss O'Neill
April — Health inspection of schools: Dr. Hepburn
May — Report of county convention: Mrs. Dawson.

Occasionally some of the men came to the meetings. When Dr. Hepburn spoke on the Medical Inspection of Schools, there was a large attendance. His meeting was arranged for the evening and was held at the church. People came from beyond the district to hear him.

The Franklin Home and School Club did not merely hold meetings and talk. It also did things, or it got things done. Many improvements resulted. These did not come at once, but gradually. The Club has been in operation now for two years. In that time the schoolhouse has been nicely painted inside and out. A new floor has been laid. This summer a new heating and ventilating system was put in. Half the school has been provided with new single desks. A school library has been started. A community bee was held to plant trees and level the grounds.

There are other things to be done yet. And they very likely will be done, for the people are anxious to have a

first rate school. If you could see our school next year you would likely find a new fence around the grounds and a cement sidewalk from the road to the front door. Perhaps you might find a piano in the school.

It pays to have a Home and School Club in a district. I don't mean that it brings any one more money, but it brings other things that count for more than money.

Constitution

Name — This society shall be called the Franklin Home and School Club.

Objects — The objects of the club shall be:

A. To develop coöperation and sympathy between the Home and the School.

B. To improve and beautify our school and its surroundings.

C. To advance the all-round educational interests of the neighborhood.

D. To foster the social spirit of the people in the community.

Membership — Any person interested in the welfare of children and in their education shall be eligible for membership.

By-Laws

Officers — The officers of the Club shall be a President, Vice-President, a Secretary-Treasurer, and four others.

Election of Officers — The election of officers shall be held at the first meeting of the year.

Meetings — Regular meetings shall be held at 3 P.M. on the last Friday afternoon of each month from October until May, inclusive. Special meetings may be called by the Executive Committee at any time.

Dues — The membership fee shall be twenty-five cents a year, payable at the first meeting of the year.

Amendments — The Constitution and By-laws may be amended at any regular meeting by unanimous consent or by a majority, if notice has been given at a previous meeting.

Affiliation — The Club may affiliate with any County or State Association of Home and School Clubs, or any organization having similar objects in view. Delegates may be appointed to attend the Annual Meetings of these.

Order of Business

1. Opening song or prayer
2. Reading of minutes
3. Business arising out of the minutes
4. Reports of committees
5. New business
6. Program

Suggestions

1. Have your Club Secretary send reports of your Club Meetings to the local paper so that those who may not be present will be able to learn of the Club's activities.

2. At the close of the Club's year, have a social meeting in the evening in coöperation with the School Trustees. Arrange for some good speaker who can arouse enthusiasm for better education.

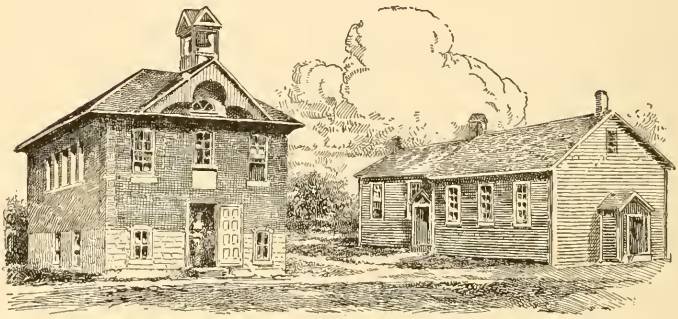
3. Affiliate with the other Home and School Clubs of your county or state. Send a delegate to the annual convention. Invite a representative of the State Association to address your Club. Subscribe for an educational journal for your Club and circulate it among your members.

4. On the day that the Home and School Club holds its meetings, arrange to have the school made specially attractive; for example, with fresh bouquets, the blackboard washed, the desks dusted, the windows cleaned, maps and drawings put up, a picture and a motto on the blackboard, the book-shelves tidied.

5. Clubs should coöperate with the teacher and the school trustee in such matters as enlarged playgrounds; playground equipment; improvement of the school water supply, of the outbuildings, of the fences, of the school house outside and in; medical and dental inspection; pictures for the school; supervision of the school garden; school fair; school picnic; school excursion to the Agricultural College; selecting books for the school library; school music; purchasing a piano or graphophone; hot lunches for winter months.

CHAPTER XXVI

Our Literary Society — How the Young People of Townsend District Kept Growing and Developed their Abilities



Education does not cease when one leaves school.

Literary societies are a good means of continuing one's education. They make for a fine community spirit also.

Country schools may be well used by others than school children.

The young people of the community may continue their education at them long after their regular school days are over.

The country needs alert, progressive, young leaders who will continue to train themselves in literary, scientific, and economic subjects by reading, writing, and debating.

A community whose young people cease to improve themselves is at a great disadvantage.

A very successful Literary Society has been carried on during the past three years in our community, which is known as the Townsend District. Our school teacher

and Bert Austin, who has attended the Agricultural College for the last two years, have been the active leaders in it. Several others have developed into leaders also, so that the continuance of the Society is not dependent now on one or two.

About fifteen years ago when the Clark family lived here there was a good Society carried on at the school, but after they moved away there did not seem to be anybody left to continue it. There always have to be leaders. Groups of young people used to meet occasionally in social gatherings during the winter, and some took part in church affairs, but there was no organization that brought in everybody until the Literary Society started.

During the summer of 1916, Bert discussed the matter with several of his friends, and they agreed to help in any way they could, though most of them said they were afraid they could not be of much use. He told them how much benefit the students at the College had from taking part in their literary societies; some thought it was the best training that the college gave them.

Several of the older men in the district encouraged the idea. Mr. Grant in particular supported it. He thought the school could be used for no better purpose. Clinton Dunn, who had come back home an invalid after bravely trying to make his way in the world, was in his quiet way the most interested in the scheme and promised to help. When Miss Walker came into the district to take charge of the school, the plan found a strong supporter in her. She had had some experience in such an undertaking, first at her home school and later when she attended Normal School. With two good leaders, both of whom were well liked, success was

assured. With Clinton Dunn's sympathy and support it was doubly assured.

It was not long before the Society developed beyond the plans first made. It had to move from the school to a larger building. The meetings became so interesting that people from beyond our boundaries asked permission to attend. Though intended for the young people chiefly, some of our older people began to take part in the programs and were encouraged to do so. The older school children also were encouraged. The meetings were arranged for Friday evenings, and at least one item on every program was given by some of the pupils. The Society represented the whole community before its first year's program was finished.

The work of the Society has been well told by Clinton Dunn, who acted as Corresponding Secretary, in a report made to the Agricultural College. One of the Departments of the College keeps in touch with country Literary Societies and assists them in every way it can. This is part of the report; it was printed in one of the College bulletins:

"The Townsend Literary Society represents the entire community in a way that no other organization we have is able to do. There is practically no age or other limit to membership, and the annual fee of fifteen cents can hardly be prohibitive to any one. The membership has grown steadily each season for three years, and is now about two hundred. Many are frequent visitors who have not become actual members, but the only distinction between the members and the others is that the former pay their membership fee of fifteen cents for the whole season, while the latter pay five cents admission for each meeting they attend, and therefore it costs them more.

"The official name is The Literary, Social, and Debating Society, but this is too ponderous a title for everyday use. We use Literary Society for convenience, but it is really too restricted to represent correctly the varied interests of our members. Rural Improvement Society would be more accurate. We have the usual officers, except that there is an Honorary Council composed of six prominent men and women who are frequently called in consultation at the committee meetings, and a Corresponding Secretary, whose sole duty is to keep the society advertised in the local press. The regular reports and announcements are made as interesting as possible, and this policy has helped largely to spread the interest in our meetings over such a wide district.

"The Society meets every Friday night from the beginning of January till the end of March. A motion to hold the meetings only once a fortnight was defeated when brought up at the beginning of the last season. To arrange and prepare for a dozen interesting and helpful programmes in such a short space of time is undoubtedly a strain on the committees who have the work in charge, but the people look forward to the weekly outing and are reluctant to change.

"The Society met in the schoolhouse the first season, but since then a larger auditorium has been necessary. The hall that has been used was rather bare and uninviting, but last season a Decoration Committee was formed, and at a cost of less than five dollars a great improvement was made, and now the meetings are held in more attractive surroundings than has ever been the case before. The Society which owns the hall was so pleased with the improvements that it passed a resolution of thanks and sent it to the Secretary to be read aloud to the Literary Society at the next meeting, and accompanied the resolution by the rebate of a week's rent of the hall. The hall costs $1.25 a week, and the care-taking has to be done by the Literary Society."

"After leaving the schoolhouse the want of a blackboard was felt, so last season a portable board was made and neatly framed at a cost of two or three dollars and has proved a great convenience. For instance, our President, who is a builder, gave a talk on Short Cuts in Building and used the blackboard to show how to square a foundation, how to get the pitch for rafters, and other tricks of the trade. One of our local clergymen gave an able address on Niagara, a district with which he was familiar, and to illustrate his remarks he prepared with great care a map of that region in colored chalk on the blackboard. The map was so good that it caused great regret when it had to be rubbed off in order to write down the words of a farewell chorus which had been composed for the audience to sing at the final meeting. Next winter it may be necessary to have two blackboards in order to do full justice to the talents of our members.

"A piano is rented each season at a cost of $3.50 a month. It is hard to keep a piano in good condition in such a place as a public hall, and our local musicians can therefore not do justice to themselves by their performances, but still the piano adds greatly to the interest and pleasure of our meetings and could not be dispensed with.

"In some places such a society as ours might be confined to the young people, but that is not the case in Townsend; in fact, last winter the older members began to be afraid that they were crowding out the young folks a little, as they found so many important topics to discuss. Usually a debate is held once a fortnight, but last season open discussions were sometimes held instead, by which a larger number of speakers could take part. The first discussion was on the subject How to make Farm Life Attractive to the Boy. One gentleman opened the subject by a comprehensive paper, taking it up in all its aspects, and other men and women followed, supporting or dissenting from his views.

"A mock legislature was held for three consecutive nights. It was modelled on the State Legislature, but ladies were included in its membership, and there was no limitation to the nature of the bills proposed, which included Woman's Suffrage, Taxation of Bachelors, and Local Improvements. The members of the legislature sat on the stage, the Speaker fronting the audience. The legislature was opened and closed with the usual ceremonies, even to the playing of the National Anthem by the band. It was the Townsend Literary Band and the instruments were only mouth-organs, but the tune was just the same as if played by a real band. As far as the speaking went the session was excellent, and there were several surprises for the audience in the new debaters who came to the front.

"During the winter the Literary Society was the means of bringing Dr. McNally, District Officer of Health, to Townsend to give an address on Public Health, which promises in several instances to have good results.

"It should be mentioned that the Executive of our Society holds office for a year. Although the meetings of the Society are held during the winter only, there are always matters that require supervision throughout the year. For instance, this summer it is the intention to hold a picnic to give our members a chance to get acquainted. The attendance is so large that it is impossible, for lack of room, to hold a social evening during the winter in the hall at our disposal, and a picnic will help to develop the social side of our organization.

"In conducting a successful Literary Society the matter of good order is of great importance, and in this respect the Townsend Society has not yet attained perfection. In such a large attendance as we have reached there is bound to be a certain element who have little concern for the serious aims of the Literary Society, and come only for a good time. In order to keep these interested the Society would have to confine itself to the lightest kind of entertainment. The subjects that re-

quire the most serious thought and careful preparation are usually those that are treated with the least respect by the light-headed members of the audience. The problem is to mingle improvement with entertainment in the right proportion to make the meetings helpful and enjoyable at the same time.

"I might also say that a travelling library is being secured and a reference bookshelf purchased, both to be kept at the school for the use of our local societies and the general public. A selection of the Government bulletins, reports, seed catalogues, etc., will be kept on file."

May 28, 1919. CLINTON DUNN.

Suggestions

1. Send to your State Agricultural College for suggestions for organization and programs. Invite speakers from the College to address your Society.

2. Start the meetings promptly on time and close in good time. Train your community to be punctual. Insist on the best of conduct from every one in the audience. Do not let your neighborhood have a bad reputation for its behavior at public meetings.

3. Hold meetings on Friday night so that older pupils and teachers may be free to attend. Add to the school library books containing good selections of readings and recitations, song books, and a guide for conducting public meetings and debates, for the general use of the pupils and the members of the Society.

4. Encourage community singing. Set aside a portion of the time of every meeting for this. Have a competition for writing verses that will have local interest and that can be sung to popular tunes.

5. Let your Society undertake some service. Societies that exist merely for self-gratification or even self-improvement often fail. Selfishness is deadening. Interest will be kept alive and every person concerned will be the better for working, for example, to raise money for Red Cross or patriotic uses, for relieving local poverty, for improving the local cemetery, for giving playground equipment or a new fence to the school, for decorating or painting the church.

6. Inquire about the young people's societies of earlier days in the settlement. Have some of the older members tell of these at some of the meetings.

Some Costume Groups at our Literary Society

Face p. 211

GOING TO THE SCHOOL PICNIC

7. Keep in touch with similar societies in adjoining districts. Arrange friendly visits and contests in debating, spelling, and entertaining. If your society puts on a play, it might be repeated in another district to raise funds for some patriotic cause.

8. Keep alive an interest in the Society during the summer by means of a picnic or an excursion. Even better than this, continue in operation as an Athletic Society and hold a community field day at the close of the season.

9. Arrange for outside lecturers or entertainers for one or two open meetings of the Society during the year. But do not neglect to develop local talent. Encourage the boys and girls of the neighborhood to take part. Give every person something to do.

10. Devise schemes for keeping up the interest. Have an evening of impromptu speeches on topics drawn on slips. Have a spelling match. Borrow a phonograph. Edit a Society paper. Hold a box social. Organize a community Christmas tree. Have an auction sale, etc.

CHAPTER XXVII

Our School Credits for Work at Home

Do you know of the Just-Hate-To girls? They *just hate* washing dishes or taking care of the baby or dusting or sweeping or mending or *anything* that their mothers would like them to do.

There are a few such girls. You will notice that they are not the happiest girls or the girls that increase the sum of the world's happiness very much.

Or do you know any of the Just-Can't-Be-Bothered boys? They are a fairly large family in some places. They *just can't be bothered* carrying in water, washing their faces and hands, brushing their hair, doing chores for their fathers, or running errands for their mothers.

You will notice that the members of this family are not as a rule the cheery chaps that help to make the world brighter for other folks.

And do you know that in helping with the common tasks at home and in learning to "wait on yourself" you are getting the best kind of education?

School is not the only place where one gets schooling. Home is a fine school.

And books are not the only things from which one gets lessons. There are fine lessons to be learned in every kind of worth-while work that comes to one's hand at home.

Do not miss your opportunities to learn to be a Helper!

There are two pupils in the North End School who have been much improved by Miss Northwood's scheme for giving credits for home work. They are Jim Davis and Nettie Brown. Of course I do not mean that all of us have not been improved, for I am sure we have. But Jim and Nettie show the most improvement. There was more room for improvement with them, I suppose, than with the rest of us, though goodness knows none of us is near perfection yet. Not quite! Miss Northwood often reminds us that "the biggest room in the world is the room for improvement."

Poor Jim, as people generally spoke of him, really did not have much of a chance until Miss Northwood and he became friends. It was not his fault. He was "only an orphan," Mr. Todd used to say and made this his excuse for keeping him home from school and working him hard. Jim had come to live with the Todds when he was eight years old. That was three years ago. He had not had much schooling when he came, and he did not get much more until this winter. Jim himself cared very little about the matter. He was not very much interested in school. No one there was much interested in him, and he was ashamed of being only in the Third Grade with such little pupils as Elsie Kelly and Frank Rutledge. Poor Jim would not have had much of a chance if he had not found the kind of teacher he needed.

It was Miss Northwood's scheme for allowing credits for home work that brought Jim to the front. No one imagined Jim counted for much until his first few weeks' total showed him to be the school's champion worker. When a fellow is allowed ten credits for milking a cow

and has to milk two of them twice a day, and five credits for splitting wood, and five more for putting on the fire in the morning, and five for this and five for that, it is not hard to run up a big score. Poor Jim was not Poor Jim any longer — he was Rich Jim. Miss Northwood praised him. You should have seen the look on his face! He began to look different. She went to see Mr. Todd and had a talk with him. She made a friend of Mrs. Todd.

Jim began coming to school regularly. He wanted to learn now, and when any one *wants* to learn it is not hard to win promotion. Jim made up for lost opportunities. He soon got into the Fourth Grade and now he is in the Fifth. He is a different sort of fellow — every one likes him and admires him too. He is a great favorite. Even Mr. Todd has changed his opinion of him and does not speak of him any longer as "only an orphan." School credits for home work discovered Jim. Because of it there is going to be in the world one less poor boy with little or no education. The world can not afford to have boys with poor schooling in these days.

Nettie Brown's story is a different one. In some ways it is just the opposite of Jim's. Nettie was not an orphan. If Mr. and Mrs. Todd were not kind enough to Jim, Nettie's mother and father were *too kind* to her. Jim had too much work to do, and Nettie had not enough to do. In fact, she had hardly anything to do except go to school. She took music lessons, but she did not like practicing and so she did not practice. Nettie was good-hearted in some respects and she was clever in school, but she was lazy and selfish. There was one

thing about Nettie's misfortune that was like Jim's — it was not her fault.

At first Nettie did not pay much attention to Miss Northwood's plan for giving credits for home work. She was not interested and neither was her mother. When she saw, however, that her place in the class partly depended on home work, she began to show more interest. And she liked Miss Northwood. Nettie's mother became interested too when she heard so many of the neighbors laughing about the way we were all hunting around for work. It would have been pretty hard for Nettie or any one else to stay out of the "game," for so we all spoke of it. Every one in the school, even down to little Doris Wendell, who is only six years old, was enthusiastic.

So Nettie began to practice her music and to help her mother with the housework. She made her own bed every morning, set the table, and helped to wash the dishes. She even became interested in baking and did a share of it on Saturday mornings. One Saturday before Christmas she had Miss Northwood over to spend the afternoon and stay for supper, and Miss Northwood did not know which was the prouder, Nettie or her mother, for Nettie herself did all the work preparing the meal. She had baked the bread and biscuits, made the salad, baked the apples and everything. Miss Northwood was very proud too, for she realized that Nettie was growing into a very fine girl. The home credits plan had stirred Nettie out of her laziness and selfishness.

So you see what I meant when I said Jim Davis and Nettie Brown had been the most improved by Miss Northwood's scheme for allowing us credits for our work

at home. Both of them have been quite changed and a great deal for the better. One was stirred out of ignorance and the other out of selfishness.

A good deal could be said about some of the rest of us too.

Suggestions

1. For suggestions for different plans of school credits, get Alderman's *School Credit for Home Work* for the school library. This book tells of the commencement of the scheme in the Spring Valley School in the state of Oregon.

2. Many different activities are included in different schemes. These are a few of them. Work out your own for your school:

Household Work. — Making beds, sweeping, dusting, setting table, washing dishes, baking, churning, washing, ironing, mending, making fires, carrying coal and wood.

Care of Person and Health. — Washing face and hands, combing and brushing hair, cleaning teeth and finger nails, going to bed early, arising early, sleeping with window open.

Chores. — Caring for cows, chickens, horses, pigs; cleaning stables, splitting wood, milking, hauling water, running errands.

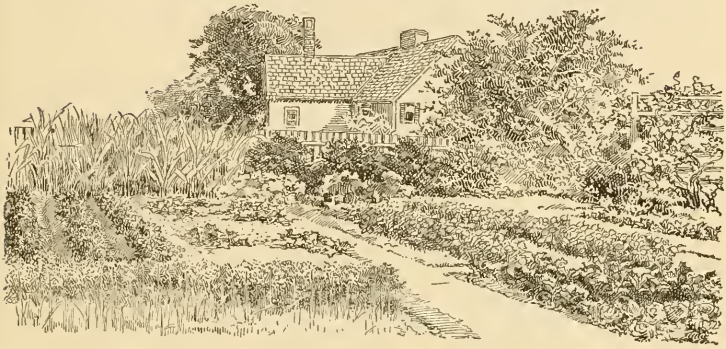
Personal Improvement. — Home study, reading good books or papers, keeping temper, politeness, attending church and Sunday School, practicing music.

Business or Production Activities. — Working on holidays, raising poultry for sale, gardening projects, putting money in savings bank.

3. At the School Fair arrange for a contest among the boys in putting on a patch or sewing on buttons and among the girls in sawing and splitting kindling. A knitting contest between boys and girls would be exciting if the girls were fairly handicapped. Prizes might be arranged also for essays on home credit subjects such as, "The Uses of Girls at Home."

CHAPTER XXVIII

Our Home Garden — A Girl's Description of a Country Family's Vegetable and Small Fruit Garden



Our First Parents had their home established in a garden.

Some say there cannot be a *real* home without a garden.

Certain it is that every country home should have its garden.

What a great thing it would be for America if every home had its garden!

"Oh, the green things growing, the green things growing,
The faint, sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

"Oh, the fluttering and the pattering of green things growing,
How they talk each to each, when none of us are knowing
In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight,
Or the dim, dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

"I love, I love them so — my green things growing,
And I think that they love me, without false showing,
For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much
With the soft, mute comfort of green things growing."

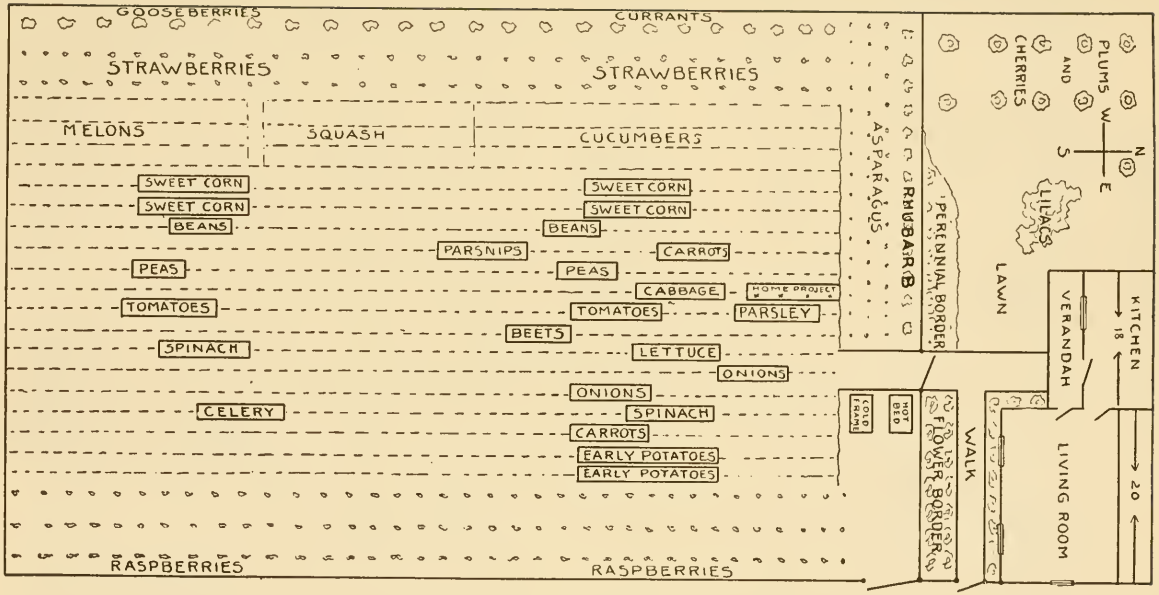
— By Mrs. Mulock, author of *John Halifax, Gentleman.*

Most of the people in our school district have gardens of some kind. There are a few very good gardens. Perhaps the Perkins have the best. Ours is one of the best, I think.

How some people get on without a garden puzzles me. The Downings do not even grow rhubarb, and that is about the easiest thing to grow that I know of. Of course they grow their own potatoes, and sometimes they put in a few cabbage plants among the turnips which are grown for the cattle. They like other vegetables, too, for they buy a good deal of canned stuff at the store. They seem to think that it is too much bother to care for a garden. Perhaps when their little girl comes to school and gets interested with the other children in garden work, there will be a change.

For one of our garden lessons last spring our teacher asked us to draw a plan of our home gardens. The one I drew of ours is not exactly right. There were some changes made before all the planting was completed. The plan shows Father's ideas of making the care of the garden simple. There is a large gate that permits driving in with a wagon load of manure or bringing in the horses for plowing. Everything is planted in long rows with plenty of space between so that the cultivating can be readily done.

Although many farmers think a garden is a nuisance and a waste of time, Father thinks there is no quarter of an acre on the farm that is anywhere nearly so profitable as our garden. And Mother agrees with him. She says, "If you are good to your garden, it will be good to you." And certainly our garden is good to us. Father does not spare the manure on it. Every fall he plows in at least five or six wagon loads.



Plan of Our Garden

Between the garden and the house Mother has her flower garden. At least we call it Mother's Garden, for it is she who gives it the most care. But we are all interested in it. There is hardly a time of the year except winter when there is not some bloom to be seen. Even before all the snow is gone we have crocuses showing. Then daffodils and tulips come next. Nearly every old-fashioned plant that you can name is in our borders, I think: tansy, sweet Mary, bleeding heart, daisies, peonies, hollyhock, sweet William, scarlet lightning, silver shilling, phlox, forget-me-not, foxglove, pansy, Canterbury bells, and my favorite, oriental poppy.

Mother is not so fond of annuals, but we usually have some asters, nasturtiums, and sweet alyssum, about the house. I always think there should be flowers not far away from the vegetable garden. I suppose that is because it is this way at home.

Our garden is really like part of our home. One can hardly think of the home without thinking of the garden. I do not believe it could be better located. Father and Mother were very wise when they chose the ground directly south of our house. In fact, they built the house where they did, so that they could have the garden on this little slope. It is hardly ever out of sight and so is never out of mind. Mother looks into it dozens of times a day from our kitchen, and Father sees it as he goes to and comes from work. Even in the winter time it is not forgotten.

The garden is about a quarter of an acre in area. It is 75 feet wide and 150 feet long. The soil is a deep loam. A few years ago Father put up a good wire fence that has proved a great satisfaction. With the old fence

there was never a time that the chickens or sometimes the little pigs might not be expected to get in and make trouble. Now it is quite secure. There are good safe gates too. A garden on a farm needs to be especially well protected.

Every one has a share in the garden. We always call it "our garden." We all work in it. Sometimes on a summer evening the whole family will be working in it at one time. There is a good deal to do in a garden the size of ours, but Father uses the horse for some of the cultivating, and our new wheel hoe is a great labor-saver.

We share in the profits too. At least we children are allowed to sell surplus products for our pocket money. We had over $25.00 last year for ourselves, chiefly from currants, strawberries, raspberries, and onions. There is a good sale for asparagus, too, but we have not very much of that to sell. We have had the hotbed only a few years. It is really not so much trouble as most people think, and it soon pays for itself. We have given our neighbors a lot of things from our hotbed. We usually have more cabbage plants, etc., than we need for ourselves.

For a garden project this year I am growing garden seeds. I expect to have seed of beets, lettuce, carrots, radish, parsnips, and cabbage, and of course we shall keep seed from the cucumbers, beans, corn, and squash, as we always do. I expect to have lots of seed to sell or to give away. The newspapers have been warning people that there will be a scarcity of seed next year. That is why our teacher suggested this for my home garden project.

I hardly know what I like best about our garden. Perhaps it is working in it. I did not care for it so much at first, but I really do like working in it now. I do not know anything more interesting than to have a hand in making things grow. Of course, one finds some jobs tiresome sometimes. Picking currants on a hot afternoon is not fun, for example. Father says he thinks my chief interest in the garden is the "eats," and certainly I do enjoy the strawberries, and the raspberries, and the asparagus, and the first green peas, and the new potatoes — and everything! Who doesn't?

Picking Currants

I hardly know when I like the garden best. Perhaps it is in the winter when I see the shelves and the bins in our cellar stored with all the good things. A sight of Mother's canned tomatoes, and corn, and peas, and beans, and beets, to say nothing of the jars of pickles and berries and currant jelly, is good for sore eyes! Those who grow their own supplies in their own gardens will know what I mean. Every home should have a garden!

MY GARDEN

A Garden is a lovesome thing
God wot!
Rose plot
Fringed pool
Ferned grot, —
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not —
Not God! in gardens!
When the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure
God walks in mine.

T. E. Brown

Suggestions

1. Organize a garden club at the school to arrange for weekly talks, canning demonstrations, purchase of seed, School Fair exhibits, procuring garden books, holding a garden fête, etc.

2. Estimate the area of all the home gardens in the district, not counting fields of potatoes. Draw plans of the best gardens.

3. Make up your own garden book by pasting articles cut from papers on separate loose leaves and binding them together in a portfolio. Keep together articles dealing with the same subject. To this portfolio add your records of your own gardening experiences.

4. Add good gardening books to your school library. Subscribe for a garden magazine. Send away for seed catalogues. Keep the garden bulletins published by your Agricultural College and the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

5. Keep in touch with the Foreign Seed and Plant Distribution Division of the Bureau of Plant Industry (Department of Agriculture), Washington, and test some of the new vegetables that are brought from other parts of the world.

6. Arrange for a visit to a good local garden and a talk by the owner. Have him explain what prize-winning vegetables should be like.

7. Hold a garden fair at the school and exhibit canned products, the result of garden projects, etc. Auction off exhibits for patriotic funds or give them to charitable institutions.

CHAPTER XXIX

Our Apple Show and Orchard Study — How the Winona School Became Interested in Fruit Growing

Do you know any fairer sight on a farm than the fruit trees in blossom?

Do you know anything that a farm yields that is better than a good apple?

Do you know anything that people in general are more fond of than apple pie?

Do you know any gift made to teachers by country boys and girls so common as apples?

Do you know anything in the country that is as much neglected as small orchards?

Do you know how more apples and better apples may be produced from these orchards?

Do you know anything more interesting than working with fruit trees to make them productive?

The country wants more good apple trees, more good apples,—and more apple pies!

Help to take better care of the orchards.

We have had many interesting lessons on fruit and fruit-growing at the Winona School. Miss Staples, our teacher, is very much interested in this subject, as she was brought up in Stanstead County where a good deal of fruit is grown for the market. In October she proposed an apple show for the school. This aroused everybody's enthusiasm. It was the first one that we had, and consequently we were all interested.

The display was made in the basement of the school as we have good light there and can easily set up tables. We had a great time for a few days searching for the finest samples on our trees. It is harder than most people think to find first-class specimens. The people in the neighborhood were invited to the school, and about twenty came. Mr. Lawson and Mr. Geyman, two of the trustees, judged the exhibits and explained why they placed the prizes as they did. The prizes were ribbons. We sent all the fruit afterwards to the Children's Shelter in St. Clemens.

Upstairs in the school room after the judging was done we had great fun in contests. The first was a naming contest. Mr. Lawson held up specimens of all the commonest varieties that had been shown, and we had to write down their names. Some of the older folks took part in this too. Allan Dyer was the most successful. He named nine out of fourteen. The pupils did just as well as the visitors. Then the boys were tested for their smelling abilities. Six of them were blindfolded and had to name the kinds of apples that were held under their noses. Willie Geyman was clever at this. He knew every one of the six varieties. They could not "fool" him. The girls did not do so well in their tasting con-

test. Alice Short was the best. She could distinguish five of them, but I was sure only of the Talman Sweet, Fameuse, and Golden Russet.

The week after the Apple Show we commenced what Miss Staples called an "Orchard Survey" of the school district. This took several lessons, as we had to draw maps and make a good many inquiries. We calculated there were about 1750 apple trees, 85 pear trees, 225 plum trees, and 300 cherry trees in the district, covering about 600 acres of land. We found there were twenty-two different varieties of apples represented. We could not be so sure of the plums and pears, as people did not seem to know different varieties as well as they did in the case of the apples.

When we had completed the survey the older boys and girls were asked to write a description of our home orchards. This is what I wrote about ours:

OUR ORCHARDS

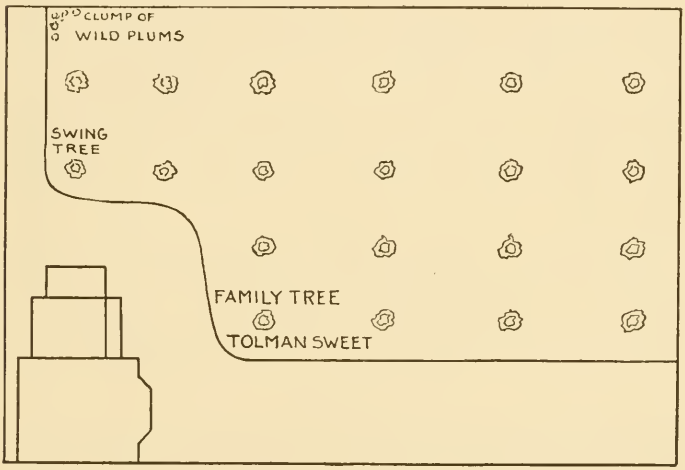
We really have two orchards at our place. One is called the New Orchard and the other is called the Old Orchard. The former was set out by Father in 1911. The Old Orchard was planted by my grandfather about fifty years ago. That was before Father was born, but he remembers seeing the funny little man that sold Grandfather the trees. He came around every year to take orders for fruit trees in the neighborhood until he was very old, and he usually stayed overnight at Grandfather's. He was always welcome, for he was very respectable and had interesting stories to relate. People called him "Apple Johnnie." Father used to like to sit up and listen to him when he told of his travels.

I do not think Grandfather had any special plan for his or-

Face p. 226

GATHERING APPLES

chard. He did not have any notion of making money from it. It was fruit for use in the home he thought of chiefly. The new orchard that Father set out in 1911 is different. It is a commercial orchard. The crop is for selling and not for our home use merely. Grandfather's orchard is about an acre and a half in extent. There are twenty-five apple trees in it besides three pear, four cherry, and six plum trees. The wild plums



Plan of Our Old Orchard

are in a clump and are not counted. A few of the old apple trees have died and been replaced by Father from time to time, and of course new plum and cherry trees have been planted. But it is still Grandfather's orchard. Blessings on his head for having given us this good old orchard! Father has cared for it pretty well lately, but usually he leaves it in grass for the calves and young pigs. My map shows the plan of the orchard and the kinds of apples we have.

The orchard was planted near the house, as all the old fashioned orchards were. People wanted the trees to supply fruit

for their homes and so placed them where they would be handy. I am glad they did. The orchard would not mean so much to me if it were at a distance from the house. I would not have become so well acquainted with it if it had not been at our very door. It is almost part of the home. I used to have a swing on one of the trees. Mother has a clothes line between two of the trees. We sit out there and read in the summer. Sometimes we have our tea there. The apple trees may be getting old and may not be worth very much for their crop, but I would not be the person to propose to cut one of them down! Every tree is like an old friend of Father's. And Mother is just as fond of them. And so am I. Although the New Orchard promises to bring in better money returns than the Old Orchard did, none of us can ever think so much of it. Money is not everything!

I hardly know when I like our Old Orchard best. It is beautiful in the spring when full of blossoms. It is the most restful place in the world in the warm days of summer. In autumn there is no happier time than the apple-picking days. In winter, as we enjoy our apples and our preserved plums and cherries and pears, we look out at the leafless trees with kindly feelings for the service they have rendered us. All considered, perhaps blossom time is the favorite time. The air is full of color and perfume and music then. From the time the wild plums along the fence open a mass of white until the latest apple tree blossoms there are pleasant feasts for eye and nose every day. The birds seem to sing their best in blossom time; with the bees humming, they make a feast for the ear.

I am not sure which is my favorite tree; I like different trees for different reasons. There is the old crab apple tree in which the robins usually build a nest. I remember Father hoisting me up above his shoulders there, when I was a wee tot, to see the eggs and afterwards to see the little robins. I do not care a great deal for the crab apples, though Mother makes good jelly from them, but I like the tree as the Robin-Tree.

Many is the time I have climbed it myself to visit their nests. I never get tired of seeing the blue of robins' eggs. Then there is the golden russet behind the house. That is where we had our swing. It will always be remembered as the Swing-Tree. The Family-Tree is an old Talman Sweet about twenty feet from our back veranda. It is under that we sometimes have our supper in summer. Father likes to read there (or take a nap!) on Sunday afternoons.

It is also hard to choose favorites from the standpoint of taste. At haying time I think that there is nothing so nice as our Yellow Transparent, but by harvest time I am of the opinion that the Red Astrakan is the finest apple in the world. The first apple sauce made from the fruit of the Duchess of Oldenburg is the best apple sauce, everybody declares, and a roasted Talman Sweet when one comes home hungry from school is delicious beyond compare. For eating in the winter there is nothing finer than our Northern Spy, and for spring, Russets from a pit. These are my favorite apples. How delicious the wild plums are, and the cherries, and the pears, is another story.

Suggestions

1. Sketch your favorite apple tree as a drawing exercise. Write the "Autobiography of an Apple Tree" or the "History of my Home Orchard."

2. If you have a camera, take photographs of some of your trees in blossom, and with their loads of fruit; also any picking scenes, family parties, swings, birds' nests, etc. These pictures would make valuable additions to your "snap" collection.

3. In some places fruit trees or nut trees are being planted along the roads for shade trees. Perhaps this could be done in your district. Seedling trees are frequently found along the roadside fences. These might be made to bear good fruit by grafting. Future pupils would thank you for such a service.

4. Estimate the number of fruit trees in your district and the acreage. Calculate the value of the total crop for the year. Find out which trees are the most profitable. Send for catalogues of fruit trees and calculate the cost of planting an orchard.

5. Keep a record in your Rural Science Note-book of the date of blossoming of the different kinds of trees in your orchard, and the date the fruit is harvested. If the fruit is marketed, record also the expense incurred in spraying, pruning, cultivating, picking, packing, and shipping, and the value of the crop.

6. Make a collection at school of all the different varieties of apples grown in the neighborhood. Have a spelling lesson on their names. If there are any varieties that cannot be named locally with certainty send samples to the Agricultural College or Experiment Station to be named by experts. Have tasting and smelling contests with pupils blindfolded.

7. Discuss plans for renovating old orchards. Visit any local orchards where this is being done and have the owner explain his methods. Arrange for some one to show you how to prune trees and to graft. Overhaul your home orchard as a home project.

8. Find out from the old settlers when the first orchards were set out, where the trees were bought, and who were considered the best fruit-growers. Perhaps some one can tell you of famous (locally) tree agents, or of men skilled in grafting and pruning. If any old trees are being cut down in the neighborhood, count the annual rings and find out about when they were planted.

9. Make enquiries about old-time "paring bees." Find out how dried apples were prepared and what use was made of them. Draw an old-fashioned kitchen, showing strings of drying apples. Can any one bring a paring machine to school? Where were the cider mills located? How were cider-vinegar, apple-butter, and apple syrup prepared?

CHAPTER XXX

Our Potato Contest — The North Gower School Wins Places in the County Potato-Growing Contest for Boys.

There is much to be gained by taking part in a contest — whether it is in raising a pig, growing corn, spelling, running, or even eating pie at a school picnic.

But remember the chief gain is not in winning the prize, though many people think it is. Some think so much of the prize-winning that they sell themselves for it; they act meanly and selfishly and dishonestly. They pay a high cost for their apparent success.

The chief gain lies in having striven worthily, in having learned to respect and to like and even to help one's competitors, and in having enlarged one's knowledge and experience in useful ways.

You may win in a contest and still be a loser!

You may lose in a contest and still be a winner!

Be a winner both ways!

Donald Brownlee and Frank Stone were great friends. Donald was fourteen and Frank was a year younger. Their fathers had been schoolmates before them at the

North Gower School, and their mothers were cousins who had been brought up almost as sisters. Their homes were only about a quarter of a mile apart. For seven years they had gone to school together, played together, and done some of their studying together. This was to be their last year at school. Both would finish their eighth grade work and be recommended for high school entrance. They were big, strong lads, fond of horses, fond of sharing in the work of their fathers' farms, and though they liked going to school well enough, they were glad that they would not have to answer to the call of a school bell very much longer. As their fathers before them had done, they would soon be taking their places as steady workers on the land. School days were about over.

It was early in May. Their help could have been used to advantage at home, for the spring seeding, and their fathers had been inclined to keep them from school. But they had wise mothers. Mrs. Brownlee had always stood for a square deal for Donald in regard to his schooling. She wanted her boy to have the full advantage of his opportunities in education. She said she had seen too many boys "crippled for life" by the crushing in of farm work, and she had always managed to keep Donald steadily at school. If she had been alone in her desires she might have been outvoted by Donald and his father, but she had Frank's mother to support her at home and Miss Lee to support her at school. Miss Lee was anxious to have the boys complete their school studies. They were both bright pupils and making good use of their time. She thought it would be a discredit to the school if they were not allowed to secure their diplomas. She was of the opinion that they would get honor standing.

So the two boys were staying on at school, feeling that what their mothers wanted so much for them must be worth having. And anyway, it was enough that their mothers wanted them to do it. They were the sort of chaps that tried to balance accounts for all that their mothers did for them. They didn't shirk their share of the farm work, however. Before and after school they helped with the chores, and on Saturdays they gave a good account of themselves in the fields.

One morning as they were going along on their way to school, they saw Miss Lee ahead waiting at the cross-roads for them. They hurried along, for they knew there would be something of interest that she had to tell them. She was looking over a letter and a printed circular that she had received the evening before.

"Good morning, Donald; good morning, Frank," she said as they came up.

"Good morning, Miss Lee," said the boys as they lifted their caps a bit bashfully; for they had not practiced their lesson on hat-lifting a great deal yet.

"Here is something that I think you two boys will be interested in," she said as she handed the letter to Donald and the printed circular to Frank. "It is a Potato Contest for Carleton County for boys between twelve and eighteen years of age. Mr. Whyte of Richmond is offering prizes and is anxious to have the schools interested. I should like you two to consider the matter and enter the contest as our representatives from North Gower school."

"If you will go in for it, Donald, I will," said Frank.

"I believe I should like to try the work," said Donald, "if you think I could manage it, Miss Lee."

"Manage it! Of course you can manage it, both of you," Miss Lee assured them. "Do you think I don't know what you are capable of, after being your teacher for two years!" she exclaimed.

"It is not for the prizes, though, that I wish you to enter the contest, neither is it for the honor of the school — though these are not unworthy reasons," she explained. "It is chiefly because I believe that you can get very valuable training from it. It will help to educate you for your future work. And it will have a good effect on the school at large. The other pupils will be interested. We can all get good lessons from it."

"I see that one may enter his name up to the 15th of this month," said Frank, glancing at the circular.

"That gives us a week to consider the matter and make our plans," said Donald.

"Read the letter and circular carefully and talk over the project with your folks at home," advised Miss Lee, just as they reached the school. "I believe they will be pleased to have you enter for the work."

"Yes, I think so too," said Frank. "I heard Donald's father and Dad just the other night talking of putting in more potatoes this year."

"They are greatly needed in order to save wheat for shipping overseas."

The Carleton County Potato Contest for Boys was duly talked over at the Brownlee and Stone homes. The fathers of the two boys were quite as interested as the boys were. So were their mothers. It did not take them a week to decide about entering. One night was sufficient. The next morning Donald and Frank reported to Miss Lee their intention, and for their com-

position exercise she had them write out their notices. These were mailed the same day. They also wrote to the Agricultural College and Experiment Station asking for bulletins on potatoes.

While awaiting the bulletins, they read what they could lay their hands on in the papers and questioned their fathers. They saw that if they were going to compete with boys from all parts of the county, it was more than ordinary potato-growing they had to do in order to make a creditable showing. Their fathers had not paid particular attention to this branch of their work up to this time, as they were more interested in live-stock. They could not help their boys a great deal with expert advice.

With the receipt of the bulletins, they got all the information they needed. They read these very carefully. For the benefit of the rest of the pupils, several of whom were going to have potato war-plots, Miss Lee asked them to use the agricultural lesson period on Friday afternoon for a potato talk and to make it as practical as possible. Being full of their subject they had no trouble in dealing with it satisfactorily. They divided it up. Donald spoke on the best soil for potatoes, how to manure and cultivate the land, and how to care for the growing crop. He showed pictures of up-to-date potato machinery from the papers. Frank gave his talk on the best varieties, choice of seed, how to cut the seed and to treat for scab, and how to plant. He used potatoes that he brought from home to illustrate his remarks about the right type and the proper way to cut the seed.

One of the things that the bulletins laid stress on was the quality of the seed. The very best seed procurable

should be used. As Donald's father had a very good crop from some Green Mountain seed that he had planted the year before, the boys decided to grow the same. It was one of the varieties recommended in the circular they had received. It had been suggested that they should carry out the work in a business-like way, so they charged themselves with the amount for which the seed could have been sold by Mr. Brownlee. Not having any cash to make the payment, they gave their promissory notes for the amount. Donald's father did not want

North Gower, May 10, 1916

Six months after date I promise to pay John Brownlee the sum of Two Dollars and Seventy-five cents . . . .$2.75 *with interest at 6 per cent per annum.*

Frank Stone

to take anything for the seed, but the boys insisted. Mr. Brownlee was very much pleased with the boys' method. Seed was high, too, that year. Mr. Brownlee allowed the boys to pick over his supply and take the best tubers they could select.

Space does not permit telling about all the work that Donald and Frank did on their tenth of an acre plots. From the time they spread the manure on the ground until the day they made their exhibits of sample bushels at the Richmond Fair, nothing was neglected. They often compared notes and inspected one another's plots. There was no jealousy. If anything they became closer friends.

Early in July Mr. Merritt, the County Agent, came to make his first inspection and to score the plots. He complimented both on their good work. Of the thirty-six competitions in the contest, he said, there were no plots better kept or more promising. Naturally this encouraged the boys. They began to think they might have a chance for some of the prizes. Donald hoped that Frank would get one, and Frank hoped that Donald would get one. They were the right sort of chums.

By the rules of the contest, the prizes were to be awarded on the following basis: —

A.	Report of County Agent on thoroughness of field culture, etc..	100 points
B.	Certified report of yield as submitted by competitor	100 "
C.	Award of judge on one bushel exhibit sent to Richmond Fair	100 "
D.	Written report of competitor by printed form and diary . . .	100 "

The winners therefore could not be known until the judging was completed at the Richmond Fair.

On the 28th of September the potatoes were taken up. Miss Lee came over to supervise this so that she could certify to the weight. Frank's were dug first. They were a fine sample. The total weight was 2040 pounds and only 35 pounds of undersized tubers. Donald's plot was better. There were 2360 pounds in all and 60 pounds of small sizes. No one else in the neighborhood had such a crop. There were good prospects of a high score for Donald on his yield. Frank's would likely score higher, though, on quality. His potatoes were smoother than Donald's.

The exhibit at Richmond Fair was a fine one. Twenty-two of the boys who had entered the contest showed bushel samples. Twenty-two boys and many times twenty-two of their friends were keenly interested in

the judging. There was nothing else at the fair that attracted more attention. It was announced that the scores would be given out at two o'clock. Frank and Donald were on hand before that hour, wondering how they would stand in the list. So were twenty other boys. There was a good deal of suppressed excitement among them, but the best of good feeling prevailed. In fact, they were chatting in friendly groups over their experiences.

When Mr. Merritt read out Donald Brownlee's name first, there was a moment's hush and then a hearty clapping of hands. His score was 352 out of the 400 possible. Mr. Merritt congratulated Donald and stated the reasons for placing him first. The winner of the second prize was a boy from the other side of the county. Frank came fifth. Both the North Gower boys were surprised at their good fortune and, needless to say, pleased. North Gower school and its teacher felt particularly proud, for did they not share in the honor?

The first six on the list had won with Green Mountain potatoes. Their scores were as follows:

	Field Score	*Yield*	*Exhibit*	*Written Records*	*Total*
Donald Brownlee	88½	97	71½	95	352
Mervin Gordon	88½	93	77½	91	350
Victor Owens	91	84	86½	88	349½
Harvey Gourlay	81½	90	82½	92	346
Frank Stone	87½	86	87	84½	345
Joseph Wright	90	82	81	86	339

This does not end the story of Donald's and Frank's potato-growing nor of their schooling. Both boys went back to school for the winter months, and Miss Lee gave them special instruction in advanced branches. They

are both planning to go to the Agricultural School in a few years. In the meantime they are improving themselves by reading and experimenting. They have extended their potato plots and by selection and care are winning their rights to membership in the State Potato Growers' Association.

CERTIFICATE OF YIELDS BY TEACHER OR OTHER PERSON NOT DIRECTLY INTERESTED

Weight of Marketable tubers (those over 2 in. in diameter and free from disease) 2300 pounds.

Weight of diseased tubers No diseased tubers pounds.

Weight of small unsalable tubers (those less than 2 in. in diameter and free from disease) 60 pounds.

Total weight of tubers on whole plot 2360 pounds.

I hereby certify that I personally supervised the digging and weighing of the potatoes on the above mentioned plot and that the report of the yields as submitted above is correct.

(Signed) S. Lee (Teacher)

Dated at North Gower
this tenth day of
October 1916.

EXPENSES IN CONNECTION WITH PLOT

Rent of land (at rate of $3.00 per acre)	$ .30
Cost of labour (*a*) For horses (at 10c. per hour each)	.20
(*b*) For competitor (at 10c. per hour)	.50
(*c*) For other assistance (at 20c. per hour)	.40
Cost of manure (at $1.00 per ton)	2.00
Cost of commercial fertilizers	
Cost of seed	2.75
Cost of spraying material	.45
Total cost	$6.60

RECEIPTS

Total value of salable potatoes on plot at 60c. per bushel	$23.00
Value of unsalable tubers at 10c. per bushel	.10
Total value	$23.10

STATEMENT OF PROFIT AND LOSS

Total value of crop as above	$23.10
Total cost of production	6.60
Net profit	$16.50
Net cost of producing one bushel (60 pounds)	.17 cts.
Net profit per acre from the enterprise	$165.00

I hereby certify that the information submitted in this Report Form is correct and that I have conducted the work according to the specified rules of the Competition to the best of my ability.

(Signed) Donald Brownlee
(Competitor)

Dated at North Gower
this tenth day of
October 1916.

Suggestions

1. Bigger yields and better quality are very desirable. But they are not so much to be desired as better and more capable boys and girls.

2. Remember in all contests that the competitor who needs to be watched most carefully is *yourself*. He will defeat you by being lazy, or neglectful, or uninformed, or mean, or even dishonest, if you do not "watch out."

3. No one needs to be told that in taking part in a contest he should learn all he possibly can about the work before commencing it. Send to your Agricultural College, Experiment Station or to the Department of Agriculture for helpful bulletins. Consult books in your library. Watch the agricultural papers. Make inquiries at home.

4. Make a potato survey of your district to discover the acreage, the total yield, the varieties grown, and the best methods followed. Devise a scheme for improving the potato growing by the use of a community plot for raising selected seed. Some districts are now uniting to grow only one, or at most, two varieties.

CHAPTER XXXI

Our School Fair — How Glendale School Conducted a Fair of Its Own and Joined in Another

"Och! Paddy and Nora have gone to the Fair,
And an iligant toime they'll have of it there!
What wid dancin' and singin' and feastin' and fun
Sure, the day will be over before 'tis begun."

Have you had a school fair at your school? If you have not, arrange for one next fall.

A fair at a school affords a good opportunity for a community to gather together in a friendly way and to become acquainted with an institution which every one helps to support and which aims to work for the community's welfare.

Our school has had one fair of its own and has taken part with near-by schools in another school fair. The first fair was held a year ago last October. As it was the first thing of the kind that Glendale School ever had, it

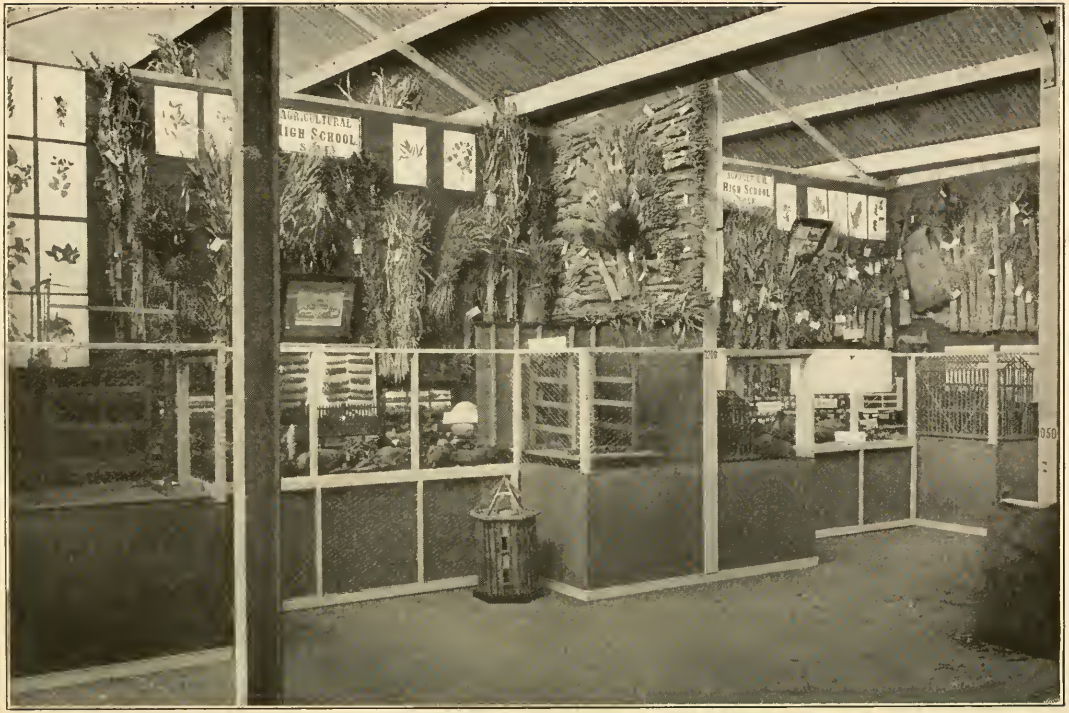
was very enjoyable. Nearly everybody in the district attended. Our teacher, Miss Hanser, wished to have the whole community interested in the work of the school, and so we wrote invitations to every home. The teacher and pupils at the Hillsdale School were invited, too, as our guests. They are our neighbors.

We were very busy for a few weeks before the fair getting ready for it. We had to arrange for our exhibits and the program. We decided to have only ribbons for prizes. For the entertainment of our guests we practiced a few songs and drills and also prepared a little play called "Thanksgiving Day." The morning of the school fair day we spent in finishing the decoration of the school room, putting all our exhibits in place, and holding our last practices.

At one o'clock the judges arrived. Mr. Butler and Mr. Martin judged the garden and nature exhibits, and Miss Butler and Mrs. Ritchie awarded the different colored ribbons to the needlework and canning exhibits as well as to the school exhibits of drawing and writing. About two o'clock the judging was finished, and the pupils had a chance to go in and see how successful they had been in capturing ribbons. When the visitors arrived, they were shown the exhibits in the school. About three o'clock the program was started. As it was a beautiful day it was given outdoors. The guests were seated on chairs that had been borrowed or on benches made with boards. Miss Hanser first made a little speech and told the people how pleased she was to have so many accept the school's invitation to their first fair. Between the songs and drills, the judges explained how they had awarded the prizes for the different exhibits.

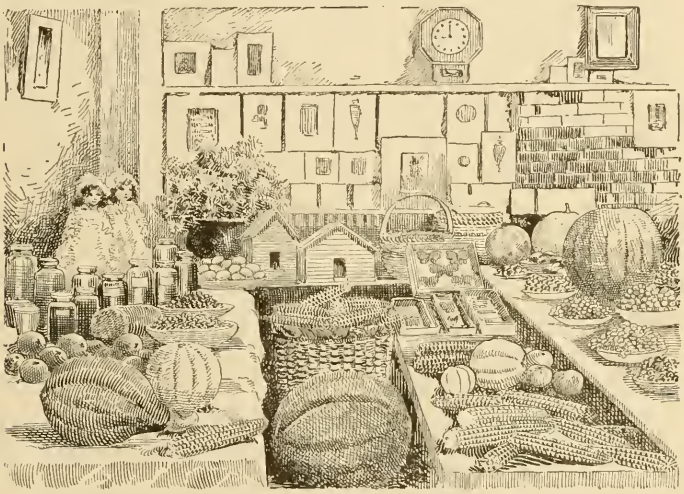
An Outdoor School Fair

Bun-Eating Contest at the Fair



School Fair Exhibits

The best item on the program was the little play. Harold Butler was dressed up as a turkey and was very brave and mighty until the Indians (Tom Martin and Ed Lackner) rushed in and demolished him with their tomahawks. The National Anthem brought the program to a close.



Some Exhibits at the School Fair

After the program there were sports and games for an hour or so. Besides races by the pupils, the married ladies had a walking match and the East played the West a game of baseball with our indoor-baseball. Most fun was furnished by a contest between the married men in sewing on buttons. Old Mr. Ritchie won the ribbon for this. Then we had lunch and after that home-going. Everybody declared it had been a very happy afternoon. Miss Page and her pupils from Hillsdale had enjoyed

themselves. They invited us to pay them a return visit sometime.

Instead of holding our own fair this year, we accepted an invitation to join with other schools under the County Superintendent's plans. Early in the spring, Mr. Ellis, the County Agent, called at the school and explained the scheme. It was to arrange competitions for gardening, needlework, canning, raising poultry, growing farm crops, public speaking, etc., that would be decided in a big union fair at Virgil in the autumn. He would supply choice seed free and sell eggs from the very best bred-to-lay Barred Rocks at fifty cents a dozen. For the prize money, the boards of directors of the eight schools competing had promised to give ten dollars each, and others were giving donations that brought the total up to about one hundred and twenty dollars.

Mr. Ellis asked us to elect a school fair committee from our school to attend to all details. The chairman of this committee was to represent our school on the school fair board of directors that would assist Mr. Ellis in handling the entire fair. Harold Butler was elected chairman for our school, and attended a meeting of the chairmen from all the schools, in Mr. Ellis' office at St. Anne one Saturday a week or so later.

The first thing required of us was to choose the competitions we would enter and order our supplies. Eight of us decided to buy eggs. Six ordered seed potatoes, and a few asked for oats or barley. Nearly every one entered for some of the vegetables and also the corn. Harold sent in our orders to Mr. Ellis' office. One day about two weeks later Mr. Ellis drove up to the school and delivered the orders. In handing them out he gave us

instructions about the work and left in the school some bulletins that we could consult if we needed further information.

Miss Hanser took a keen interest in our work and encouraged us in every way. She advised us about our plant collecting, helped the girls with their needlework, and trained a few of us for the public-speaking contest.

During the summer Mr. Ellis' assistant spent a few days in our district visiting every one who had received supplies. Those who had garden plots or plots of grain or corn were scored on the appearance of their plots. He advised us also about caring for our chickens. Very often he had a chat with our parents concerning other matters.

As the day of the fair approached there was a good deal of excitement at the school. We were very anxious that our school should make a good showing. Naturally we did not want to be beaten by other schools if we could help it. Harold Butler was busy advising every person. Miss Hanser was busy too. Entries had to be sent in. Cards had to be signed. Arrangements had to be made to carry exhibits to Virgil. Helen Gibson, who was the school's choice for the public-speaking contest, had to be given some special practice. The insect and weed collections had to be inspected. There was not a great deal of other school work done for a few days before the fair.

Our exhibit was made in a big tent. It was quite a task to arrange it. There were over one hundred and twenty entries from our school alone. But Miss Hanser worked hard, and we gave her all the help we could. Before noon everything was in "apple-pie order" for the

judging. We were very proud of our school's showing. We did not think there was any school that had any better exhibits. What would the judges think? While the judging was going on, the different schools had their lunches in picnic style on the fair grounds, but were a little too anxious over the awarding of prizes to mingle very much. The teachers, of course, and the parents from different districts gathered together in friendly groups, but the pupils were rather too shy for this.

When the word came that the judging was completed there was a great rush and clamor. It was more than half an hour before every one knew how all the prizes had been awarded. There were many surprises and not a few disappointments. But nearly every one had won something, and the defeats were not allowed to spoil the rest of the afternoon's fun.

There was a programme first. The judges spoke on their difficulties and their reasons for placing prizes and pointed out also how improvements could be made. Our school was declared the winner on points, but Hillsdale was only a few behind. Then the public-speaking contest was held. It was very good. We were all very proud of Helen Gibson's speech, and when the judges declared her the winner of the first prize we gave our school yell with a hearty will. After the program there were games and sports for all. Everything was very well managed by the board of directors. Harold Butler was a very busy boy that afternoon.

About a week after the fair, a bank check was sent to our school for twenty-one dollars to pay for the prizes won. Nearly every one in the school shared in this as the prizes in each competition were numerous. For winning

the prize for the best school exhibit we received a nicely framed copy of a picture called "The Horse Fair." It looks very well hanging on our school wall and reminds us of our successes at our first union school fair.

Suggestions

1. Do not measure your success at a school fair merely by the prizes won. There are bigger things than prizes to be won in competitions; such as learning to do things better, or learning to be glad at a rival's success, or learning to admire other people's skill and ability. If competitions for prizes make boys or girls mean or greedy or tricky or unfriendly, or if they destroy the good fellowship in a school, they should not be held.

2. Instead of centering all the school activities in one school fair during the year, smaller and more frequent exhibits might be made, *e.g.* the girls' needlework and the boys' carpentry (bird boxes, etc.) at Easter; the school drills and songs at a closing picnic in June; agricultural, gardening, canning, and cooking exhibits in October; drawing, art, writing, map-drawing, and reciting at Christmas.

3. If competitions are arranged between schools, make them of such a character that each school will be permanently benefited whether it wins or loses, *e.g.*, a competition for the highest average attendance of pupils; for the greatest number of pupils, who do not miss a single day throughout the year; for the greatest improvement to the school building, the grounds, and the fences made within the year; for the best arranged and cared-for school garden.

4. Use the school fair as an occasion for developing practical patriotism; *e.g.*, raise money for the Red Cross; contribute part of the prize money for relief funds; auction off garden produce and donate the proceeds to a Children's Shelter or an Old People's Home. The development of a fine community spirit should be kept in view also. Send for Farmers' Bulletin, No. 870, *The Community Fair.*

5. In order to prevent haste and worry as well as to ensure a better quality of work, it is advisable to arrange for the fair early in the spring or, better, at the beginning of the New Year. Scrambling to prepare plant collections, maps or other exhibits a few days before the fair should not be permitted. A restricted list of competitions with many entries in each will prove of more educational value than a large number of competitions with scattered entries.

6. Pupils should not be allowed to enter carelessly prepared or worthless exhibits. For the larger fairs at which several neighboring schools

exhibit, or for the county fair, only the best selections from each school should be exhibited. To make such selections, a preliminary fair might be arranged at each school. The value of the small local fair to its own community should not be lost sight of in competitive interests in the larger school fair.

7. Printed ribbons and purchased badges make attractive prizes as they can be kept readily as souvenirs. Many small prizes rather than a few large ones are desirable. The worthy effort of every child should be recognized as far as possible. Some of the prizes should be for the school. These should be such things as pictures, books for the library, vines or shrubs, subscriptions for magazines, a school flag, or a trip to the Agricultural College.

8. Besides the usual exhibits of poultry, corn, potatoes, garden vegetables, canned fruit, sewing, and cookery, the prize list should include a few of the more unusual competitions, such as three-minute addresses on agricultural topics, a recitation, a reading, school choruses, songs by school quartette, duets by boy and girl, mouth organ selections, violin playing, a school drill or march, horseback riding, driving single or double by girls, knot-tying, quick unharnessing and harnessing. Livestock exhibits of calves or colts that belong to pupils and which have been cared for by them create a good deal of interest. Exhibits of old-fashioned farm utensils or such household articles as churns, lanterns, candle molds, and spinning wheels, are also of educational value.

9. In drawing up rules for the guidance of competitors, at school fairs, boys and girls should be deeply impressed with the necessity of "playing fair" in every respect. Every exhibit made should represent the independent effort of the exhibitor. It is far better to lose than to win unfairly. Rural America cannot afford to have its coming citizens trained to gain any kind of prize by questionable methods. Such actions breed distrust, jealousies, and unfriendliness in neighborhoods; whereas what is wanted is training in confidence and coöperation. Unfriendly people cannot coöperate.

CHAPTER XXXII

Our School Egg Circle — How the Bellview Pupils Trained Themselves in Coöperative Poultry Improvement and Marketing

Have you a share in the home poultry? Many boys and girls have. And because they have, better poultry is being kept and poultry is being better kept on thousands of farms.

The world always seems to be hungry for good fresh eggs. At reasonable prices there is hardly any limit to the demand for them. There is no better food.

Any one who helps the world by producing and marketing good food is rendering a good service to his fellow citizens.

Learn to coöperate in marketing.

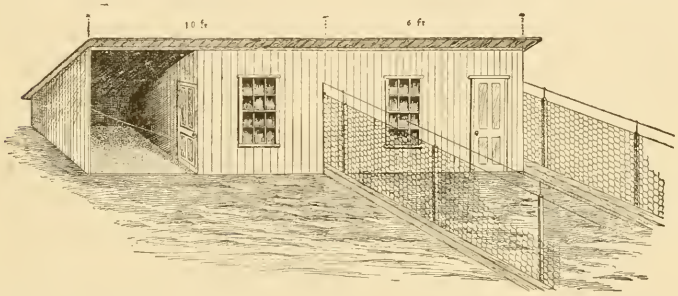
We did not know anything, at least in a practical way, about Egg Circles in the Bellview school district until the winter before last. Before that time nearly all the eggs produced on our farms were sold at the stores in Rockford or to peddlers who traded tinware and other things for

them. Only Mrs. Matheson and Mrs. Lockhart had private customers. No one paid a great deal of attention to the hens on our farms. The breeds were mixed greatly and I do not think there was a first-rate hen house in the whole neighborhood. Ours was as good as any, and it was only a makeshift in one end of the pig pen. And as for cleaning, you know about how much of that would be done!

But Mr. Waldison started us thinking. He is our teacher. He was brought up here and lives near the school. He has taught in our school for about three years. Two years ago he commenced to teach us Agriculture. Although he was brought up on a farm he decided to go to the Agricultural College for a summer course for teachers. Ever since he has been telling us things that he learned there. He says it was the best schooling he ever had. It has been good for us, too. In fact, the whole neighborhood has benefited.

After he came home from the summer school he began overhauling his own hen house. He was not satisfied with it any longer. I cannot tell you all he and his father did to it, but when it was finished it looked good enough to have its picture in a poultry book. He brought home some young Barred Rock chicks too. They did not look any different from any other common chicks of that breed, but Mr. Waldison was very proud of them. He had hatched them in an incubator at the college. Every one of them was from an egg laid by a hen that had a record of over 180 eggs a year. They were the best strain of bred-to-lay Barred Rocks in the country, he said. I suppose he had good reason to be proud of them at that rate.

During the fall term we had some interesting lessons on poultry keeping. One week we discussed Breeds of Fowl. Another week we spent the time on the question of Housing. Later we had lessons on Winter Feeding and the Marketing of Poultry Products. I never knew there were so many interesting things to know about poultry until we took these lessons. Of course, we talked about them at home, for we prepared for our les-



A Convenient House and Yard

sons by asking questions at home and reading from the newspapers and bulletins. In our lessons on Marketing Mr. Waldison told us about Egg Circles, and how successful they had been in some parts of the United States and in other countries. When I told Mother and Father about this they were quite interested. So were several of our neighbors.

Not long after, a meeting was called at the school to discuss the question. Mr. Waldison wrote to invite Mr. Davis, the County Agent, to come and speak. The result of the meeting was that the Bellview Egg Circle was established, with Father as chairman, and Mr. Waldison as secretary and manager. By-laws were adopted

and rules and regulations laid down to guide members. All these were very simple. The plan aimed at making a good name for all eggs stamped with the Bellview Egg Circle stamp. Mr. Davis helped Mr. Waldison to get in touch with reliable dealers who wanted to secure a steady supply of choice eggs.

From the very start the Egg Circle was a success. Mr. Waldison proved a good manager, and insisted on every one's living up to the rules. The first eggs were shipped in February. The returns were five cents a dozen higher than most people expected. People became interested and wanted to know more about the business.

Another meeting was held, and for this Mr. Waldison asked Mr. Mercer, a poultry expert from the Agricultural College, to come and speak. The older pupils at the school were invited to attend, and nearly all of us were there. Mr. Mercer gave us a good talk on the best ways of caring for poultry. He was asked a great many questions. One of the things he suggested was that every member of the Egg Circle should keep only one breed. He showed, too, what advantages there would be if every one would keep the same breed.

He explained how the poultry department of the Agricultural College assisted districts to attain this by selling eggs from their bred-to-lay Barred Plymouth Rocks through the schools. The plan was to get the children interested in improving flocks as part of their agricultural school work. These were the same strain as Mr. Waldison had. He advised us to send in our orders soon and get an early start. The eggs were sold at 50 cents a dozen to pupils. People who did not have children at school could get neighbors' children to order

for them. All the members of the Egg Circle fell in with the idea. No one fancied any other breed more than the Barred Rocks, and in fact that was the commonest kind amongst our mixed flocks.

So our school sent in an order for forty dozen eggs. Every family represented in the school ordered at least one dozen. I ordered three dozen for ourselves and two dozen for my Uncle James. We sent the money on the 20th of March, and received the eggs on the 12th of April. It seemed a long time to wait. Most of us had clucking hens that we were keeping to set. The eggs came in good condition. There were only five eggs broken, and as the college had sent a few extra ones, no one was disappointed. There was a printed circular sent with the eggs, explaining the best way to set a hen and to care for her while she was brooding. We did not need this very much, however, as we had been reading about this, and had discussed the matter in one of our agricultural lessons during the time we had been waiting for the eggs.

Nearly every one had a good hatch. I was one of the luckiest. From the three dozen eggs I had thirty good chicks. Uncle James' folks had twenty-three from their two dozen. Tom Wilson had the poorest luck. He got only six chicks. We had lots of fun comparing notes with one another about our chickens. In class we figured out the results from all the eggs and found there was a seventy per cent hatch. Mr. Waldison was head of us all, for he had set eggs that he got from their own hens two weeks before we got our eggs. We were all sure we were going to have the best birds. I assure you they were well attended to, for our fathers and mothers were interested as much as we were. This was partly because the

Egg Circle was very successful, and partly because we were so interested. The dealers wanted Mr. Waldison to ship them all the eggs he possibly could. They said they were very satisfactory, and they were willing to pay the very highest price for them. This made every person anxious to follow Mr. Mercer's advice.

Uncle Ralph's Proposition

When Uncle Ralph Hotson (he is Mother's brother) came down from Doverfield for his vacation in August, he was greatly interested in our chickens and the Egg Circle. He was brought up in this district, and always likes to come back and give us a hand with the harvest. He works in the office of a very large factory where more than a thousand hands are employed. He has a pretty good position, but he says that Father is better off than he is. Father and he argue about it good-naturedly.

Uncle used to come with me often when I was feeding the chickens. One evening he asked me what I was going to do with the eggs from my hens. I had eighteen pullets. I said that I supposed I would sell them with the Circle eggs, except those that would be needed for hatching in the spring. He said, "Why not get the girls and boys in the school to form a Junior Egg Circle? If you will ship me a crate of good, high-grade eggs once a week, I will see that you get the best city retail price for them. I am sure that the men who work in our office will be glad to have them. Talk it over, and next December, when the pullets start to lay, write to me."

So in the fall we talked it over at school, and asked Mr. Waldison his opinion about it. He thought it would be

a good idea. He advised us to be business-like, and have a clear understanding about everything we started. We did not think we could do any better than to follow in the footsteps of the older people's Egg Circle. We therefore organized ourselves as the Bellview School Egg Circle. Nellie Lavers was appointed chairman, and I was elected secretary-treasurer and manager. Dave Thomas, Isabel Howie, and Harry Taylor were the rest of the committee. We decided to follow the same rules and regulations that Mr. Waldison's Circle used, but drew up a brief constitution of our own.

The first thing to settle was the terms under which we could buy the eggs at home. Mr. Waldison thought we should pay our fathers (I paid Mother) a fair rate for the feed and housing. He suggested 15 cents as a summer price, and 18 cents as a winter price. The matter was discussed by the "Big Egg Circle," as we called the other one, at one of their meetings, and every one agreed to the plan. They also consented to let us use their stamps, and to lend us what shipping boxes we might need. We were to limit our business to two crates a week, and pay our share of hauling the eggs to the express office at Rockford. Besides, it was understood that we would pay for any damages to boxes.

It was now the end of November. Our pullets were starting to lay. We were following Mr. Waldison's methods of feeding pretty closely. You can imagine we were all anxious to start operations. I had written Uncle Ralph and told him how things were going. He sent word back that his friends in the office were all anxious to get the eggs. "Send them along as soon as you can," he said. "We will settle the express charges

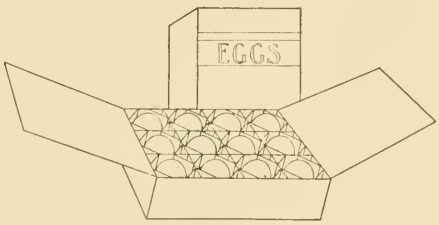
here, pay you a good fair price, and send you a money order for the balance."

We made our first shipment on the 15th of November. The boys and girls who belonged to the Circle brought the eggs to school in the morning of the 14th, and I packed them at Mr. Waldison's after four o'clock. The other two boys on the committee helped me carry them over. We arranged to have just the right number brought to fill the crate. The eggs were small, of course, and we did not expect to get as good a price as large-sized eggs would bring. They were all clean, though, and neatly stamped. The crate went off the next morning with a shipment from the Big Circle.

It was on Wednesday that we brought the eggs to school, and it was the next Wednesday before we heard from my Uncle Ralph. It seemed a long time. His letter was very encouraging. The eggs had arrived in good shape on Friday. His friends had taken them home on Saturday, and the reports that he got on Monday when they paid him were that they "could not be beaten." Our market, Uncle said, was secure just as long as we could send such clean, fresh eggs. We had a good laugh at the "Big Circle" — our price was three cents better than theirs. The money order sent to me was for $8.25. The eggs brought 35 cents a dozen, but there was 60 cents express charge. I kept out my allowance of one half cent a dozen, and another half cent to pay our share of hauling expenses, and paid the boys and girls 32 cents a dozen.

For the rest of the winter we sent a crate every week. In the spring we began sending two crates. At Uncle's suggestion we began packing them in one and two-dozen

egg cartons. This made it much more convenient to handle them in the office at Doverfield. We were paid an extra cent for this. It made it handier for us too, for instead of bringing the eggs to school, they were taken with the home eggs to Mr. Waldison already packed in the cartons. I had no trouble in keeping track of the shippers, for the boys and girls wrote their names on the outside of the cartons, and also stamped them with the egg stamp.



An Egg Carton

Every week, regularly, on Wednesday the money order came back for our previous week's shipment. Mr. Waldison would get it cashed for me, and on Friday I would pay each member his or her share. To do this I had to have a good deal of small change sometimes. There was never any misunderstanding, as I would put up a statement of each shipment on the school bulletin board every week, and also Uncle Ralph's letter, showing the price paid. Never once was there a report of a bad egg, not even of a blood spot. There was not a girl or a boy in the Circle who did not take the greatest pains to send only first class eggs. We were very proud of the high reputation we had made.

When Uncle Ralph came down this year for his holidays, we had a meeting of the Circle at our place. He gave us a talk and explained what a large business could be built up, just in poultry products alone, between our neighborhood and Doverfield. I think we all appreciated

this, for every one of us had a nice little bank account started. From November 15 to August 1 I had sold on an average four dozen eggs a week at an average of 27 cents a dozen. After paying Mother her share for the feed, and keeping some for spending money, I had $20.00 in the bank. Nine dollars of this amount was my allowance for managing the business.

When school opens this fall, new officers will have to be elected. Nellie Lavers and I will not be going back. Dave Thomas will make a good manager, though, and with Mr. Waldison's encouragement there is no reason why the Bellview School Egg Circle should not continue to prosper. I think every one realizes that success depends on fair dealing — fair dealing among ourselves and fair dealing for our customers at Doverfield. I do not know of any one in our school who was not always anxious to uphold the honor of the Egg Circle.

I suppose I shall join Father now in the Big Circle. It is not settled yet, but Mother and I have talked it over. She thinks a partnership scheme would be the best way to arrange the business, and that I should take over the chief care of all the poultry, keep account of the costs and gains, and take half the profits. I think Father will agree. He generally does when Mother and I decide on anything.

Constitution

Name. — The name of this association shall be the Bellview School Egg Circle.

Objects. — The objects of this association shall be (*a*) to market the eggs produced by the poultry owned by pupils of the school, in a coöperative way; (*b*) to train its members in methods of coöperation as a part of their education; (*c*) to help in the improvement of the poultry business of the section.

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THE CHILDREN'S FLOCK

A School Garden

Membership. — Any boy or girl attending the Bellview School is eligible to membership upon agreeing to observe all the rules of the Circle. There shall be no membership fee.

Officers. — The officers shall consist of a president, a secretary-treasurer who shall be the manager also, and three representatives from different classes in the school. They shall be elected in the month of September as soon as convenient after the opening of school.

Meetings. — Meetings may be called at any time by the president or manager as arranged with the teacher.

By-Laws

1. The manager shall have charge of the collection, shipping, and sale of eggs. He shall divide the returns among the members upon a fair and just basis after deducting all charges and shall exhibit all correspondence and reports dealing with the business of the Circle upon the school bulletin board. The manager's remuneration shall be one-half cent a dozen.

2. Members of the association are subject to the following rules: —

a. Poultry houses must be kept clean and sanitary.

b. The fowls must be well fed and well cared for.

c. Eggs must be gathered twice a day and kept in a cool place free from foul odors, dampness and draughts.

d. No nest eggs that will in any way taint the new laid eggs may be used.

e. All eggs must be clean, of good size, unbroken, and not more than one week old. Dirty eggs are not to be marketed.

f. Members shall be permitted to dispose of eggs from hens owned by their young brothers and sisters but not of eggs from hens owned by others.

g. Eggs must be stamped or initialed on the broad end before delivery so that the producer may be known.

h. Every member shall pledge himself or herself to assist in every way possible to prevent any carelessness or mistakes that would injure the good name of the Circle for honesty and high quality of eggs.

1. Coöperation is a very necessary condition for success in all interests of life — in work, in play, in business, in religion, in politics. For happiness and success in school life it is no less necessary. Learn to coöperate well at school in all undertakings.

2. Along with coöperative selling and buying schemes at the school, there should be a saving and banking scheme. Schools may make arrange-

ments for this with a local bank, deposits being sent in regularly every week or every two weeks. The plan may be carried out also through the Post Office Savings Bank, or by the purchase of Thrift Stamps, War Savings Stamps and Certificates.

3. There are other marketing schemes in which pupils in country schools can coöperate. Good business connections may be made by selling berries in the summer and nuts in the fall. Mushrooms in some districts go to waste. Garden produce, such as choice sweet corn, finds a ready sale. Boys making bird houses, rustic furniture, hanging baskets, etc., may find dealers willing to handle their products.

4. Coöperation in buying might also be undertaken by your school. Supplies of seed for home gardens, eggs for the Poultry Club, select corn for the Corn Club, and improved seed for the Potato Club could be bought to advantage by clubbing together. School supplies, such as lead pencils, pens, note books, plant mount papers, and writing paper may be purchased. Badges for the Progress Club and uniform caps and sweaters for the boys' school uniform might be bought. A school committee should be appointed for such undertakings.

5. The Department of Agriculture has published several bulletins on marketing eggs and other poultry products. Send for copies of these and make a study of them in your agricultural classes.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Our Play and Games — How the Chalk River School Interests itself and its Neighborhood in Recreation

"Work while you work and play while you play,
That is the way to be happy and gay."

Some people do not know that a playground is part of a school. Boys and girls learn useful lessons in playing outdoors as well as in studying from books indoors.

One learns to follow his leader, to be loyal to his team, to obey rules, to work together for a common aim, to control his temper, to think quickly, to guard himself and team-mates, to make his body answer his will, to look ahead, to use his eyes and ears as well as his feet and hands, to forget bothersome things and to enjoy healthy exercise.

These are all valuable lessons. While learning them, the boy or girl who plays in the right spirit may become stronger, quicker, happier, more helpful to others, more considerate of others, more fond of his or her school. If in the wrong spirit he or she may become *a horrid thing!* Who wants to be *a horrid thing?*

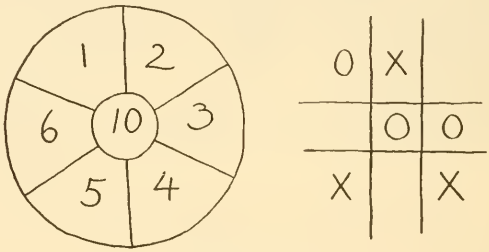
All work and no play makes the country a dull place. The country should be the pleasantest place in the world. Learn to play and do not forget to play.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." But all play and no work makes Jack a useless fellow.

Do not be *dull* and do not be *useless*.

Play and Work! *Work and Play!* *Have a Hobby!*

Our school is a happy place — most of the time. Of course occasionally some one is hurt or some one gets into disgrace over lessons or misconduct. It could hardly be a school with hearty, natural children without troubles of this sort. But generally, every one is happy. We have a lot of pleasures to count against our sorrows. If there are punishments, there are also rewards. If there are some things we do not like — there are also fun and



Slate Games

play and games. We play at noon hour. We play at intermission — unless we are kept in. We come early to school so that we can play before the bell rings. We play sometimes for a while after four o'clock. I don't know what we would do if we could not play!

Most of us like our school work. There is pleasure in it. And we have singing and story-telling and Friday afternoon programs. Those are enjoyable. Outdoors we run and skip and shout and laugh. That is fun. In the winter there is sliding and snowballing and building

snow men. In the summer we have our swing and teeter. We play all sorts of games outdoors and in the school.

One of the first games I remember learning was Tit-tat-to. Before I started to school, my brother Rob showed me how to play it. The game is very popular at our school yet. All the younger children — and some of the older ones too — like to play it. Miss Marshall lets us do so when we have our seat-work finished, provided we do not make too much noise. When you have your hand over your eyes and cannot see the slate, it is hard often to prevent *Tit-tat-to, around I go* making itself heard. The *Tit-tat-to, three men in a row* is not so noisy. We sometimes play this game on the blackboard if it is too wet to go outdoors to play. Our teacher likes us to go out, however, for a good play whenever the weather is suitable. She says we need the fresh air.

How many games do you know?

It is wonderful how many kinds of plays and games there are. For one of our lessons, Miss Marshall asked us one day to find out at home what kinds of plays and games our mothers and fathers used to play when they were young. There were some interesting stories told of old-fashioned Hallowe'en games and old-fashioned dances that are not often seen nowadays.

Then another day we made a list of all the games or amusements that are played either by the children or the grown-up people in our neighborhood. Counting the old-fashioned games and the newer ones together, we found that we knew of more than one hundred and fifty games. We grouped them into the following classes

where we could. Of course, most of the games belonged to two or more lists.

Babies' plays and games	Ball games	Tricks
Little boys' plays and games	Athletic games	Puzzles
Little girls' plays and games	Singing games	Trials of strength
School boys' plays and games	Dramatic games	Trials of dexterity
Young people's plays and games	Dances	Memory tests
Older people's plays and games	Games with cards	Hobbies

Miss Marshall plays with us a good deal. She seems to enjoy playing as much as we do. She has taught us a number of new games. Playing does not seem to hinder us in our studies at all. In fact, I believe we can learn better after a good game. Some games the girls play by themselves, some are for the boys, and some we play together. Not counting different kinds of races or jumping, we play about twenty-five games at our school. We do not play them all every day, of course. Some of them are played very seldom. We will play one game a good deal for a while and then it will be set aside and may be forgotten for weeks.

This is the list:

Singing Games	*Ball Games*	*Seven Kinds of Tag*
Here we go Round the Mulberry Bush	Baseball	Common Tag
Green Gravel	Volley Ball	Cross Tag
London Bridge	Dodge Ball	Stone Tag
The Farmer in the Dell	Hand Ball	Home Tag
		French Tag
		Whip Tag

Follow your Leader	Pussy Wants a Corner
Pom Pom Pull Away	Blind Man's Bluff
Fox and Geese	Jacob and Rachael
Cat and Rat	Drop the Handkerchief
Duck on the Rock	Hide and go Seek
Three Deep	

Besides these the boys wrestle and scuffle a good deal. Occasionally there is a quarrel that leads to a fight. That does not happen very often, and it does not seem to make the boys bad friends very long. From what Father tells me, there was far more fighting among the boys when he went to school. In his time they played "shinny" a great deal too, and often got hurt. It is not played now. There are not as many big boys at the school now as there used to be.

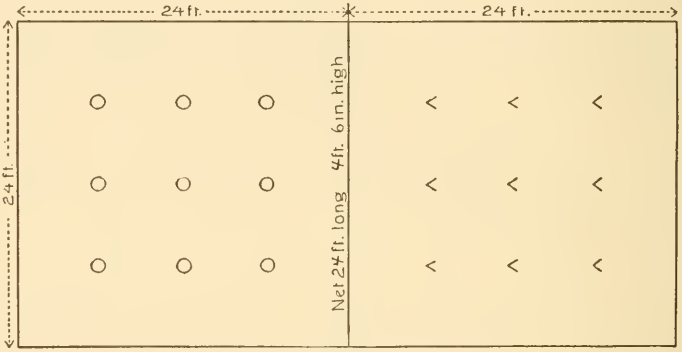
We have had a great deal of pleasure this year in playing baseball. Our school grounds are not large enough for the common kind of baseball, so we play with what is called an indoor baseball. We bought the ball and bats for $2.00 with part of the funds raised at our Christmas entertainment last year. The ball is large and soft. Girls can play the game almost as well as boys. The bats are small, and a space about sixty feet square is big enough for the game. One has to be even quicker in running and throwing in this game than in ordinary baseball. With Miss Marshall on our side, the girls have been able to beat the boys in some of our matches.

Besides the baseball, we bought a round soccer football for ourselves with $3.00 taken from our Christmas concert funds. We do not use it for football, however, though the boys like to kick it about, but for volley ball, dodge ball, hand ball and basket ball. These are good games.

I think volley ball is the best liked. At any rate we play it most. To separate the sides we tie a rope between the two basket-ball stakes at a height of about five feet. The game is to bat the ball with the open hand back from one side to the other without letting it touch the ground.

A point is counted when the opposite side fails to keep the ball from touching the ground within the court.

Dodge ball requires great quickness. One side forms a large open ring around the players of the opposite side. The ball is then thrown at the players within the circle. When any one is hit, he has to retire. The game is to see which side can put out the other more quickly. Miss Marshall keeps the time for us with her watch. I think



Volley Ball Court

George Bradshaw is the cleverest dodger in the whole school. It sometimes takes a long time to put him out.

The game of hand ball is much like baseball. Instead of using a bat, the football is tossed up by the batter and struck with the hand.

We have not made as much of a success of basket ball as of the other ball games. We have not enough pupils old enough to get very good sides. In the other games it does not make so much difference if the players are different sizes.

All our games are not played outdoors. One of the indoor games that we like best is a relay arithmetic

match. Usually we choose sides for it. Sometimes the boys compete against the girls, and sometimes one class races another. The blackboard is cleared in readiness. Equal numbers of pupils arrange themselves at corresponding desks of two rows. The teacher gives the word, "Go." The first two run to the blackboard, put down a number of three different figures, run back, and hand the chalk to the pupils in the next seats. These immediately run up and put down another number made up of figures differing from those in the first number. Then the number 3's race, and so on. The last two pupils have to add up the column correctly and run back to their seats. There is a good deal of excitement when some one fumbles the chalk or makes a mistake in adding. Sometimes multiplication and division problems are used instead of sums.

After we learned the Arithmetic race, we tried Geography and Spelling Races on similar plans. They have worked out pretty well. We like inventing games. For the Geography race, we draw the outlines of two maps, such as Europe, on the blackboard. When Miss Marshall calls out the name of a country or a place, the contestants have to run up and write it on the map.

Joan Miers is good at inventing games. One Friday afternoon we had a blindfold house-building contest of her planning. It provided a great deal of merriment. First two outlines of houses were drawn on the blackboard. Then sides were chosen and the contestants blindfolded and seated in the front seats. Each was provided with chalk. As the teacher called out "chimney" or "front-door" or "smoke" the pupils had to go carefully up to the blackboard in turn and draw the

thing where he thought it should be. They built queer-looking houses.

The people in our district are interested in our play. Nearly every day some person stops as he passes the school to watch us for a few minutes at our noon or recess games. Old Mr. Nixon, who lives only a short distance down the road, often walks up to visit us at the

A Country Home with Tennis Court

afternoon recess. He says it keeps him young to watch us. He has promised to help us buy anything we need at any time, and he gave Miss Marshall $2.00 for new baseballs.

The play at school is not the only play in the neighborhood. A tennis court has been laid out this year at Watson's, where Miss Marshall boards. Nearly every evening there is a game there. Miss Marshall is a good player and has taught a number of the older girls and boys how to play. Some other people are thinking of starting tennis at their homes also.

At our school picnic last June we had a great afternoon of play. It was a beautiful day, and there was a large crowd of people present. The pupils and people of the Rockview and Kirkton schools were present as our guests. The year before we had been the guests at Rockview. They gave us a splendid reception then, and we tried to make them feel at home with us this year. I think they did. So did the guests from Kirkton. Next year we shall likely all join at Kirkton for our Play Day and Picnic.

We had a program for the afternoon. To carry it out the teachers had the help of the school trustees and some of the older boys. The first part of the program was carried out on our school grounds. All the schools prepared something special. Each sang a song and gave its yell. Then the Rockview pupils gave a flag drill, the Kirkton school performed a Swedish folk dance and the older girls of our school went through a May pole dance. There were short speeches next from our minister, Mr. Burns, Superintendent Magrath, and Mrs. Magrath, who came over from Griswold for the day.

The second part of the program was carried out in the field across the road. It is a level pasture meadow, and Mr. Donaldson was good enough to invite us to use it. He also went to some trouble to roll part of it where the ball games were to be played.

I can hardly tell you all the things that were done. There were races for the boys and girls of different ages, for the school trustees, for the teachers, for old bachelors. There were walking matches for grandfathers and grandmothers, for young women and for married women. There were relay races, jockey races, obstacle races,

potato races, and three-legged races. There was a thread-the-needle race, an all-day-sucker race, and a pie-eating contest.

After the races the ball games were played. Perhaps the most enjoyable of these was the volley ball match played between a picked team of boys from the three schools and their fathers. The boys had the better of the game in practice and won by a score of 8 to 4 in the twenty minutes allowed for the match. The baseball match played between picked teams of married and unmarried men provided a great deal of excitement too. Only five innings were played, but there was as much fun as one generally sees in a nine-innings game. The indoor baseball was used for this match.

There was a contest between the girls of the three schools in ring ball. The Kirkton school won. The best of feeling was shown by the girls in their play, and the Kirkton girls were given three cheers by the others. This good feeling was shown everywhere throughout the afternoon. There was no quarrelling to be seen or heard. The committee in charge made it their business to see that the day should result in neighborliness and friendships and not in jealousies and bad feeling. Every one went home feeling happier for having joined in the Play Day.

After the games there was the picnic over in the school grounds. It was a very happy time. Every one was hungry. Every one was in good humor. The "eats" were the best. Before breaking up the crowd gathered at the front of the school and cheers were given by our guests in honor of the Chalk River School. All then joined in singing our national anthem. It was half an hour or more before every one got away. There was a

great deal of handshaking to be done by old friends who had a chance only once a year to have a good time together at the school. We could hear the cheering from far down the roads as the people drove to their homes. It was a good sign that they had enjoyed themselves.

Suggestions

1. Buy a play book, such as Bancroft's *Games for the Playground, Home, School and Gymnasium*, for your school library. Some boys like to learn to do sleight of hand tricks; buy a book on this subject too.

2. Occasionally one hears of a liberal friend of the school giving land to enlarge the playground. Some people also make gifts of "play apparatus" in memory of children. These ideas should be encouraged.

3. Frequently the surface of school grounds is uneven, and so is unfit and dangerous for playing games. Have a bee at the school to level the grounds on Arbor Day, and afterwards arrange for a School Grounds Committee to see that small hollows are levelled up and stones removed. The school grounds should be well drained, so that they will not remain muddy after rains. If part of the grounds is covered with cinders, it permits play to go on between showers.

4. Join with the neighboring schools in your district and organize a Community Play Day. Arrange the competitions so that rivalry between schools will not lead to disagreements, but rather to friendlier relations all round. Any money raised should be for charitable or patriotic purposes, or to enlarge school grounds, establish scholarships, etc.

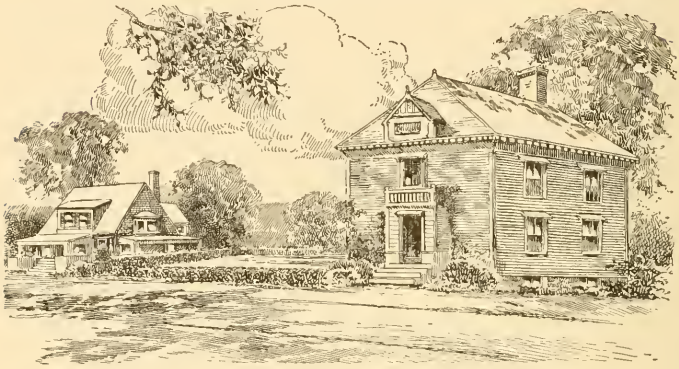
5. The fear of breaking windows frequently hinders ball games. To prevent such accidents protect the windows with wire netting. This can be put up at little expense by the boys of the school, and if care is taken it will not be unattractive. For replacing window panes the school should have a glass-cutter and putty knife as part of its manual training equipment.

6. A hobby is a very good thing for one to have, provided one does not ride it to death. There are a great number of hobbies that people take pleasure in, such as collecting stamps, coins, picture postcards, fossils, minerals, plants, insects; experimenting with electricity; photography; keeping rabbits, pigeons, poultry; gardening, fancy-work, bee-keeping, reading, drawing, painting.

7. The American Playground Association aims to promote play and recreation in the schools of the country. Write for particulars regarding their "Athletic Badge Tests."

CHAPTER XXXIV

Our Consolidated School — How the Malton Neighborhood Came into Possession of a Community School



There must be progress in education as well as in other human concerns, such as medical science, politics, or transportation.

Old outworn things should pass away for new things to take their place. It is the law of progress.

For new settlements or out-of-the-way old settlements the old-fashioned, one-teacher country school still has its good work to do. And it cannot be too good a school for this work.

But for old, well-settled districts, with no serious difficulties to hinder, it is time for the establishment of Consolidated Schools. The law of progress demands it.

If farmers can coöperate in a large way in business affairs, in church affairs, and in political affairs, there is no good reason why they cannot also coöperate more largely in educational affairs; to give every boy and girl in the country the opportunity to get a High School education without going away from home, as befitting citizenship in the great American republic.

Thanks largely to Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, we have a Consolidated School at Malton. If it had not been for

their generosity and tact, we very likely should still be attending poor, old-fashioned, one-teacher schools in this neighborhood.

The story of how our new school came into existence is interesting. Malton is a pretty country village with a population of about one hundred and fifty people, located near the centre of Erie County. There are two general stores, a blacksmith shop, a grist mill, and three churches in the place, but oddly enough it had no school until two years ago. On the south side of the main street the children used to walk one and a half miles to what was called the Brick School. Those who lived on the north side of the street attended the St. Clair School about a mile and a quarter from the village. It was a very awkward arrangement, but people had grown used to it. East of the village at a distance of about two and a half miles there was the old Mud Creek School, and on the west, about three miles out, Number 11, or the Lavery School, as it was called, was located.

The older boys and girls, who were given a High School education, attended either the High School at Redvale, ten miles east of Malton, or the High School at Norwich, eleven miles northwest of us. Some one usually carried them in Monday morning and went after them Friday afternoon. However, there were not very many who sent their children to High School, and those who did, as a rule, could very well afford to do so. A few people who could afford it and who would have liked to give their children the advantages of the High School did not care to have them living in boarding houses in a strange town, and so did not send them. My Uncle George was one of these. Now he is sorry that the Consolidated School

was not thought of ten years ago. If it had been started then, the two older of my cousins as well as many others in the neighborhood would have received much more schooling than they did.

I think Mr. Gregory, the minister, and Mr. Waldbrook, the blacksmith, were the first to propose a consolidated school for Malton. Mr. Waldbrook was anxious for the school, as he realized that his two children, George and Ruby, would soon be ready for the High School and that he could not afford to send them away from home. Mr. Gregory wished to see such a school established for the good of the whole community. He realized from his daily contact with the people that they were poorly served in education by their old, neglected schools.

Mr. Flood, the County Superintendent, favored consolidation. He had advised the people in the Mud Creek and St. Clair districts that they would soon have to consider building new schools if they could not come to some arrangement about consolidation. The schools in the Lavery and Brick School districts were not much better. They were sadly in need of a thorough overhauling. In all the districts the attendance was very low and irregular. Sad to tell, a large proportion of the boys left school with very meagre schooling. The girls were not kept home so much, however, and the result was that girls were being far better educated than the boys were.

It is surprising how some people become attached to the old schools that they have starved and neglected for years, whenever a proposal is made to consolidate. The talk started by the minister and Mr. Waldbrook resulted before long in raising quite a storm in our quiet old neighborhood. A miniature war developed, with a small,

aggressive offensive fighting a large and well-established defensive, and a considerable number of neutrals looking on, unconcerned which way the battle ended. The minister was the leader of one side and Mr. Morril, who lived near the Mud Creek School, became the champion of the other side. Superintendent Flood remained neutral. He wanted the people to decide for themselves in their own affairs.

Those who favored consolidation were as a rule people who were anxious to give their children a good schooling or those who had read about such schools in the papers and magazines. Those who opposed the idea were as a rule people whose families had grown past school age or people who did not value education for their children. Mr. Morril and some others like him were very much afraid that their taxes would be increased and their farms be lowered in value because of losing a near-by school. Selfishness and ignorance have always been hindrances to human progress. The common story was that the people in Malton wanted to have a good school built in their village at the expense of the people in the country round about. Mr. Morril's followers could not understand that there might be some people unselfish enough to take up an unpopular cause for the good of the community and its future citizens.

There is one fine thing to be said about the warfare. It was carried on fairly. While there was plenty of plain speaking and not a little warm feeling, no real quarrelling developed. This was largely due to the good generalship of Mr. Gregory. He kept good natured himself and cautioned his followers against stirring up strife.

"We want a Consolidated School at Malton very

much," he said, "but we want still more a community with neighbors living together in peace."

"A new school with enemies surrounding it could bring but little benefit to us," he would say. "Some of our children might get a little more schooling, but it would be at too high a cost. Down in Ferndale in Elgin County, where my brother lived at one time, they started a community quarrel over a new school such as we propose for Malton, and ever since the district has been hardly a fit place for Christian people to live in — and they have not the new school either. Slow but sure wins the day. If we are right, we shall win in the long run."

There was one good that resulted from the discussions. People became more interested in their schools. The teachers were agreeably surprised with more regular attendance and better prepared lessons. Some began to ask for information. Mr. Parfitt said, "If we are going to argue and wrangle over this subject, let us do it intelligently. I want to know all about Consolidated Schools before I pass judgment on them."

So, to get some light on the subject, Mr. Flood was asked to arrange for a public meeting and to secure a speaker from the Department of Education. Two meetings were held. One took place in the afternoon. At this there was a good attendance of the women of the neighborhood with most of the trustees of the near-by school districts. A lively discussion took place. The opposition to the school was strong, chiefly on the question of cost. In the evening the village hall was filled with people, and the speaker showed with lantern slides what was going on in consolidation throughout America. The new school for Malton looked more promising as

several women became supporters of the idea. But the question of the cost was sufficiently difficult to enable Mr. Morril and his supporters to hold up the scheme.

This is where Mr. and Mrs. Oakley come into the story. They proved to be the reserves that won the battle. This generous-hearted old couple had lived in the village for over forty years. Mr. Oakley kept one of the stores. They were now planning to break up their home and go out to California to be near their children. They were not wealthy people by any means, but had more than enough to meet all their needs. They had always lived simply, and by careful management had saved a good competence for their old age. Both of them had always been interested in the welfare of the community and were generous supporters of their church.

The discussion about the Consolidated School interested Mr. Oakley greatly. He had many warm friends in the country about, some taking one side and some the other. He and the minister, too, were close friends. He finally caught Mr. Gregory's enthusiasm and one day nearly took that surprised man's breath away by offering to deed his fine village property to the community if they would agree to locate the new school on it.

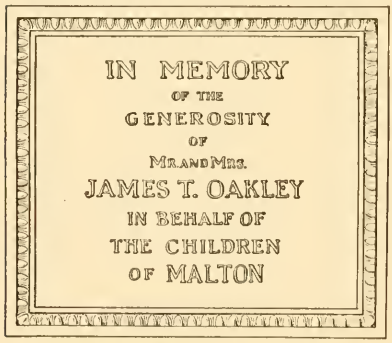
"You see, Mr. Gregory," he said, "I have lived practically all my life here. Mrs. Oakley was born in the old farmhouse just across the road. Our children were brought up here. We have had our good living and something more from this community.

"We are thinking of leaving it soon," he went on, with a little tremor in his voice, "and I would like to make a little return to the community for all the goodness that has blessed us.

"We had to send our own children away for their High School instruction when they were pretty young. I would like to think when I am away from here in California that I have left something that will make life better for the children and the children's children of my old friends in Malton. And Mrs. Oakley shares my feelings.

"We would like to leave this for our monument in Malton, instead of a lifeless stone in the graveyard or a tablet in the church."

Well, that's really the story of how Malton came to have its Consolidated School. Generosity breeds generosity. Five acres of land and a good house and barn as a gift convinced Mr. Morril and his party that consolidation could not be talked down. There was another public meeting at which all the discussion was on one side. People seemed to vie with one another in making special subscriptions so that the school could start off well. Mr. Morril contributed $200. The village doctor promised $100 a year for ten years in addition to his taxes. There was over $6000 subscribed from the four districts. Delegates were chosen to visit Consolidated Schools in Ohio to see what was best for our new school. They came back enthusiastic, and the result of it all is a Community School that gives every boy and girl within four miles of Malton the opportunity of the



The Memorial Tablet

best possible schooling up to the age of sixteen or more. I do not need to describe the school. It is like the best Consolidated Schools that have come into existence lately in every state.

The Oakleys are not forgotten. There is a brass tablet in the school commemorating their gift, and their old home, which is used as a teachers' residence, is called Oakley Hall.

Suggestions

1. Does the opinion prevail in your neighborhood that any one who is going to be a farmer does not require much schooling? If it does, try to explain why this opinion is held.

2. How well educated are the people in your district? Are there any who have lived there all their lives and who cannot read or write? How many have attended High School? Are there any who have attended College?

3. Estimate the esteem in which education is held in your district by (1) the regularity of attendance, (2) the salary paid to the teacher, (3) the care of the school property, (4) the proportion of pupils who complete the work of the school, (5) the number of boys and girls who attend High School.

4. Are the people in your neighborhood proud of their school because it has produced a large number of teachers, doctors, ministers, lawyers, or successful business men? Are they proud of its record in producing a large number of well-educated country folk? Do they base their opinion of the school's work solely on the number who pass examinations?

CHAPTER XXXV

Our School Correspondence — How a Friendship was Formed between an American School and an Indian School in the Far North

It is good for a school to have an interest in other schools.

All the world over, boys and girls are at school — in Africa, in Asia, in America, in Europe, and in Oceania.

There may be a few out-of-the-way corners where boys and girls do not go to school, but the missionaries are gradually taking education to these places.

When you feel sometimes that going to school is a great nuisance, just try to imagine what the world would be like without schools.

You will become more interested in your own school when you tell another school about it.

Would you not enjoy making friends with English-speaking boys and girls in some part of the world?

You and they should grow up to respect one another and to like one another, for upon such regard depends in no small degree the progress of

the world into the safe democracy for which you and they are being sent to school, and for which your and their brothers have fought together on the battlefields of France and Flanders.

When our teacher, Miss Nealon, was taking a course at the Agricultural College she became very well acquainted with a missionary-teacher, Miss Barker, who taught in an Indian School up at Hudson Bay. The two have corresponded since and our school became much interested in the Moose Fort Indian School, as Miss Nealon told us about it and read Miss Barker's letters to us.

Last fall Miss Nealon suggested that our school should write a school-letter to the pupils in the Indian school. We did so, telling about our school and our country. Fanny Stark was chosen to write the letter. We made a picture scrap-book too, putting in some of our own work and decorating it for a Christmas present, but this evidently did not get away in time to reach them for Christmas. For next year we are planning to send them a box of things such as stockings and doll's clothes. It is good for a school to have an interest in other schools.

These letters will show what interests us in the school in the Far North. One is from the teacher and the other is from her Indian pupils:

Moose Fort Indian School,
February 5, 1919.

My dear Friend: —

I was very glad to get your letter, and the children were even more glad, if that is possible, to get the letter from your pupils. They were really very proud to think that another school is interested in them. It would have done you good, and your boys and girls too, if you could have seen how they smiled and talked. It was a very much read letter, I assure you. They

have asked me all sorts of questions about you, many of which of course I cannot answer very well. They are all looking forward to receiving the picture scrap-book, which is likely held up at some place waiting for a dog-train. Even if it was too late for Christmas, it will be none the less welcome. My pupils are very fond of pictures, and some of them draw very well. We will send you some of their pictures.

They have had a great time writing the answer to your pupils' letter. John Thomas had the honor of writing it, as he is our best writer. There were many letters written before this was decided on.

They are very proud of being able to use our minimum thermometer and keep the records most diligently. Do not think we suffer from cold. The days are bright, and we have plenty of fuel.

You will be interested to hear something of our agricultural work. I have still good hopes for it here. The children are interested, and since my short term at the Agricultural College I have been able to help them much more than I formerly could. It encourages me to know that my teacher-friends are working at the same problems with white children.

Oats ripened here last fall, so we are hoping with more cultivation to produce fair results in the near future and to be able to produce fodder for two horses, and for enough cows to keep thirty children in our boarding school supplied with milk and fresh meat the year around.

As a result of an abnormal appetite, our two-year-old heifer came to an untimely end. It took a great fancy for chewing clothes on the line and did so every chance it got. One morning we found the poor animal dead. We supposed it had choked itself. Some one told us it was because it did not get sufficient salt. If any one knows what to do with an animal with such a perverted taste we shall be glad to know, as this is not the first loss of the kind.

The seed of turnips, cabbage, beets, and potatoes that the Agricultural College so kindly sent last spring came on well, and we have been enjoying the results. Some of the turnips weighed 10 pounds, and the beets measured four inches in diameter. The carrots and cabbages were not very large, but were very good on the table. I think Moose Fort would be a good place for an Experimental Farm. The soil is a light clay loam and not wet. It would be good for our Indian and half-breed children to have more agricultural education than I can give them. I gave them a lesson in taking geranium cuttings and making potting earth last fall and it interested them very much. They are fond of flowers.

We managed to bring a few hens with us when we came back. So far they are doing well. We have to feed them on corn meal, as we are unable to get grain. We are looking forward to eggs for Easter if the dogs do not get ahead of us and devour the chickens before then. The "huskies" are ravenous brutes and always have to be watched.

So much for our agricultural projects. You will want to hear something about the other lines of work at the Mission.

. . . . . .

With much love to all my dear old friends of the Agricultural College and many happy memories of the time we spent together, I remain,

Your loving friend,

LUCY I. BARKER

MOOSE FORT INDIAN SCHOOL,
February 2, 1919.

Dear Friends: —

We were very glad to get your letter telling about your country. Our country is not very much like yours. We think it must be very nice to see large fields of grain growing. We have no fields here, but some day we may grow things for

ourselves. Our gardens were very good last year. We grew very nice beets, turnips, carrots, cabbage, and some cauliflower. We have to take care the deer do not break into our gardens. We have a thermometer at our school to tell how cold it gets through the night. You think our country is very cold. This shows you how cold it was in January. Of course it is not so cold in the daytime. The 15th and the 29th were very nice days.

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1 + 7	2 + 13	3. + 20
4 − 15	5 − 12	6 + 10	7 + 5	8 − 7	9 − 2	10 − 23
11 − 10	12 − 32	13 − 25	14 − 5	15 + 20	16 − 5	17 − 20
18 − 16	19 − 1	20 − 16	21 − 27	22 − 27	23 + 10	24 − 16
25 − 31	26 − 24	27 0	28 − 27	29 + 20	30 − 15	31 − 19

We like school. We learn reading, writing, spelling, geography and we learn to work with tools and also at gardening in the summer time.

Our teacher will send this letter to you when she writes to your teacher. Write to us again, please.

From your Indian friends,

John Thomas

Suggestions

1. If you wish to begin correspondence with another school in your own state or in another state, address your letter to the county superintendent of any selected county, with the request that he give it to a suitable school to answer. You may arrange for a correspondence also by writing a letter to the "Children's Pages" that are to be found in many of the agricultural papers or newspapers and requesting another school to reply.

2. To make a connection with a school in the British Empire, say in South Africa, India, Great Britain, Australia or New Zealand, address The League of the Empire, 28 Buckingham Gate, Westminster, London England. The fee for membership, which covers the cost of a monthly magazine, is 5 shillings. Schools in the United States and Canada are welcomed as members. To arrange correspondence with Canadian Schools, address Canadian Branch of The League of the Empire, 543 Euclid Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

3. Some schools, instead of sending a single school letter, send in one package several letters written by different pupils. These are distributed among the pupils in the receiving school and answered individually. Arrange to write about different things. For example, one might describe a favorite game played at the school, another a historic place in the district, another the local river, another the weeds of the district, another what your school is doing in patriotic service, another your school or home gardens, etc.

4. Let pupils take the letters home to read to the other members of their families. Put the letters on the school bulletin board for a few days so that all the school may have a chance to see them. Insert the letters in a portfolio and add this to the school library for the use of future classes.

5. Exchange pressed plants, autumn leaves, drawings, snap-shots, coins, stamps, picture postcards, local newspapers, examination papers. Exchange of products may be arranged too; for example, cotton products from the South for samples of woods from a lumbering region, or samples of minerals for samples of fruit, etc. All these exchanges should be made the subject of class studies; so should the articles that are sent away.

6. Read the story of David Livingstone, the great missionary, and his pioneer work in teaching the African natives. Add to your library books that tell of schools in other lands.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Our Red Cross Auxiliary — Greenbank School Plays its Part in the Great War and is Shown its Part in the Great Peace

Headquarters American Red Cross, Washington, D.C.

Rescue! Relief! Reconstruction!

The old three R's — Readin', 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic, have new three R's added to them now.

When a country calls on its schools to serve in its war needs, then it is the duty of the schools to serve.

When one's country enters upon the difficult times of peace, there is a no less patriotic duty for the schools to answer the call of its leaders. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war — won with hard fighting, too.

In war and in peace there is opportunity under the Red Cross Banner for every boy and every girl in every school in the land to play the part of a patriot in the cause of humanity.

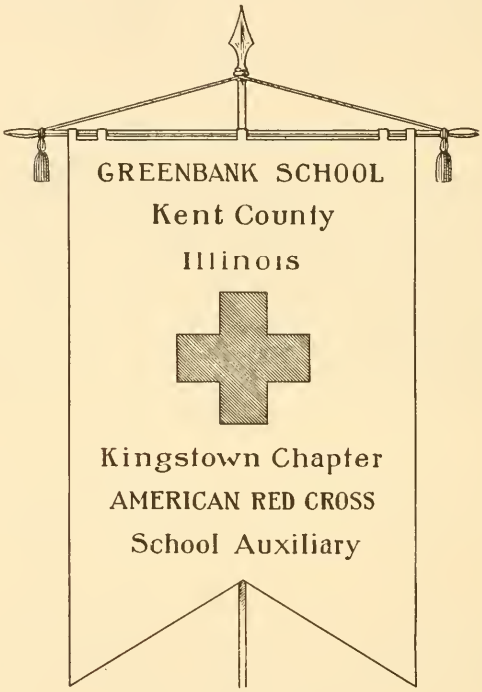
In doing this he or she becomes educated in good citizenship.

The Red Cross Auxiliary in our School at Greenbank has had a very successful career. This has been due, in the first place, to the enthusiasm and inspiration of our teacher, Miss Norris, and in the second place to the

fact that every family represented in the school has some relative fighting "Over There." We had much help and encouragement also from the members of the Kingstown Chapter under which we carried on our work. We were always kept well supplied with yarn and other material from their headquarters. Mrs. Lowe, the president, declared that no group of workers sent in a steadier stream of supplies than the Greenbank Auxiliary, nor did any group do better knitting or sewing. Naturally we were proud of that good reputation — and we worked hard to deserve it. We tried to live up to the pledge represented in the Red Cross Banner which stands at the front of the schoolroom.

The addition of the new three R's to the old three R's did not hinder progress in our regular school work. Indeed, Miss Norris thinks our practical interests in *Rescue, Relief, and Reconstruction* helped us greatly in our *Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic,* to say nothing of the many fine things learned in Civics, History, Geography, and Literature. We felt as we never did before that we were an important part of the citizenship of America, and this feeling spurred us to do our best in our studies. Being part of the "Home Army of Defence" stirred even Tom Haslam out of his bad habit of coming late, and what is more wonderful, induced Ned Lewis to come to school regularly. As Miss Norris frequently pointed out, service for one's country does not at any time permit trifling at school, and in time of war such foolishness is downright disloyalty. We proved the truth of what the President stated in his proclamation, namely that Junior Membership in the American Red Cross gave every pupil in the United States a chance to serve his or her country.

Knitting and sewing comprised the most of our Red Cross work. Every girl and several of the boys in the school learned to knit. Little Amy Blair, who is only



The Red Cross Banner

"It finds no tasks too mean to do, or none too huge to heed —
A baby in a war-wrecked hut, a nation in its need.
It spans the continents to serve, it leaps the ocean's foam
To bring a hint of heaven and a tender touch of home."

six years old, learned to make wash-cloths. James Knapp has five pairs of socks to his credit. Jean Kendals holds the record. Up to the signing of the Armistice on

November 11th, she had knitted thirty pairs of socks and four sleeveless sweaters. We used to have good fun with noon-hour knitting races. Shortly after New Year's, 1918, Mrs. Richards lent a sewing machine to the school. It was of great help, as all the girls in Grades 7 and 8 learned to run it and took delight in doing so. There was hardly a noon-hour that it was not busy, and frequently after school as well. In learning to make the simple clothing for the French and Belgian refugee children, the girls of Greenbank School learned a great deal about needlework and dress-making. This kind of education served America as well as it helped our needy Allies.

In addition to sewing and knitting, our Auxiliary carried out several other lines of activity. Once a week we had what we called our Red Cross hour, when items from the newspapers and magazines were reported upon. Pictures and maps were put up on our bulletin board. A picture of Florence Nightingale was framed. Lessons on bandaging and caring for wounds were given by Alice Perkins, who was home on leave for a week. The boys gathered waste paper and scrap iron to sell. In April we raised over $30 by means of a Red Cross concert at which Mr. Lawrence, of Kingstown, gave a talk on the war, illustrated with lantern pictures. From this amount every boy from the school district serving in France was forwarded ten francs. We made up "news-letters" by pasting clippings from local newspapers in folders for the use of patients in the hospitals. Once a week we sent a "school-letter" to one of the lads who represented Greenbank School overseas. In the summer we all enlisted as war-gardeners. We were a very busy Auxiliary and

very happy in our service. What we shall accomplish in the future remains to be seen.

About a week after the Armistice was signed Adeline Kennedy received a letter that showed us our duties in Reconstruction. As our Auxiliary was at a loss to know what kind of Red Cross work a country school could do in peace time, it was very welcome, even if the things it asks us to do are more difficult than knitting and gardening.

This is the letter:

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,
October 15, 1918.

To Adeline Kennedy
and the Other Pupils of Greenbank School.

My dear Girls and Boys: —

The kind note I found to-day in the new socks given to me by Nursing-Sister Allan has stirred me to a prompt reply. Lying about here in the hospital nursing a smashed elbow and a few odd shrapnel wounds, allows one time for letter writing, should he be so disposed. And wearing a fine new pair of socks knitted by Adeline Kennedy "with her love," and forwarded "with the kindest regards of the Red Cross Auxiliary of Greenbank School" induces such a disposition in me to-day, for I have been thinking a good deal lately of the little school in which I used to teach in Wayne County — a school very similar to yours, I suppose.

For the socks and the good wishes which accompanied them I extend my heartiest thanks. It makes one very proud of the boys and girls of America to know that they have responded so generously to every patriotic appeal that has been made to them. It helps one to fight better here remembering that the "folks back home" are busy on our behalf. It makes pain easier to bear, too, knowing that so many of the little comforts that we have were the work of loving friends.

No doubt you would like me to tell you something about the fighting and the stirring sights we have seen in this part of France, but the censor would not permit the letter to go forward if I did. I shall have to write about other matters.

I should like to tell you some of the things I have been thinking lately. Perhaps the thoughts have been due partly to homesickness, perhaps to a certain amount of anxiety about what a fellow with a crippled left arm can find to do, and to some extent perhaps, to feelings of regret for not making better use of my opportunities in years gone by.

Fighting here to help liberate France from her enemy, I have become conscious of loving America more than I ever knew that I did when home. The Frenchman is always shouting *Vive la France!* Every day in my heart I shout, *Vive America!* I say to myself that if I am spared to return home I will serve my native land with my whole heart and my whole mind. I have fought for her abroad. I will fight for her at home — in a small, feeble way, it may be, but it will be my best.

You may wonder what there will be to fight for in our peaceful America. I will tell you in the words of a message that I read in a magazine. I do not suppose I would have paid much attention to such a message a year ago, but in this sorry "school of war" I have learned to look at things differently from what I used to. I realize now that there are wrongs everywhere in the world that should be righted and that every good citizen should help in this.

This is the message. It was written by Stopford Brooke, a noble soul who was killed in the fighting at Gallipoli.

> "When we hear of the miseries of a great war, our heart is sick with wrath and pity. But we have only a vague pity and indignation for those who suffer life-long misery, who are slowly slain, whose bodies are year by year worn out by over-labor, whose souls are left untrained and uncomforted for want of any leisure, who do not possess what

they ought to possess of the common necessaries of life, who are practically enslaved, whose wage is not a living wage, whose labor does not receive a just return, and whose war against the injustice and pitilessness and enslavement of their condition is, even in free countries, much more in unfree countries, all but a hopeless war, in which they get all the wounds, and all the sorrow.

"This is the great war of the world.

"Of this terrible social and universal war, covetousness is also the root. That is as plain as the sun in the sky. If you want to lessen the pains of this war, to bring about a peace to it, to establish a juster, freer, nobler social state, purge, I repeat, your own soul, set free your life from covetousness of every kind; and then you will be able by speech and action to unite yourself with all those who are striving to redeem society from the curse of this war, and to establish, however far away, another social state in which this war shall be no more.

"That is, and is to be, the hope, the faith, the enthusiasm of the future world.

"Live in, and for, that hope, abide in the faith of it, and let every act, thought, and emotion of your life catch the fire of its enthusiasm. Then the old world may grow young again. New art, new literature, new politics, new business will be born, and science will no longer minister to the destruction but to the health and betterment of men."

This means that the progress of the world depends on you! Here is the great task for the members of Red Cross School Auxiliaries in the days that are to come. Some day — and before very long, if signs do not fail — this Great War will be over. Then we shall enter upon the Great Peace! The boys and girls of America who are now in the schools will play a great part in that as they take their places in the world's work, provided they equip themselves properly for it.

And how can you do this, you ask? The rules are simple:

(1) Love and serve in your homes
(2) Obey your parents and teachers
(3) Always speak the truth
(4) Be honest and clean in thought and deed
(5) Be helpful and kind, be cheerful and unselfish
(6) Do your best in play, in work, in study
(7) Control your temper
(8) Be true to your friends — and to yourself
(9) Love your neighbor as yourself
(10) Take care of your health.

All of which simply means that human progress is dependent on *character* — yours and mine.

You will think this quite a sermon! Well, you can blame Adeline Kennedy for putting the note in the sock. I wish the Greenbank School's Red Cross Auxiliary the best of good luck. I trust that all its members may enlist for life in the great army that is needed to make America in very deed the home of perfect democracy.

No. 864321

Yours sincerely,

JOHN WALTON

Suggestions

1. Continue your interest in Red Cross service in the days of Reconstruction. Europe will need America's help for a long time to come. Let your school arrange for the "adoption" of a French orphan.

2. Do not allow the school's interest in knitting and sewing to cease. Invite some of the good knitters of the neighborhood to the school to help in teaching every one to knit. Borrow or rent a sewing machine for use in the school.

3. Acquaint yourselves with the records of the American Red Cross in the Great War. Get Red Cross or war books for the school library and the local Sunday School library. Arrange for the circulation of the Red Cross Magazine that you get at your school among the homes of the neighborhood.

4. Arrange for a talk at the school from a returned soldier or nurse. Make an exhibit at the school some Friday afternoon of war souvenirs that have been brought back by former pupils.

5. Use Red Cross seals for your letters and sell them in the neighborhood at Christmas-time.

6. Continue the good work of raising money for Red Cross or other patriotic purposes by war gardens, saving waste paper or metal, a school concert, a booth at your school fair, doing chores. There is always need of "Relief" in some part of the world.

7. All the heavy cost of the war must be paid for. This means that the world is called on as never before to produce and save. Do not waste. Save your clothes and your shoes. If they are still fit for use when you are through with them see that they get into the right hands. European orphans will welcome them. Keep up your work in producing and saving food. This will help in controlling to some extent the cost of living. It is good service in Reconstruction.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Our School in France — Cloverdale's Honored Dead

Though Agriculture is the greatest of the Arts of Peace, there is a time when the Arts of War have chief claim on a nation's young manhood.

When war rages, the work of the farm has to be cast aside for fighting. Thus war turns farmers into soldiers.

And so shall it be until that good time when swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks.

That must be a strange American school that was not represented in the Great War, which every one prays will bring into existence "the Parliament of man and the Federation of the World."

What a load will be lifted off Agriculture by such a happy ending!

Our school has played an honorable part in the Great War. No one can say that it has failed in its duty in any respect. Everything it has been called upon to do it has done gladly. It has not shirked, whether it was saving food, war gardening, loaning money, making Red

Cross supplies, or sending letters and comforts to our soldiers. We have felt that our school was at war when our country was at war. I suppose most schools have felt this way, especially if they have had a teacher like Miss Nobel, with two brothers "serving the flag."

Even without Miss Nobel's enthusiastic encouragement, I think we should have played an honorable part, for we have been proud of the old boys and girls who represent Cloverdale School in the fight. Two nurses, one doctor, one sailor, and five soldiers is not a poor showing for one small country school. One of these, Harry O'Brien, will never return. He sleeps in a foreign field among the "unreturning brave." Poor Fred Weaver lost his left hand. All the others have escaped unharmed.

The story of Harry O'Brien is one of which we are all particularly proud. Harry was the first from this district to go, and he was only eighteen when he enlisted. His mother is a widow and lives on the old Bricker farm with her son Frank, who is a great deal older than Harry. At the outbreak of the war Harry was attending school at Oakland, preparing himself to be a high school teacher of Agriculture. His chum at Oakland was a young man, Arthur Keene by name. They joined the same regiment and after a few months spent in a training camp went overseas together with one of the earliest drafts.

In the spring of 1918 Harry was killed. His poor mother got a telegram first telling her he had been severely wounded and then about a week afterwards another telegram announcing his death. Poor Mrs. O'Brien! Every one felt very sorry for her, for Harry was a general favorite and had given promise of becoming a useful citizen of whom Cloverdale could be proud. He had

always been a good son. His mother was very brave. She said she knew he had died doing his duty. She had never known him to fail in that.

About a month afterwards a letter came from Arthur Keene telling of Harry's death. It was indeed a hero's death. That is why we are all so proud of his memory and why we think so much of the picture of him that we have hanging in our school draped with the little flags.

This is Arthur Keene's letter:

Dear Mrs. O'Brien: —

Though I have never had the honor of meeting you, I feel that I know you well. Many and many the chat Harry and I have had of our homes. I can assure you that our mothers — as they are with all the fellows over here — were the center of our home thoughts. And I feel that you know me pretty well too, for Harry sent you our picture which was taken after we had enlisted, and I suppose often spoke of me in his letters.

By this time you will have recovered some from the great shock of Harry's death and will have received the Captain's letter telling of his burial. Perhaps when I tell you the particulars of his unselfish devotion to a wounded companion you will find some solace in realizing what a brave hero your boy was.

We had been in many hot places together, but never so hot a one as on the morning of the 10th of May. We were together as usual. Five months at the front had strengthened the bonds of our school and training-camp friendship. He was a great friend! I can never have another like him, I think. On the fatal morning our company was ordered to "go over the top." It was not part of a big battle, but one of those small local engagements necessary to find out what the enemy is doing and his numbers. We took the enemy by surprise and soon had possession of the first line of trenches. Then, protected by the

fire of our machine gunners, we dashed forward to the second line. Between the second and third lines of trenches, I was struck down by a German bullet in my side. Harry was right behind me and disregarding the danger to himself, a danger made ten times greater by standing still and stooping, he bent over me and partly lifted, partly dragged me to the shelter of a little hollow. While in the act of taking off some of my equipment, he was hit by a bullet that pierced his body close to the base of his spine.

By this time I had partially recovered from the shock produced by my wound and was able to drag him down beside me. When the action was over, the boys got a stretcher for him and carried him to the dressing station. I was able to walk back with a little help. He was quite cheerful as long as I saw him, though very weak. The doctor hurried him back to the base hospital, but his wound was grievous. He died that night, giving his young life that freedom might live on the earth. As I was sent to a different hospital I did not see him again. That was not to be. Our earthly friendship has ended.

I know that you cannot help but feel his loss keenly, but in his conversations during our intimate comradeship together in France, when fellows talk of serious things, Harry told me of your faith in Him to whom mortals turn in time of sorrow. He had your faith too. I pray that He may bring peace to you and that you will not forget the fact that Harry died for a comrade. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." Harry has shown us the supreme example of love. His memory will be proudly cherished by me as long as I live.

My words are too poor to express my sympathy in your great loss. I hope you will accept them in the spirit in which they are written — the spirit of sorrow over Harry's death, of pride in his friendship, and of glory in the beautiful act of self-sacrifice that caused his death.

If I am spared, I plan to visit you in Cloverdale sometime after the war is over. It is a visit I planned to make with Harry to see the old farm, and the old home, and chiefly the mother that was so dear to him. Until fortune favors me with this,

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR KEENE.

Somewhere in France,
June 1, 1918.

Arthur Keene's proposed visit to Mrs. O'Brien will never be paid. He also made the supreme sacrifice. After recovering from his wound he rejoined his regiment at the front, and there in the desperate fighting at Château-Thierry met his death.

Suggestions

1. Keep your school flag flying. Remember that the struggle is not completed with the signing of peace. There is much to be done in the years to come "to make the world safe for democracy." Your school has a part to play in this.

2. Do not let the memory of your school's fighting men be lost to the school. Have their photographs neatly framed in a panel and given a prominent place on the wall. Have the boys' names and the years in which they attended the school inscribed on their photographs. Include the pictures of any of the girls from the school who served as nurses or volunteer workers.

3. Keep in a scrap-book or portfolio for your school library the letters and postcards that may have been sent back to the school.

4. Ask returned men and women to visit the school and tell you of their experiences and adventures.

5. Revive the reminiscences of local veterans of the Civil and Spanish Wars and have them retold at the school.

6. Erect a bronze tablet in your school to the memory of any of the school's old pupils who lost their lives in the Great War. Arrange for a public meeting when it is unveiled. Establish prizes or scholarships for pupils of your school as memorials to the dead.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Our Place in Society — How George Howard Learned that a Farmer's Calling Gives Opportunity "to do Something and to be Somebody"

Lincoln's Tribute to Agriculture

"No other human occupation opens so wide a field for the profitable and agreeable combination of labor with cultivated thought as agriculture. I know nothing so pleasant to the mind as the discovery of anything that is at once new and valuable — nothing that so lightens and sweetens toil as the hopeful pursuit of such a discovery.

"And how vast and how varied a field is agriculture for such a discovery! The mind, already trained to thought in the country school, or higher school, cannot fail to find there an exhaustless source of enjoyment. Every blade of grass is a study; and to produce two where there was but one is both a profit and a pleasure."

I do not now go to school as a pupil. After a manner I attend in the persons of my little daughter Amy and her younger brother George. Through them I still learn much from the school. One is never too old to learn from

children, if he will keep his heart young. Amy is eleven years old, and in the same grade as I was just about twenty-six years ago. George is nine.

There are many changes in school since my day. We often talk about them in the evening when Amy and George pause in their work of preparing the next day's lessons, or when they tell us something of the day's happenings at school. Good old schooldays! There never again can be such good days to look back upon!

It is strange how one's memory acts in regard to school experiences. I seem to be able to remember clearly more things that I did *not* go to school to learn than things I was supposed to go to school for. I have forgotten many lists of names in geography; I could hardly repeat a definition in grammar to save my life. I think I should have more mistakes in spelling now than I had then. But I could tell you all about the fight that took place between Jake Hermann and Tom Miller, or the good times we used to have on our walk home after school, or the way little Tom Thumb, as we called George Lamon, used to stand and read.

But there is one lesson that stands out clearly in my memory, as if it were yesterday that I received it. It was not a lesson that came from a book or in a class. It was one that came from a talk on the road. I was about fourteen years old then. My older brother Herbert had left home the year before to learn his trade at blacksmithing in Mooretown, and I was very discontented and wanted to be off too.

I was not very much interested in the school work, though Mr. Whyte, our schoolmaster, tried to make it interesting. I would have stayed at home far more

gladly to work among the stock, but my mother wanted me to get a little more schooling. Mother would have liked to see us all "get an education." But I did not have any notion of it. Father kept us home too often to permit us to be anything but backward pupils in our classes.

This day I had been particularly uninterested, I suppose, for I made a very poor attempt at the problems that Mr. Whyte set us for our Arithmetic lesson. They were interest questions. I did not get one right. Mr. Whyte was disappointed and told me to wait after four. He was not angry. I almost wished he had been, for I was a stubborn lad.

After all the other pupils had gone home, Mr. Whyte came down to my seat. He had the kindest smile and he put his hand on my shoulder in a way that made me feel at once that he was my friend. Then he sat down in the seat beside me. I felt queer, as if some great thing were going to happen to me.

"Now, George," he said, "let us have a look at one of these problems. They are pretty hard to solve, I know, but they are not too hard for a boy with as good a head on him as yours is."

I got out my Arithmetic, feeling that I would like to justify his good opinion of the head that he had discovered on me. No one had ever praised me before, that I remembered, except my mother. Father never did.

Mr. Whyte went over the problem with me very patiently and explained all about borrowing money and paying for its use. He made a kind of story of it. I can remember the very problem to this day. We worked

it out together and got the correct answer as easily as *a*, *b*, *c*.

"Now let us go home," he said. "You try the other problems to-night. You can do them just as well as any other boy in the school, — I am sure of that."

We started off home together, as he boarded at the Buckley's, who lived at that time on the second farm past ours. It was not hard to talk to him after I learned that he was my friend. It never is hard to talk freely with one you can trust. Even when he asked me, after we had gone a little way, what I was going to make out of myself, I did not hold back my answer. And that is usually a pretty hard question for a boy of fourteen to answer.

"And you think you would like to be a blacksmith, too, George?" he asked. "Well, it is a pretty good trade for any one who is strong and fond of that kind of work. But what about being a farmer?"

"No, not a farmer!" I said. "Anything but a farmer!"

"Why not?" Mr. Whyte asked. "The world needs farmers as much as it does blacksmiths, does it not?"

"Yes, I suppose it does," I said, surprised at myself at arguing the question. "But none of the boys wants to be a farmer if he can help it. It is all hard work, and there is nothing interesting sticking around a farm all one's life. I'd like to get into work where I'd have more of a chance to do something and to be somebody."

"To do something and to be somebody!" Mr. Whyte exclaimed, laughing. "Why, George! Farming is the biggest job a man can tackle, and the most interesting one. Agriculture is the most important profession in the world. You don't need to go away from home to

'do something and be somebody.' Opportunity stands before you right here."

"I don't see how you make that out," I replied. "I never saw much in it."

"You are fond of cattle, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes," I acknowledged, not knowing what that had to do with the question.

"Well, don't you know that the country needs more cattle and better cattle?" he went on. "There is honor for the man who will serve his country by improving our herds. There is an interesting job for you — and a scientific one, too. It is a job for men with brains!

"In that part of farming alone, to say nothing of the work to be done with field crops and fruit, with horses and sheep and swine and poultry, there is as much scope for genius as there is in blacksmithing," he continued. "Our country can hardly have too many men giving their minds to such work."

"Well, I never thought of it that way," I confessed. "I only thought of it as hard work for sometimes little pay."

"And naturally you would like 'to be somebody,'" he laughed. "I would not give much for any one who did not. Some day I am going to be a great minister myself, you'll see, George!

"But it is not a man's particular occupation that makes him 'somebody.' A man's true worth is measured by his ideals and his service," he said with great earnestness.

"I sometimes lose patience with farmers for not showing respect for their calling. There is no higher calling that a man will ever have, in my opinion. The

farmer nourishes the world. He gives it its daily bread. The world's life depends on him.

"Think the matter over carefully, George," this best of schoolmasters said as we came near our gate. "You have a good farm here, but it may be better. There never was a farm yet that could not be improved. It is not necessary for you to leave home. There is a man's job for you here at the most natural and the most independent kind of work that society can offer a man."

That was the most memorable lesson I ever had.

I took it to heart, and here I am to-day, on the old homestead, a farmer, glad and proud of it!

I have tested Mr. Whyte's words in practice. I have built up a good herd of pure-bred cattle. I have improved the old farm in many ways. I feel that I have served my country in so doing. This has been a great satisfaction to me.

I might have made a good blacksmith. I might have acquired wealth. I do not think I could have been happier than I have been as a farmer. I know I could not be more independent.

Suggestions

1. In your district are farmers selected as representatives of the people for political offices? If not, why is it so?

2. Invite some of the farmers of your district who have made a success of their calling and who are proud of it to give talks at the school on the business and satisfactions of farming.

3. Who are the farmer's servants and who are his masters? Make a list of all the different occupations of people who serve the needs of the farmer. It will be a long list. Make another list of the people whom the farmer serves. Has he masters?

4. Are there men and women in your neighborhood who belittle themselves as farmers? If they do, is it because they think farm work less dig-

nified or less honorable than other work? Or is it because they feel themselves at a disadvantage in education?

5. For some of the Friday afternoon programs, debate such resolutions as: —

(*a*) *Resolved*, That a farmer's position in society is more deserving of respect than the position of a store-keeper.

(*b*) *Resolved*, That farm women are the most important group of women in the nation.

(*c*) *Resolved*, That an independent farmer of moderate means is as well off as a millionaire.

(*d*) *Resolved*, That country life is more to be desired than city or town life.

CHAPTER XXXIX

L'Envoi

And so, Boys and Girls, we come to the last chapter of our *Rural Science Reader*. If you have done as many readers of story-books are supposed to do, you have already turned over the pages to find how "things come out in the end" in the last educational adventure? And instead of an exploit you find only this *l'envoi* — and what that means, you will not be told, so that you may have the fun of finding out for yourself!

The last story is about Tom and Mother Carey. Perhaps you know the story? Your teacher may have told it to you, or you may have read it yourself as Kingsley wrote it in the *Water Babies* "for his youngest son Grenville Arthur and all other good little boys."

You know poor little Tom fell into the river and was changed in some mysterious way from Old Grimes' dirty

little chimney-sweep into a wonderful Water Baby. And to make a man of him, his schoolmistress Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid insisted on him going out into the world alone to find Old Grimes at the Other-end-of-Nowhere

Mother Carey and Tom

and to help him out of the trouble that his cruelty and badness had brought upon him.

It was a great adventure for Tom. First, he had to go to Shiny Wall and through the White Gate that never was opened. Then, Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid told him that he would come to Peacepool and Mother Carey's Haven where the good whales go when they die. And

there Mother Carey would tell him the way to the Other-end-of-Nowhere, where he would find Old Grimes.

At last, after many strange adventures that tested Tom's ingenuity and bravery, he reached Mother Carey, who received him very kindly.

"What do you want, my little man? It is long since I have seen a water baby here."

Tom told her his errand and asked the way to the Other-end-of-Nowhere.

"You ought to know yourself, for you have been there already."

"Have I, ma'am? I'm sure I forgot all about it."

"Then look at me."

And, as Tom looked into her great blue eyes, he recollected the way perfectly. Now was not that strange?

"Thank you, ma'am," said Tom. "Then I won't trouble your ladyship any more; I hear you are very busy."

"I am never more busy than I am now," she said, without stirring a finger.

"I heard, ma'am, that you were always making new beasts out of old."

"So people fancy. But I am not going to trouble myself to make things, my little dear. *I sit here and make them make themselves.*"

You are a clever fairy, indeed, thought Tom. And he was quite right.

And the rural school is a clever fairy, too, like Mother Carey. She sits in our midst and makes things make themselves. She is the *Alma Mater* (and we will not tell you what that means either) for millions of the country boys and girls of the United States and Canada. If you have followed us through all our adventures you

will see that she will, if encouraged by sensible people and not hindered by foolish folks, pour out an abundance of self-made blessings such as:

Play	Good homes
Music	Better housekeeping
Health	Gardens and flowers
Thrift	Trees and orchards
Progress	Better business
Intelligence	Improved live stock
Patriotism	Enriched soil
Unselfishness	Better crops
Neighborliness	More schooling
Coöperation	Better schools
Happy hearts	Improved roads
Quick minds	Libraries
Ready hands	Literary Societies
Good manners	Fondness for good reading
Self-respect	Home and School Clubs
Pride of calling	Community spirit
Love of home	Federated churches
Joy of service	International friendships
Knowledge of Nature	Peace and good will

Liberty Equality Fraternity
Democracy

We trust that when you grow up, each one of you will be one of the most sensible of the sensible people, and in the meantime as day by day you learn your lessons in school and at home, that you may be blessed by these great blessings.

This is *l'envoi.*

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